

LANGLEY PILOT

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5 Cents a Copy.



Idea by Christine Rempton—8B-304.
Cut by Francis Bower—9B-214.

Dead-or-Alive

1,000, THE REWARD FOR

One bright day, as I was walking along a dusty road, I saw a little green grasshopper. I stopped to watch it. He was having a wonderful time skipping over the grass tops. Little did he know of the tragedy that was to come.

Suddenly the grasshopper gave a long, nervous leap. He landed. But what was happening? He struggled frantically, but could not get away from the thing holding him. I looked closer. Scarcely visible to the eye was a spider's web. There slowly from a leaf on the side of the web came a black object; it was the spider. He stopped a little way from the grasshopper, watching, waiting. In a few seconds he seemed to come out of the trance. Rushing forward, he made an attack. The grasshopper struggled frantically with his bonds.

Immediately I took a pocket knife and freed the struggling insect. He made a great leap. Following him I saw that he had landed on a bright, shiny object. As I drew nearer he waited until I was quite close, then hopped obligingly over into the grass. I picked up the shiny object and found it to be a quarter. It seemed as if the little grasshopper was rewarding me for saving his life.

William Maguire—7A-110.

The sky is gray; a chilly wind is tag-
ging my cloak.
But I see pansy faces nearby a leaf-
less oak;
And in the early grass a new and
precious sight is seen,
My very prettiest pansies are smiling
through the green.

Here's a regal purple one whose
beauty can't be told,
And there's some little yellow ones
whose ruffled skirts unfold.
The birds and bees and butterflies not
yet are on the wing,
But little pansy faces say to me that
it is spring.

Florence Hill—9B-214.

STEVE

OUR MOTHER

God knew the sort of tenderness
Our wayward hearts required;
God knew the sort of kindly love
Our lonely souls desired;
God knew the need of friendships
strong,
The need above all others;
God knew our need of tuckings in—
That's why he made our mothers.

Margaret Barringer—8A-302.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

One cold, rainy day this month of May, the Remembering Club sat around an open fireplace enjoying the warmth and talking. Said "me":

"Do you remember when we, as seniors, saw the rookies come? Weren't some of them infants? Their little socks! Their little curls! All that was needed was a lollypop!"

"Do you remember how fine WE felt," said another, "in knowing all the teachers, the class rooms and the halls?"

One of the boy members added, "Do you remember how we nearly won the soccer ball championship? What good players we had! We were proud of the team even if it didn't win."

"Oh! do you remember the nutrition man?" said Stuff, our fat member. "Remember he talked on the sun, the grass, and the cow?"

"Oh, sure! Recollect the first time Dr. Barnes brought his slides and we had a musical? The second time he came we didn't do very well and Mr. Holmes wasn't proud of us. Recollect how we always wanted to sing 'Sailing'?"

"I liked the Christmas fun and the collecting of money and presents for the veterans. Do you remember how Dorothy had the big suitcase with boxes, the last having a tiny auto?" "How about all of us going to mid-year graduation so as to see how we'd look when we got there?" asked another member. "Wasn't Billie Wannall's speech dandy? Mr. Morgan was an interesting speaker, too. I wonder how we'll feel when we are handed our diplomas? All the 'grads' looked well."

"There was like talk on safety," said our member who is strong on first aids. "He bought slides and I expect it must have helped Langley, for I have never heard of any serious accidents."

"Remember how we nearly lost the thrift bank; thanks to the campaign, we have become among the first of the Junior High Schools in this respect. I've saved quite a little," said our extravagant member.

"Weren't you glad when the morning assemblies began?" said Stuff. "Those folly fellows from the University of Maryland just suited me."

"I liked the skits from the Tech opera, 'Robin Hood,'" said another.

"Well, I liked what we girls accomplished on field day. You know we won the dodge ball and baseball games."

(Continued on page 8)

John O. Left 403 N. Madison Ave. Riverdale, Md.
L. L. Lawless.



Howard Blaisdell—9B-214.

You Died For Me

LANGLEY PILOT

Published by the pupils of Langley Junior High School

PILOT STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—George Bon Durant.

Associate Editors—Albert Thompson, Christine Kempton, Joseph Wheeler, Howard Blaisdell, Shirley Danforth, John Brumbaugh, Thelma Pickett, Anne Moffett, Dorothy Stetson, Allen Marans, Lorraine Hall, Jean Evans.

SEPTEMBER, 1930

When school begins again next September the classes will be changed; the successful pupils will be advanced a step. The present 9B grade will be gone from Langley and the responsibility of guiding the lower classmen in true Langley ways will shift to new people.

But everyone will have some responsibility—even the new students. We hope Langley's high standard in morals and studies can be kept up and that her athletic teams will win many laurels. The orchestra and other activities must be maintained and improved upon. The thrift campaign should be renewed with eagerness, and a new edition of the "Pilot" must be produced. And last, but not least, although it will seem hard at first, everyone will have to settle down to his studies and strive for the honor roll.

The graduating class naturally hopes these responsibilities will fall on able shoulders. They will take patience and perseverance, but it will be worth while to see Langley's name first on every list—except the tardy list!

George Bon Durant—9B-214.

MEMORIAL DAY

Oh, soldier brave,
Oh, soldier true,
Our country's saved
By work of you.

And now today
On your sealed graves,
Some flowers I lay,
Oh, honored braves.

Your lives you gave
To make us free.
Oh, honored brave,
You died for me.
Charlotte Baublitz—8A.

PRINCIPAL'S COLUMN

Boys and girls: Another school year is over. The school has grown in numbers, and we feel that in general the scholarship has been good. Of course, the chief purpose of the school is to provide adequate instruction. All other things must be secondary. We are trying to give you boys and girls the very best instruction possible in order that you may be fitted for high school work, or to step out into the every-day world and earn a living better than you would be able to earn if you did not have a junior high school education.

We in this school should like to have you realize what a wonderful opportunity is yours for making the most of yourselves. If you will come back next year determined to study hard, and to enjoy the opportunities for self-development through athletics, assembly programs, and club activities, you will take a long step toward fitting yourselves for your niche in the world of art, literature, science, music, commerce, and industry. You will find your teachers ever ready and willing to give you every help possible, but you must realize first of all that there must be the desire on your part to learn and the will to make the necessary effort to learn.

Next year Langley will be bigger so far as numbers go—and we hope that it will be better than ever. It will take the hearty cooperation of every pupil, old and new, because I am sure we shall find the school a bit crowded. Let us plan to use this summer for rest and recreation of the sort that will bring us back to our work next fall refreshed and eager to take our places in the school's activities, determined to make the most of our opportunities and ourselves.

Let me express my appreciation of your fine spirit this past year and your efforts to keep Langley to the fore, and to wish you all a most pleasant and happy vacation period.

Chester W. Holmes.

PERSONAL COLUMN

Richard Wagner—Bobby Jordan—7A-206: These two boys are the most promising newcomers we have noticed. They certainly support the "Pilot" well, and we prophesy a splendid future for each.

Daniel Palumbo—7B-301: This 7B-301 boy is quite a track star. First he dusted off 60 yards in 8 seconds on the cinder path, then he put three basket balls in the basket out of six tries, then he chinned four times, and finally stepped up to the judges' stand and accepted a bronze pin from the New York Avenue play ground officials.

Robert Wells—7B-301: The Times gave to this crack salesman a medal for getting the largest number of customers for the paper. David Riondi, of the same section, won a baseball bat for getting the most customers in one week.

Miriam Moore—7B-301: Langley is proud of this 7B-301 Girl Scout star. She won a badge in a cooking and sewing contest.

7A-110: This section is written up as a whole because it is doing very good work. It has won first and second places at Parent-Teacher Association. This section, chosen because of its dependability, has sung at a P.-T. A. meeting. It has had no tardiness for six weeks. Three of its pupils are in the orchestra. Nine of its pupils have been neither tardy nor absent since entering Langley, and the section sold \$18 worth of tickets for the cantata, thus leading the school.

Dorothy Hawkins—7B-301: By telling the best Bible story at a Sunday School meeting, this 7B girl was made richer by \$2.50 in gold.

Evelyn Purdy—8B-310: The best of the new crop of linoleum cut artists appears to be this 8B girl. This paper makes much use of her handiwork. We shall need her and others like her when we lose our "wonder artist"—George Bon Durant, who makes most of our cuts at the present time.

Miss Bose—Miss Tennyson—Miss Nordley—Mr. Riley: The Pilot Staff wishes to thank each of these teachers for heartiest cooperation in regard to our paper.

Florence Hill: Another of Miss Bose's star pupils. We certainly congratulate her for turning out such a splendid design for the spring cantata.

Howard Blaisdell—9B-214.

THE BANK

Our little bank is sad.
Why can't you make him glad?
A nickle once a day,
Will make it feel quite gay.
Isabel Farrar—9A-313.



Joseph Bradley.

All Nature Awaits Us

"OH! TO BE A BOY"

Bein' a girl, kid, ain't much fun;
You ain't allowed to race or run.
You can't play ball, fish or swim
Or do anything like brother Jim.
It's "Don't do this thing, Mother's pet,
And pray don't get your piggies wet.
You'll soon be freckled if you don't wear a
hat,
Your dress is all wrinkled where you just
sat.
Hold up, Miss, turn out your toes,
And use your hanky on your nose.
Be ladylike; don't romp with boys.
Please, daddy's sweetheart, make less noise."

My brother, Jim, he pulls my hair
And hugs me like a grizzly bear.
He always does it on the sly,
Pretends he doesn't see me cry.
What's the use of girls I say!
I ask my folks most every day.
Pa then smiles, and Ma just sighs
But Jim, he giggles and replies,
"Go chase yourself, you make me sick;
You have forever got a kick;
Go learn to bake and wash and stew
And some old gink may marry you."

Gee whiz! but wouldn't I enjoy
Being for once a red-head boy?
I'd cake my hands and face with dirt;
I'd tear a split clear down my shirt;
I'd pay at ball all day 'till night;
I'd whoop it up with all my might;
I'd pigeon-toe all day long;
I'd sing an awful slangy song.
And I'd take Jim out after dark
And, boy! I'll say I'd have some lark!
I'd wipe each freckle off his face
And leave a scratch in every place.
Oh! wouldn't it be the mostest joy,
For just one day to be a boy!
Nancy Killingbeck—9B-311.

THE MONTH OF JUNE

At last we greet the month of June,
Our dear old school is closing soon;
We have to say good-bye to all,
Until we meet this coming fall.

We kind of hate to say good-bye,
Although vacation soon will fly;
Then we'll meet again next year,
And see the friends we love so dear.

The teachers that we love so well,
We'll also have to bid farewell;
And to Mr. Holmes, who is so dear,
We'll have to say "Au revoir, mon-
sieur."

Louise McClain—7B-201.

GRADUATION

At last the moment has arrived.
We have completed another lap in
the race for education. Three years
have passed since we came to our
Langley and now we are going to re-
ceive that precious scroll, our diploma.
This is our first one, and I wonder if
we will ever be so filled with joy. I
am sure we will look back on these
days and say a prayer of thanksgiv-
ing for the happy moments, the true
friendships, and even the hard tests
we experienced during this period.
We have loved every moment spent
at Langley and leave it with a feeling
of sadness. The real object of educa-
tion is to give children resources that
will endure as long as life; habits that
time will strengthen, not destroy; oc-
cupations that will render sickness
tolerable, solitude pleasant, and life
more dignified and useful. Our teach-
ers have been real builders of char-
acters of men and women, and as long
as we live, we will remember them
and their aid.

It will seem hard for awhile to
leave our many friends, but our voca-
tions require that we go to different
schools. Of course, we will make new
friends and have new teachers, but
there can be only one period of Junior
High School. We extend to Mr.
Holmes and the teachers our sincere
thanks and appreciation for their
many kind, helpful words, and also
for the splendid assistance given us
while pupils here. May the remain-
ing students uphold all of Langley's
traditions. May we cross each other's
paths often and always have the sails
set so that we may reach the proper
harbor.

"Some winds blow north and some
blow south,
But it's not the gale,
But the set of the sail
That determines the way we go."

Florence Hill—9B-214.

A SMALL DOG'S THOUGHT

(Apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

I think that I shall never see
A bug as jumpy as a flea;
A flea that hops around all day
And jumps on me in my dismay.
A flea that does in summer bite;
A flea I cannot put to flight.
Flies are caught by fools like me,
But only experts can catch a flea.

Clifton Dodson—8A-108.

MOTHERS

Out of the world of mothers
To think they gave me you,—
So loving, kind, and thoughtful,
So good, so dear, so true.
And everyday this my prayer,
"God keep you safe and free from
care."

Paul Kundahl—8A-302.



Christine Kempton—8B-304.

Hip, Hip, Hurray!

"SPRING FEVER"

I'm a-sittin' in a school chair
A-dreamin' all the day,
I've got two "F's" already
And another's on the way.
But when the bell does ring at three,
I jump out of my seat,
And think of sports and lemonade,
As I dash down the street.

Joe Wheeler—9B-214.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

I had just left home and was on
my way downtown, when I was sud-
denly stopped by "Billie," a small boy
who lives next door. He was very
excited and hot from running. All
I could make out of what he was try-
ing to tell me was that someone was
in our house and screaming in a
shrill voice. I knew nobody was home
and I began to wonder just what he
meant. So I hurried back to see what
was up. As I neared the house I saw
a small group of neighbors standing
around. Coming still nearer I heard
a shrill voice screaming. So I hur-
riedly opened the door and ran out to
the kitchen (for the sounds were
coming from there). There in the
middle of the floor lay the bird cage,
the door open and "Pete," our canary,
perched on top of the stove. Below
him sat "Tabby," our small kitten.
"Tabby" was regarding "Pete" with
a satisfied air, while "Pete" was
screaming with all his might. From
what I could see, "Tabby" had evi-
dently tried to play with "Pete" and,
seeing his refusal, decided to make
him play.

Paula Snyder—9A-306.

A THOUGHT

I look at the birds all day,
And listen to their songs so sweet;
I wish I knew what they say,
As they make their nests so neat.

Charles Frankhauser—7A-206.

THE LAND I LOVE

Green grass, balmy air,
Little flowers growing there,
Shady trees, blue sky above,
This is a picture of the land I love.
Dorothy Spence—8A-302.

THE COOKING CLUB

"We follow rules, and measure to a 'T,'
That's why our pastries are so good,
you see."

The best period is the last one on Thursday, especially to the boys in Mrs. Hartke's cooking club. You can't imagine how much fun we have. And oh, boy! you ought to taste our pastries. Ask Mr. Holmes; he'll tell you how good they are.

Among the students is Raymond Weiss, one who eats everything he can get his hands on, but who grows thinner at every bite. His favorite seat is the stove. The other day while he was melting a half stick of butter, he left the other stick and a half on the stove. You may imagine the result! One Thursday our cake ran over the pan, but it was good nevertheless. These and other slight mistakes are made, but always we have "something good" to eat before going home.

Walter Kendall—8A-302.

MIRTHQUAKES

One day I said to my fire-year-old cousin, "What grows on cobs?"

She replied, very unconcerned, "Webs, of course."

Ruth Wilson—8A-209.

"What was the most difficult part of the civil service examination you took at the post office?" asked one man of another.

"Writing with the post office pens," was the reply.

Virginia Weissbrod—7B-201.

"So Brown took a first-aid course. Is he good at it?"

"A little hasty, sometimes. A man was nearly drowned yesterday, and the first thing Brown did was to throw a glass of water in his face."

Dave Berman—7A-110.

"I was the only boy who could answer a question the teacher asked in school today," said Harry.

"I am proud of you," said his mother. "I am glad that you are paying attention and learning so rapidly. What was the question?"

"Who broke that window?"

Louise Young—7B-201.

AN AIR CIRCUS, OR "ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK"

It was a sunshiny day in July when Captain Robert James Wilson, pilot in the Wright Aircraft, was to give an air circus with his squadron. The crowds were waiting, intense for the spectacle to begin.

Soon cheers arose above the din of the engines. They were off, Captain Wilson leading. Up, up they went until they looked like huge birds in formation in the sky.

Suddenly the spectators grew strangely silent. A wheel was seen to break away from one of the planes—then hurl itself toward the earth. Captain Wilson, ever alert, saw the disaster. His ship pointed downward and landed in a neat three-point landing. Scarcely had the plane stopped ere he was out of the cockpit, racing toward the hanger. He reappeared with a pilot and a wheel strapped to his back. Clambering to the top wing, he signalled the pilot to go up while the crowds watched, wondering.

Soaring under the damaged plane, Captain Wilson stood up and grabbed the landing gear. He was lifted into space. Climbing to the axle he sat down. Quickly, with expert hands, he took the wheel off of his back and fitted it into place. Crawling then onto the wing of the disabled plane, he motioned the pilot to go down. Thousands of people stood breathlessly watching. They landed perfectly. A life had been saved at the risk of another.

William Maguire—7A-110.

A GIRL'S IMPRESSION OF—?

"Fold in the beaten egg-whites—"

Thus Miss Lewis in a desperate voice tries to make herself understood. The boys sit at the cooking tables trying for all the world to think about egg-whites and not about the baseball team. Miss Lewis pretends that there are a group of white-capped girls before her. This is impossible because there are too many chairs tipped over.

It is utterly impossible for the boys to handle kitchen articles with that "feminine touch." I mean that the rolling pins are handled more or less as dumbbells; and it can be noticed by the way the boys pick up the muffins, that they are tempted to toss them across the room!

That is an ambitious crowd of boys in Miss Lewis' cooking club, and they seem to be enjoying themselves thoroughly. My advice to them, however, is not to let girl-friends visit very often—judging from the suspicious smells that lingered in the halls on a certain Thursday afternoon!

I feel that I must add, however, that I (as a reporter) enjoyed myself greatly while visiting the club.

Christine Kempton—8B-304.



Millard Hinerman—9B-102.

Safety First!

FOURTH OF JULY

Off goes the cannon cracker with a bang,

Followed by the sky-rocket with its whang.

Fourth of July at last has come,
And everyone's having barrels of fun.
Sparklers with their golden light,
Help to illuminate the night.

A peal of laughter, a joyous shout,
The last of the fire-works has gone out.

Leroy Robbins—8A-023.

NONSENSE

It all happened last April
In the month of September or May.
The moon was shining brightly in the
glory of the day.

The flowers were singing loudly,
And the birds were swaying proudly.

I was reading with my pencil
And writing with my book.

While fishing for a whale
In the sea beside the brook.

When a star dropped from the sky,
And burst upon the scene,

I woke with a start
To find it all a dream.

Virginia Rinaldi—7B-303.

THE BASEBALL GAME

I love to go to the baseball game,
I go there time and time again.
I love to buy candy, pop and ice cream,
I like to listen to the people scream.
I like to eat peanuts; I like to holler;
Like to buy everything and spend every dollar.

But to tell the truth, I really don't know

What the score is, how many innings to go.

I don't know a thing about the baseball game,

But I go out to the park just the same.

Lorraine Yauchler—9B-311.

THE TRAFFIC COP

On this corner now I stand,
With my whistle in my hand,
With my sign to "Go" or "Stop"—
For I am the traffic cop.
Coasters, bikes and skatemobiles,
Must be careful of their wheels,
Must let people pass this way,
Without accidents today.
Or I'll catch them; they will see
They can't skoot their way past me.
They can't do as they like,
With their coaster, or their bike.
They must just "Go" or "Stop"
Minding me, the traffic cop!

Catherine Beavers—7A-210.

MY MOTHER

My mother is so dear to me. She
does nearly all the work in our home.
When my father was ill and could not
get out of bed for weeks, I have seen
her stand all day and wash clothes
just to provide necessities for us
children. When I was quite ill with
yellow jaundice, many times she used
to sit up all night to make me happy
and comfortable. How wonderful
she was then! She has always been
so good. I can think of no one in all
the world I'd rather have for my
mother.

Rosabelle Fritz—7A-210.

THE LOBSTER SONG

If I were a lobster down under the sea,
I'd be as happy as happy could be;
I'd dance with the fishes and fight
with the carp,
And listen to Neptune a-playing his
harp.

I'd watch the mermaids swim about,
And chase the merry speckled trout.
I'd never have to wash my face,
'Cause that would be a great disgrace.

I'd ride a sea-horse all day long,
And make him sing my favorite song.
At night I'd lay me down to sleep,
In the places of the deep.

Isabel Farrer—9A-313.

SCENE IN THE ENGINE HOUSE WHEN THE FIRE BELL RINGS

As I enter the engine house at
night all is quiet. A small desk
stands in a corner with a silent figure
before it. A single light burns over it.

I walk over and talk with the man
on duty. One man is always on duty
before the desk.

Suddenly a bell starts to ring in
short, strident strokes and instantly
all is action.

There comes signs of sudden ac-
tivity overhead. The man looks be-
fore him at a board which resembles
a telephone switchboard. A light
blinks in one of the small squares as
the motor on one of the engines starts
with a roar.

Men come sliding down poles like
monkeys and leap to the engines.
The driver reaches up and pulls a
handle suspended from the ceiling,
the doors spring open, and the en-
gines roar away into the night, their
sirens screaming.

Spencer Donohue—8B-311.

POPPIES ON MEMORIAL DAY

After reading Col. John McRae's
poem, "In Flanders Fields," Miss
Moino Michael, a Y. W. C. A. worker
in New York City, was so moved that
she vowed she would always wear a
poppy in memory of those who had
given their lives for the United States
in the World War.

Delegates to the Y. W. C. A. Con-
ference meeting in New York that
year, 1918, were impressed by Miss
Michael's idea and they presented it
to the Conference, with the result
that after the Armistice many other
conferences adopted the little scarlet
flower. In Milwaukee, in June, 1919,
poppies were sold on the streets for
the first time. The money obtained
for the sale was used in welcoming
home the Thirty-second Division. In
August, 1920, the American Legion
Department of Georgia made the
poppy its official Memorial flower.
Other departments followed, until
today the wearing of the modest little
poppy on Memorial Day is Nation-
wide. Generally the poppies for use
on Decoration Day are made by dis-
abled veterans or ex-service men.
The proceeds from the sales are used
for service work among needy vet-
erans and their families. And so
when we buy a tiny poppy, we keep
faith not only with those who sleep
the long sleep, but with those who,
for 11 years, have been paying a liv-
ing sacrifice.

Margaret Barringer—8A-305.

"MEMORIAL DAY"

On the thirtieth day of May,
The graves are decked with flowers
gay.

The trumpets sound, the flags all fly
Their stars and stripes high in the
sky.

In memory of the soldiers brave,
A flag is placed on every grave
To show that we remember those,
Who saved us from so many foes.

Rita Ridolfi—8A-302.

TAMING A CUB

I think taming a bear cub is one of
the most interesting things to do.
Last summer when I went to my un-
cle's farm, he had a small cub about
six months old. He was the most in-
teresting little fellow I had ever seen.
I asked my uncle if I could teach him
some tricks, to which he agreed. I
started in right away by teaching
him to stand on his hind legs. Next
I tried to get him to roll on his back
when I snapped my fingers. That
was a difficult thing to accomplish.
After learning this trick he caught on
very quickly to everything that I
taught him. One day I thought it
would be a good thing to invite my
mother over to look at my bear. The
night before her arrival we had a ter-
rible thunder storm. It nearly drove
my cub crazy. Finally I got up and
stuffed his ears with cotton so he
would not hear the thunder. After
that he slept comfortably. In the
morning my mother arrived. I called
my cub and told him to stand on his
hind legs, but to my astonishment he
did not move. My mother got up and
started to laugh. Then I snapped my
fingers, but the cub would not move.
This made me angry and I scolded
him. Then like a flash I remembered
that I had put cotton in his ears! I
quickly took it out, whereupon the
cub did the trick perfectly. My
mother was well pleased. After the
"performance" I gave him a large
dish of milk to make up for the scold-
ing which I had given him.

Nick Basiliko—9B-102.

THEN DREAMS WILL COME TRUE

I hope that some day
When report cards come 'round,
I'll find that in May
An "A" I'll have found.
Then dreams will come true.

At the head of the class

I hope I shall be,

And onward pass

To the new 8B.

Then dreams will come true.

Helen Davis—8A-302.

THRIFT

Said the bright-faced copper penny
To the little silver dime,
"You think you're quite important
And they'd choose you every time;
But children like me anyway.
They get me quicker, too;
And if they save a lot of me
They'll have a lot of you."

Iren Phillips, 9A-313

SCHOOL

I've been working in the schoolroom
All the live-long day;
I've been working in the schoolroom
To help Langley on its way.
And we can make it better
If we only try,
For its better to make good and work
Than to sit and sigh.

Ellen Jones—9A-306.

THE SPORT THAT GIVES ME THE GREATEST THRILL

On a hot day when you have nothing to do, you can get your bathing suit and go swimming. You walk briskly along. At last you reach the pool of water. Then on with that bathing suit and a rush to the water. Up, up with a bound. You walk the plank with a nervous stride. All at once you decide, and down, down you go as swift as an arrow. Then a splash and the cool water is all around you. Off you go! That is the sport that gives me the greatest thrill.

Clarence Wilson—7A-210.

MAY

If I could have my choice, I'd say
"Give me many months of May,
The brightest month of all the year,
That brings much happiness and cheer."

The balmy days that Maytime brings
Make you know that it must be spring,
The blossoms and the bird's sweet song
Tell you that summer will soon be along.

Dorothy George—8A-302.

THE MENDED HOLE

My pocket seems to have a hole,
Just where I do not know,
But, goodness me, how awfully
My money seems to go.

The middle of a week is here.
Where all my money went
I do not know, and cannot show
How all of it was spent.

But today I have just started
A brand new bank account,
And now you may watch
As my pennies quickly mount.
Bertha Spyros—7B-303.

INDIAN'S RESERVATION

Oh, Indians by the thousands
Are roving through the land.
Tribes after tribes a placing
Their camps on every hand.

Straight to the farmer's cornfield
They always choose to go,
Pitched there by tens of thousands
Their wigwams in a row.

Smoke from their wigwam bonfires
Hangs in the valley still,
Making a soft blue curtain
Across the distant hill.

Nannie Nicholson, 8A-212.

"Johnny," said mother, "run over
and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

A few minutes later Johnny reported, "Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is."

VACATION

The last day of school is nearly here.
Let's all give a rousing cheer!
Hurray, hurray, hip, hip, hurray!
Vacation time is near, I say.
Then all the boys can come to the call
Of a good old fashioned game of ball.
Joseph Draley—8A-302.

NIPPY

Nippy is my pet cat.
He's very, very big
And very, very black.
He has eyes of green,
And a tail of length,
And when he bites
He uses his strength.

Jeannette Barnard—9A-306.

A TRUE AMERICAN

A true American is hard to find.
He never disregards his flag in any way.
He always takes off his hat
when the flag is passing by. When the "Star Spangled Banner" is sung or played, he stands up. He respects all the laws of the United States. He should really love his country and always give the best that is in him if he wishes to be a true American.

Catherine Dreyer—8A-212.

LOYALTY

Langley students should
Always uphold the
Name of Langley, and
Guard it from faults
Lest they should be
Enticed to
Yield to unloyalty.

Albert Chapplelear, 9B-214.

WATERS

(Apologies to Joyce Kilmer)
I think that I shall never look
On a poem lovely as a brook.
I think that I shall never dream
Of a poem lovely as a stream
That runs from a spring down to the bay—

Turning, twisting, all the way.
And it would surely make me quiver
To see the Mississippi River.
Winfred Cooper, 7B-305.

VACATION

Vacation time is drawing near:
The children's voices loud we hear,
Thinking of the happy hours
They will spend among the flowers.
In the country, fresh and green,
That is where they will be seen.

Bertha Ockershausen—8A-302.

SUNSET

Purple clouds up in the sky,
A pretty bird passing by,
And then, a beautiful colored hue,
Fading out to solemn blue.
Snow-capped mountains I see afar;
Then peeps out a lonely star.

Vivian Cooper—8A-302.

BOOKS

A book is a mystery, be it false or true,
It may contain history, or adventure for you.
The title is inviting, the cover's a dress
For contents alluring, which we are to guess.

Now anxiously we open the book, and it seems
We're venturing stealth-like to the land of our dreams.
We eagerly devour all the treasures in store,
We sit up aghast—then devoutly adore.

So come now with us to the land we have named,
There acquaintance you make with characters famed.
Real mystery invites you, so come and explore,
Much happiness awaits you
Behind our library door.

Albert Choppelear—9B-214.

THOUGHTS

When I look out over the sea,
Some very strange thoughts come to me;
The ships way out look like white swans,
And the sails resemble fairy wands.
Virginia Weissbrod—7B-201.

THE SPORT I LIKE BEST

The sport I like best is baseball.
When you are playing baseball you have lots of fun. You can run, hit the ball, catch, pitch, and put them out. It is good exercise, too. When you come from school there is nothing better to play than a game of ball. It makes you alert and strengthens muscles in your body. That is why I like that sport best.

Charles Morrison—7A-210.

One day Rose Mary, a girl three years of age, found her small brother Jack tearing the leaves from her aunt's dictionary. "Oh, mother!" she cried, "Jack is tearing Auntie's vocabulary."

Francis Elliott—7B-201.

GO RIGHT AHEAD

Mistress to new maid, "I forgot to tell you, Mary, that we have breakfast at eight o'clock sharp."

Maid, "That's all right, mum. If I ain't down on time, don't wait for me."

—Marion Hickerson—8A-211.

English

Elizabeth had almost finished a reading lesson when she came to a word she couldn't pronounce.

"Barque," prompted the teacher. Libby looked at her classmates and grinned.

"Barque, Libby," exclaimed the teacher crossly.

Elizabeth looking up at the teacher finally cried out, "Bow-wow."

A TRUE GHOST STORY

(Continued)

The old storekeeper and his friend were very kind and insisted on going with Bill to the old house that night. They loaded a table and an easy chair on a wagon so that he would be comfortable. They even included a lamp and some magazines to help pass away the time. To ward off the chill night air a liberal supply of kindling wood was taken along.

After a short ride they arrived at the old house and all hands pitched in to help make Bill comfortable and ready for his night's vigil. The lamp was lighted and a fire lit in the big fireplace. After promising to come back for him early in the morning, Bill's friends left.

Bill settled himself before the fire and soon lost himself in a thrilling story of cowboy life.

It might have been the glare of the fire in his eyes or it might have been something else, but in spite of himself Bill's eyelids grew heavier and heavier until at last he could fight sleep no longer.

When he awoke the fire had burned down to a mass of embers which sent a soft red light through the room. The lamp had burned itself out. Bill looked at his watch and when he saw the hands pointing at five minutes after twelve he laughed.

"Well," he said, "that means bye bye for the spooks, for every one knows that ghosts always walk exactly at midnight."

And then, through the stillness of the night came a sound as of a door knob being softly turned. Bill did not move, but sat upright, every muscle tense. Then a creak of rusty hinges and a chill draft on the back of his neck told Bill that the door behind his chair had been opened. Still, Bill did not move until there came a soft thud on the table beside him. He turned to see an enormous black cat stretching itself. Bill's jangled nerves relaxed and in sheer relief he reached out to pet the cat. Just as his hand touched its head, the cat yawned and in a deep base voice said, "Well, Bill, do you think you will spend the rest of the night in the haunted house?"

And then Bill did move. In fact, he moved so fast that he had almost reached the village before he realized that in his frantic leap through a window he had broken loose and carried with him the whole window frame. When Bill reached the village, he was surprised to find the old storekeeper and his friends waiting on the store steps. They all laughed at Bill, but as he was a good sport they soon tired of teasing him. And does Bill believe in ghosts now? Well, not exactly. You see, he soon discovered that the



Shirley Danforth—9B-214.

Can You Find Eight Faces?

JULIA'S PET, "JIMPS"

The queerest pet Julia ever had was a monkey. He was given to her by an uncle, who named him "Jimps." Everyone who saw the monkey thought him very cute. He had never caused trouble, but had always been as good as might have been expected. On a warm day in May, however, he seemed to be possessed of a naughty streak. Before noon he had broken a beautiful vase and chased Julia's black kitten all over the house. At 2 o'clock Julia decided to take him for an airing. They were walking down Oak Street when they met an organ grinder who had a monkey somewhat larger than "Jimps." Julia saw them first and tried to get a tighter hold on "Jimps" leash. Unfortunately she was not quick enough and "Jimps" had sprung up on the organ. First he ate a few peanuts and then, feeling very mischievous, he started a fight with the other monkey. Julia cried, "Jimps, Jimps!" But "Jimps" was enjoying himself and would pay no attention to her. The owner of the other animal stepped forward and said something in the Italian language. His monkey immediately stopped fighting and crouched down, looking boldly at "Jimps," who had gone to Julia and clung to her skirt. Julia gave the man a coin and told him she was sorry for the disturbance. He said, in perfectly good English, "I'm sorry, also, and thank you for the money. Good-day." He continued on his way very placidly, scolding his monkey. Julia took "Jimps" home and punished him for fighting. He behaved himself very well after that.

Loretta Darney—9A-313.

storekeeper was a great practical joker and one of his friends was a famous ventriloquist or voice thrower, and when the cat spoke—but oh, you can guess the rest.

Elizabeth Hooey King.

WHAT AN OLD DIARY TOLD ME

One day as I was looking through an old-fashioned desk that had belonged to my great-great grandmother, I came upon an old diary. I took it to the window and sat down to read it. As I opened the diary, it began to speak. This is the story it told me:

"Long, long ago there lived a wee slip of a girl named Sarah Anne. She lived in a log cabin in California near the gold fields. Her father was a tall, dark, handsome man. Her mother was a very gentle, mild-eyed woman who had braved the long and weary trip across the frontier to help her husband in his search for gold. They had finally reached their destination and had managed to build a home in which to live. Now they had quite a large store which occupied the front part of the cabin. The customers of this store consisted mostly of the gold seekers and miners. Now and then a friendly Indian would come to trade in his furs.

One day a tribe of hostile Indians seized and plundered the little Californian village in which Sarah Anne and her parents lived. They killed Sarah's father and carried off the mother and little girl. The Indians made Sarah's mother and the other white women work hard. This caused the early death of the little girl's mother.

Many years later the Indian village was seized by white men. Sarah Anne was carried off by a splendid young man, whom she later married.

This is the true story of the life of your great-great grandmother."

I knew the diary had finished his story, so I carefully closed and laid it back into the old-fashioned desk.

Jeannette Barnard—9A-306.

MY YO-YO

I have a little yo-yo;
It bobs upon a string.
I love this little yo-yo
More than any other thing.

One day I was yo-yoing,
While in an English class.
The teacher caught me at it,
And forward it did pass.

That afternoon, for punishment,
I stayed there until four.
Before I left my teacher said,
"Don't yo-yo any more."

So now upon my desk at home,
My yo-yo rests in state;
And there it stays, throughout the
days,

Until a later date.

Helen Donnelly—9A-313.

THE CATERPILLER

"Contact. Let 'er go." The mechanic swung the prop of the OH-4, and the Liberty motor roared into action. This was Don Callison's first trip for Uncle Sam in the Air Mail Service. Don taxied the ship down the field and took off in the glare of the immense floodlight which had been placed on top of the Administration Building. He headed east toward St. Louis and gave her the gun. There was a stiff head wind and a thick fog when he finally landed at Lambert Field, St. Louis, where he discharged the mail and took off for New Orleans. As Don proceeded south, the wind came in from his left and it took all of Callison's skill to keep the ship headed south. When Don should have been in New Orleans, he was flying along a thick blanket of fog somewhere, but he didn't know where. He glanced at the gasoline gauge and was surprised to see that he had only enough gas for 20 more minutes of flying. He searched with his night glasses, but all in vain. Not a sign of a break in the fog was to be seen. Just then the engine spluttered and stopped. Immediately the nose of the ship lowered and Don found himself heading straight into the fog. He at once cut the switches and "bailed out." The Irvin seat pack functioned perfectly. When Don landed he headed for the road which was very near and followed some wagon tracks to a farm home, where an excited group of people were gathered around the wreck of his plane some 200 yards from the house. The mail was sent to New Orleans by train and at the next meeting of the mail pilots of his lines Don was officially made a member of the "Caterpillar Club," an organization of pilots who have saved their lives by the parachute. Don later got the position of field manager.

Robert Lawrence.

PRINTING

Printing from engraved wooden blocks is said to have been practiced by the Chinese as early as fifty years B. C. Later in the 13th Century initial letters of certain manuscripts were made from similar blocks. Modern typography began with the use of movable types by Johannes Gutenberg at Mainz, 1438-1450. Most of the early printing presses were crudely made. Printing presses have advanced greatly since then. The linotype machine is used by most newspapers. There are many types of machines and ways of printing, too numerous to mention. They all add to the greatly thriving printing industry.

Samuell D. Gannett—9B-102.

CIRCUS DAY

The happiest day of all the year,
In June, July, or May.
Is the day when boys and girls cry,
"Oh, gee! It's Circus Day!"
I get up from my feather bed,
And the door I then unlock,
And slip out in the open,
About five or six o'clock.
I start down to the station
Down the track or down the road
To watch the jolly circus folk
As their large cars they unload.
I have to hurry, as you know
I cannot stop or wait
For the B. & O. is hauling it,
So I know it won't be late!
Then, I watch the big parade,
With the animals so fine,
Big elephants, and little ones,
All are walking in a line.
Then come the tigers and the lions,
And baby camels, too,
Then zebras, yes, and monkeys,
Enough to fill a zoo.
Then comes the funny, laughing clowns
And girls, brunettes and blonde.
And the great big slick-haired horses
Of which I'm very fond,
But don't you think when the parade is gone,
That all my fun is done
For I hurry to the circus grounds,
There my good times just begin.
I usually have a dollar
Which I intend to spend,—
Fifty cents for lunch and dinner
And the big show in the end.
But, alas, for my intentions!
I discover I have paid
Five pennies and a nickel
For a glass of lemonade.
Then a dime for salted peanuts
And a quarter for a whip.
Then a red hot weiner sandwich
O gee! how money can slip.
So when the big show starts
I am broke, not badly hurt
And the only thing I know to do
Is to slip beneath the canvas
And quickly find a seat.
And I certainly do enjoy it,
Although I had to cheat.
Then last but surely not the least
Is that mean old stuff I take
'Cause shortly after I go home
Oh! Boy! that stomach ache!

Evelyn Anderson—8A-108.

FIRST AID

John: Quick! call a doctor; Jim drank some ink by mistake.

Tom: Oh, that's nothing; let him eat some blotting paper.

Harry Miller—7B-201.

(Continued from page 1)

"Miss Bowen surely ought to be proud of her cantata. Loraine Gerardi sang the 'Star Spangled Banner' splendidly, didn't she? How about Helen Kause? Good also. The Indians were fine. That minuet was gracefully done."

"And now," said another member, "do you know that we will soon be remembering our graduation and someone else will be taking our places in classes, in sports, and on the assembly hall platform? Let us hope they will have as much fun as we have had and do better than we have tried to do."

Shirley Danforth—9B-214.

It pays to look well

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LANGLEY PILOT

Vol. VII, No. 1

Washington, D. C., November 25, 1930.

5 Cents a Copy.

FAILING LEAVES

Red, yellow, gold and brown
Autumn leaves are whirling down.

Hear them whisper as they play;
This is what they seem to say—

"We must haste while skies are blue
For we've lots of work to do.

"Covering roots and flowers sweet
From the winter's snow and sleet."

Thus we learn from leaves that fall
How God loves and cares for all.

Jean Bon Durant—7A102.

A THANKSGIVING GHOST

It was Thanksgiving morning when Aunt Matilda, the fat old negro cook, went out to kill the Thanksgiving turkey. Aunt Matilda intended to chase the turkey into a shed near the kitchen door. Old Mr. Turkey, instead, ran through the kitchen door, which had been left open. Not noticing that the turkey had gone into the kitchen, Aunt Matilda spent some-time looking for him outside. Meanwhile, the turkey had gone into the pantry. Hearing the cook rush into the kitchen, he half ran, half flew blindly toward the wall. When he came down, instead of landing on the floor, he landed in a flour bin. The angry cook, hearing the racket, rushed toward the pantry. Out flew the flour-covered turkey. "Good-a-d law-zee," Aunt Matilda threw her apron over her krinkley head and shrieked, "It's the turkey's ghost!"

Dorothy Thwing—8B201.

AUTUMN

Autumn, the gypsy of time, dressed in her colorful gown, parades the forests and fields. See her over there! A bit of gold, a dash of red! That perhaps is her scarf.

She throws back her head and laughs. The wind carries the music of her wild, turbulent song to the lonely pines and the jagged, frowning crags. Autumn is gay—but is Autumn happy?

Far away comes the Winter, slowly but surely. Autumn is fading, dying; but suddenly up and away she goes, flaunting her colors and dancing wildly — laughing in the face of winter, silence, and death. There she goes; will she return? Perhaps—perhaps.

Dorothy Spence—8B302.



Lorraine Hall—8A305.

Thanksgiving

FROM A ROOKIE

I came to Langley in September,
It is a date I'll long remember.
From grade school it was a great
change
And made me feel, at times, quite
strange.

So many pupils all about
I felt as if I were left out.
Classrooms here and classrooms
there
And teachers, teachers everywhere!

Miles in length seemed the halls,
With lockers all along the walls;
The auditorium, large and tall,
Made me feel so very small.

To Langley I have come to stay,
I'll ne'er regret that happy day
When I chose it to be my school,
And I will keep its every rule.

Julia Bon Durant—7A102.

ATTENTION, ROOKIE!

Rookie! Rookie! We know you are
new,
But don't get mad when folks tease
you;
Just turn around and to them say,
"You were a rookie yourself one day."

Elizabeth Kidwell—8A312.

THE MYSTERY OF THE EMERALD

By CARLTON CAMPBELL

With a crunching of gravel beneath the wheels, Ed's trim little roadster rolled into the driveway of the Green Cat Club. The evening was warm with a bright moon. The sound of music and laughter floated onto the night air. Stepping into the hallway of the club, Ed gave his coat and scarf to a porter and eagerly scanned the tables that dotted the floor of the ballroom. His eyes finally centered on one of the merry-makers, a lone girl seated at a table. He slipped over and greeted her with a broad smile.

"Hello, Louise," he said; "did you think I was never coming?"

"Well," was the reply, "I was a bit anxious, of course. Did everything go right? Were you careful?"

"Sure," he laughed; "I am too old a hand to leave any calling cards. You know that."

Louise smiled.

"It was as easy as taking candy from a baby," he rambled on, "and it's worth seventy-five thousand if it's worth a cent."

Motioning to her, he led the way to a small private dining room and drew the curtains together.

"Look," he said, as he reached in his pocket and pulled out a small box about the size of a walnut. As he opened it there shone forth with unbelievable glory a large emerald of wondrous beauty.

"Oh," she gasped, "Ed, it's gorgeous!"

"Yes," he whispered, "but now let's hurry home; I'm uneasy."

Ten minutes later the little car glided onto the main highway with its two occupants. It was a quiet ride into the city, but as the lights of Broadway began to flicker before them the spell seemed to lift, and they laughed and chatted gaily.

"Louise," Ed grew serious again, "there is something I have wanted to ask you for so long, and now that I have made a success and am going straight I think it is the proper time. The wind gently brushed aside the girl's curly hair and her heart gave an excited throb.

"Yes, Ed, what is it?" she asked.

At that moment there was a frightful screech of brakes, and the car suddenly careened and rolled over into the ditch, narrowly missing a large touring car which sped past without even a scratch.

(Continued on page 7)

LANGLEY PILOT

Published by the Pupils of Langley Junior High School

PILOT STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—Christine Kempton.

Assistant Editors—Thelma Pickett, John Brumbaugh, Ann Moffett, Edwin Mitchell.

Art Editor—Hassler Burroughs.

Associate Editors—Helen Davis, Charles Ward, Jean Evans.

Business Manager—Carlton Campbell.



GUESS SHE NEEDS HELP

The Editor gazed at her desk so bare,
And tore at her hair, in dark despair,
For there was no material there.
Now why don't you sit up some night,
If you're so bright, and some material
write
Like a true Langleyite?

George Bon Durant.

MY FIRST DAY AT LANGLEY

September 22 was my first day at Langley. Langley looked to me like a large animal, and I trembled as if I thought this huge animal would swallow me. By asking my way several times, I found the auditorium. Gingerly I sat down as if I were going to sit on pins and needles. Every time a bell rang my heart beat ten times faster than usual. At noon we were dismissed for the day. I was overjoyed at this because I had felt frightened. At first I thought I had made a great mistake by coming to this school which was so very large and overcrowded. In three or four days, however, I lost all my fear, and now I like Langley and the teachers very much.

Yvonne Finn—7A106.

THE LUNCH ROOM

Bang! Crash! Those familiar sounds! Can you guess what they mean? Right. It's lunch time.

Down the stairs, three at a time, and into the lunch room the students dash. With a perfect skid across the floor, they rush inside the railing. A bowl of soup, some macaroni, and a sundae! Out they dash to give their money to the cashier. "Here's a table. Come on." Crash! Bye-bye, soup.

After a hurried meal, they jump up from the table and sail away, leaving their dishes behind them. "It doesn't matter," they say. "Some one else will put them in their proper places."

That's the wrong idea. Suppose everybody did that? How long do you think it would take to clean up? It's only a few steps to the rubbish cans and table for your dishes. Take the trouble to go those few steps and save the janitors the time and trouble of cleaning up after you. Last, but not least, don't hurry so much. Lunch time is certainly not a time for racing. Our lunch room is supposed to be a lunch room, not a gymnasium.

Marian W. Parker—9A304.

THE ENDING OF AUTUMN

I heard a voice saying,
"Autumn is gone!
Autumn is ended.
It is done. It is gone.
No more at morning
Will you see the blackbirds
Black on the lawn,
Or hear the crying
Geese of the dawn."
At my window
Grave was I—
Gravely I watched
The Autumn die,
And the last of the
Crying geese go by.

David Carliner, 8A308.

YOUR MARKS

Nearing the end of the second advisory, we find it appropriate to say something about the grades for the past few weeks. Those of us who have been working hard, have been fully rewarded for our efforts. But even if our marks are not so high after hard work, we are rewarded in the long run because we have learned to persevere. If our marks have not been what they should be, let's try hard again next advisory to raise them. You know, we get out of the world everything that we put into it.

John Brumbaugh—9B306.

WITH OUR ALUMNI AT TECH

Gordon Horsnell, June, '28, Associate Editor of the "Langley Pilot" that year, is Managing Editor of the "Tech Life" and an honorary member of "Pharos," Tech's Honor Society.

William Billingsley, June, '28, is now Editor-in-Chief of the "Tech Life."

Charles Matthews, June, '28, has the position of Associate Editor on the staff of "Tech Life."

Verna Volz, '30, Langley's "little wonder," is a reporter on the "Tech Life," and is being groomed for the Editor-in-Chief's position. She also has won a prominent place for herself on Tech's Honor Roll.

Annie Mae Howard, '29, is one of the finest typists on the "Tech Life" staff.

Virginia Wiman, '28, working under the Feature Editor, is doing great work interviewing notables for Tech's newspaper.

Margaret Tucker, '29, Assistant Editor-in-Chief in '29 of the "Langley Pilot," is now a reporter on the "Tech Life."

Hazen Jordan, '29, Associate Editor of the "Pilot" that year, is becoming more and more active in the Cadet Corps of Tech. He is a Sergeant in Company "D" this year.

William Wyckoff, '29, Assistant Editor-in-Chief of "Langley Pilot" and President of the Student Council in '29, is Circulating Manager of "Tech Life" and Sergeant in Company "D" this year.

THRIFT

Save your pennies! Why is it that we always spend them? We give no thought, whatsoever, to the future when there will be certain things which we shall desire more than candy and ice cream. Saving isn't like spending, although they both begin with "s" and end in "ing." Saving means that you will have some money in the future; spending means that you will have none. Won't it be nice to be able to go to the Mt. Vernon Savings Bank, when you are older, and draw out several dollars toward that new Ford? With pride you will be able to say, "I started that bank account while I was in Langley. I have kept it up ever since." Money certainly isn't everything, but it does help a great deal.

Doris Hall—9B306.

Learning without thought is useless; thought without learning is dangerous.—Confucius.

IN STUDY HALL

I pick up my pencil and begin to write,
Inspiration will not come;
I gaze out the window at the falling
rain,
Forgetting my algebra sum.

I think of the Buff and Blue football
game,
And hope that they will win;
Then a silly joke pops into my head,
And I look at my neighbor and grin.

Hurrah! The three-o'clock bell has
rung,
At last the time has come;
There'll be no more work 'till Monday
morn,
Then—another algebra sum!
Marie Clark—8B108.

A NARROW ESCAPE

The leaves were falling and the air
was crisp. Frost had come. Every-
body in the Barnyard felt just as I
did—that fall was the best of all
seasons of the year. Soon, however, I
changed my mind.

One morning (we had been awake
for several hours) Mr. Buck and Bob
appeared. I heard them talking.

"M-m-m, I can see him on that plat-
ter now," said Bob.

"Yes, it's getting near time for
Thanksgiving—just a couple more
days."

By this time they were in the Barn-
yard. Bob said, "There's a fat one; he
looks as if he would be good."

"Yes," said Mr. Buck, "but I think
this one would be better, don't you?"

He was pointing at me! Oh, how
my heart swelled with pride! Up went
my feathers. They were looking at
me! I noticed that everyone else was
trying to hide. Suddenly Bob ex-
claimed:

"Oh! Dad, here's a fine one right
behind here."

"Ah! Yes. Now you have the right
one. He's the best yet."

I saw that old Mr. Bossy wasn't
looking so pleased. I couldn't under-
stand. Then Mr. Buck and Bob left.
Everyone came out from his hiding
place. Old Mr. Bossy was mad and I
was disappointed. Some one said to
me:

"My, but you are lucky."

"Why?" I asked in a sulky voice.

"Because you weren't chosen," he
answered in a surprised manner.

"I don't see how you think THAT is
lucky."

"Why, you stupid thing, they're
going to cook him for Thanksgiving."

Suddenly I realized what a narrow
escape I had had! Next year I'm go-
ing to disappear from that barnyard a
whole week when Thanksgiving
comes.

Margaret Holmes—9A304.



Charlotte Baublitz—8B108.

Salesman: Have you decided to
take this plane, Colonel Lindbergh?

Lindbergh: Yes, I will take it.

Salesman: Shall I send the bill
today?

Lindbergh: No; send it to Morrow.

Clerk: What can I do for you?

Customer: I want to buy some rat
poison.

Clerk: Will you take it with you?

Customer: No, I'll send the rats
over after it.

Marie Clark—8B108.

John: One of my ancestors was
Duchess of Kemp.

Jean: That's nothing, one of my an-
cestors was King Roderick the Great,
of Wales.

John: That sounds fishy to me.

Teacher (to very bad boy): John-
ny, I'm going to put you near the
front.

Johnny: Please do. Then I can hear
you better.

Jean Evans—8B302.

Teacher in school: Order, order.

Small boy: Give me a ham sand
wich.

Stuart Poole—8B201.

Man (to bride-to-be): Honey, do
you think the rich or the poor are
the happier?

Bride: The poor.

Man: Then we'll be happy.

Teacher: Who was that who just
laughed out loud?

Boy: It was I, teacher, but I didn't
mean to.

Teacher: You didn't mean to?

Boy: No mam, I laughed up my
sleeve and I didn't know that there
was a hole in my elbow.

Preston McIntosh—8B200.

History student when asked a
question to which "Charlemagne"
was the answer, said "Champagne."

Elinor Broughton—9A304.

Mrs. Hartke: Write as much of the
"Gettysburg Address" as possible on
this paper.

George: How large may we write?

Helen Davis—8B302.

Mrs. Hartke: We will now have
our final History test.

William: Aw, Mrs. Hartke, if you
give us this test it will spoil my week
end?

Mrs. Hartke: Is that your weak
end?

There is a town in Ohio by the
name of Wassion. As the train near-
ed town, the conductor walked up and
down the car calling, "Wassion! Was-
sion!"

Suddenly a man spoke up: He was
on, but he got off.

John Brumbaugh—9B306.

Jack: How do they get the boats
through the Panama Canal?

Teacher: By locks.

Jack: It must take them a long
time to work all the combinations.

Frances Keim—8A301.

"Where is Switzerland?" asked the
teacher.

"At the head of the boot," piped a
small child's voice.

Margaret Scheer—8B201.

Miss Hicks (in Science class):
Have you heard the story of Hum-
phrey, Davey?

Pupil: Sure, he was the one that
fell off the wall.

Claude Willis—9B306.

A Scotsman had his wife's tonsils
taken out. When he received the
bill he presented it to his father-in-
law because he overheard the doctors
say that she should have had them
out long ago.

Charles Zoerner—9B203.

OUR PRINCIPAL VISITS SIX NATIONS

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes went to Europe this summer on a tour of six nations. They visited five continental countries and Great Britain.

While in Switzerland they had the good fortune to witness a rare and beautiful sight, the afterglow. After the sun has just set there spreads over the mountains a marvelous pink glow. This delicate covering lasts for only a few minutes—a burst of glory—and it is gone for months.

They also saw the celebrated Lion of Lucerne, the memorial to the Swiss guards who were killed in the French Revolution. This stupendous carving in the side of a great cliff, is remarkably lifelike, and Mr. Holmes says it is particularly effective at night when artificially illuminated.

While in Italy they visited Venice and had the weird experience of taking a gondola to their hotel in the black of night. Imagine how it would be to step into a little gondola for the first time and be whizzed off into the murky streets of water! The gondolier made wonderful time as he went through what would be our "back alleys" and up our "main streets" with great deftness and accuracy. They would meet gondoliers who were also speeding about. It would seem as if they would barely miss each other, but the two would let out a long string of Italian curses and pass on without an accident. It was not long before Mr. and Mrs. Holmes were let out in front of their hotel steps, some of which were under water.

One night, in Venice, the two got in a gondola and went out to one of the large gondolas where there was an orchestra playing such songs as "O Sole Mio" and "Santa Lucia." There were a great many people listening to the music. Mr. Holmes says that leaning back, looking up at the stars, and listening to the beautiful Italian music was something to be remembered always, but he added, "You look down and see black water underneath you and you realize that it is Italian water and you are about three thousand miles from America! Although it is very impressive, sometimes you wish you were near enough to take a train and go speeding home."

In Germany, our principal and his wife decided to go to one of the well-famed beer gardens and listen to the music. They finally came to an ordinary looking place, out of which issued the most beautiful music imaginable. The players were about to present "The Stars and Stripes Forever" at Mr. Holmes's request, but it was time to stop for the night.

Mr. Holmes reports that he had very little opportunity to converse with the natives in their own language as they were all able and anxious to speak English.

In Paris they sat in the little sidewalk cafes and were particularly fond of one, of which it is said that if you sit there long enough you are certain to see someone you know. Mr. Holmes was able to certify this boast, even if the person whom he saw was a member of his own party!

Visiting England they found that most of the schools are private and that the pupils are dressed very picturesquely in tall silk hats, "Buster Brown" collars, cutaway coats and striped pants.

The two had a wonderful time in Europe. Still, I imagine, they were quite glad to get back to noisy, bustling, good old United States!

Christine Kempton—9A304.

THE FALLING LEAVES

The leaves are falling everywhere,
Their colors are red and gold;
They once were young and happy,
But winter makes them old.

They look so very pretty,
Falling on the ground—
Yellow, red, and orange.
Also green and brown.

They sadly mingle together;
Their thoughts go far away
To the days when they were happy
And the times when they were gay.

Emma Sunday—9A304.

THE SNOW BIRDS

When the snow covers the ground
We'll see snow birds all around,
Chirping and hopping all about—
We think they're happy without a doubt;

But whene'er we see them in this mood

Let us throw them some food,
For soon warm weather will draw near

And the snow birds'll disappear.

Bernadette Wiles—8A312.

AUTUMN SUNSETS

The skies are a flaming mass of red;
And the sun sinking to its evening bed,

Seems to bid the world good-night,
In the Autumn's fading light.

The colors match the woods and trees,
And leaves that flutter in the breeze.
But now the sun in matchless light
Is slowly sinking out of sight.

Jane Forsythe—9A304.

OLD MISTER SNOW

Old Mister Snow will soon be here,
He'll surely be greeted by laughter and cheer.

His gown of white is clean and bright,
Oh, he'll be a fashion plate all right.
A dress for trees and housetops high
He will bring here by and by.

Laying down his blanket of silvery white,

He'll startle you in the dark of night;
And his ghostly look will be on you—
You'd best be careful what you do,
For he'll bite your nose and ears and toes,

And make you don your woolen clothes.

Catherine Catalans—9B306.

MARY'S ESSAY

Mary was ten years old and in the fifth grade. She had light curly hair, blue eyes, and had been born in the national capital; in fact she was a typical American girl except in one respect. I don't think that any girl or boy in the Matthew School knew less about history. As an example I will tell you this story:

Miss Jackson told her class to write about the persecution of the Christians by the Romans. Here is Mary's essay as she wrote it:

The Persecution of the Christians
by the Romans

"When Christianity spread to Rome the Romans who were Christianized dug tunnels called cattycombs to hide in. Their they worshiped in a Christian way and their there dead were buried. Their were about 300 miles of cattycombs. The floors were real muddy and everything. The Christians were safe here because even if the Roman police did know where they were the cattycombs were so narrow and the police had so many pistols that they could not get through.

"But the Christians were running a risk because if they were caught they were taken too the zoo and when a lion was hungry the keeper threw the Christians to the lion and when the keeper came back he picked up the bones.

"Pretty soon a Christian named Constantinople became king and stopped that. That's all I know about the persecutions of the Christians by the Romans."—Mary Jones.

Submitted by Jean Evans—8B302.

WIND

The wind comes like the Pied Piper, whistling through shutters and against windows.

After finding that it cannot penetrate, it howls in discouragement through the trees to find better luck.

John Stepp—9A310.

GRACE'S NANNY GOAT

Grace had one sister and one brother. They all lived together on a farm with their mother and father. Each one of the children, except Grace, had a pet, and she wanted one very badly. Her brother had a dog, and her sister had a cat.

Her father got her a baby nanny goat that was very playful. Grace grew fond of her pet. She fed her on milk until she was old enough to eat grain and grass. While the goat was young she did not try to butt anybody, but when she grew older she was full of mischief. Everytime Grace's mother would hang the clothes out to dry, Nanny would make a meal on them. She would chew the cuffs off the shirts because she liked the taste of starch. After that, someone would always have to stay out in the yard with a broom and keep guard when the clothes were on the line.

Sometimes when folks went in the yard, Nanny would knock them over. Finally she became a nuisance, but Grace did not want to part with her.

One day when Grace was in school a man came along and asked her mother if she wanted to sell the goat. She decided she would get rid of her for \$3.00. As soon as Grace got home from school she, of course, wanted to know where Nanny was. Her mother calmly replied, "Look in my pocketbook. You'll find the best part of your nanny goat there!"

Ruth E. Wilson—8B201.

THE DICTIONARY SAYS: "USE ME!"

"Boys! Girls! Notice me
Sitting on your shelf.
You're not so very wise that you
Know all the words yourself!

"I'm wiser, far, than any book;
Even grown-ups use me!
If you need words you cannot spell
Why! How can you refuse me?"

"Is it because I'm big and fat
You gaze on me with fear?
I want to be your closest friend—
Please, always keep me near."
Christian Kempton—9A304.

THUNDER

Thunder is like a mighty hammer,
Crashing down upon the earth;
A quivering rumble like a stammer—
This is the storm at its birth.
Thunder with its mighty roar,
Shakes the cave and jars the floor.
This terrible, noisy, mighty wonder,
Is the mumbling, grumbling,
thunder.

Catherine Phelps—9A310.

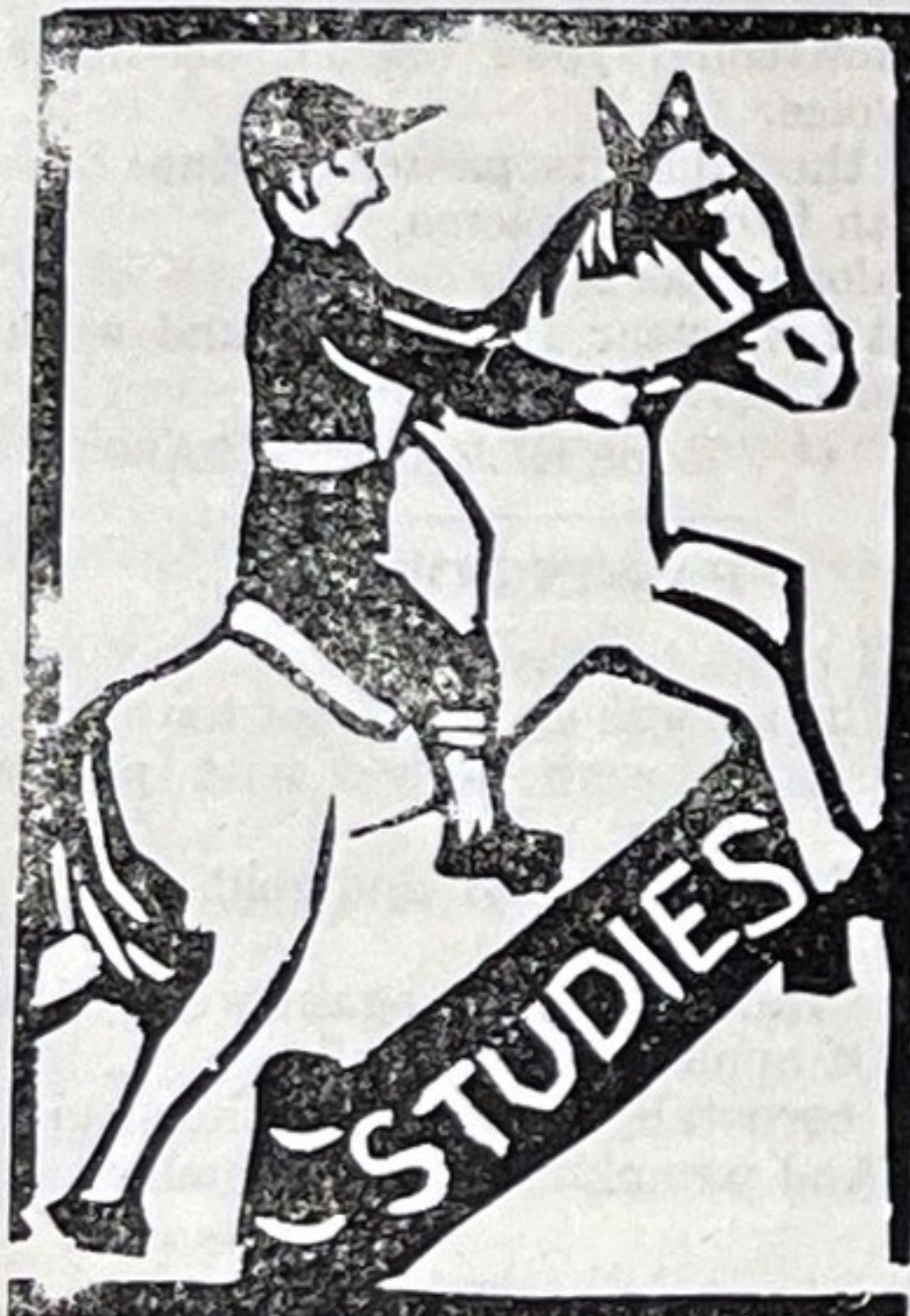
THE TIME HAS COME—

My motto is to be real good,
But I don't see just how I can,
'Cause I like to talk, I like to play,
And I like to fool around all day.
And thus my year began.

I got to school at one of nine,
And hurried up the stairs.
Just 'fore I got inside the door,
The bell! I most fell through the
floor,
Oh boy! Now for repairs.

The time has come now for hard
work;

I'm going to do my best.
I'll study lessons with a zeal,
And all my talents will reveal,
And make a good mark in each test.
Grave Lovell—9A304.



Elliott Sumter—8A305.

Over the Top!

MY HISTORY LESSON

Columbus sailed the ocean blue,
Napoleon fought at Waterloo.
Washington was the man who never
lied,
Paul Revere took his famous ride.
Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves,
And General Custer fought Indian
braves.
Different things appeal to me,
But best of all is history.

Dorothy Palmer—8A312.

OUR PILOT

The Pilot belongs to us,
Support her we Langleyites must,
The rookies should help
And the graduates will,
The whole school our Pilot,
Its pages should fill.

Virginia Weissbrod—8A214.

EXCHANGE

In reading MacFarland's "Maroon and White" we find that they are trying to beat us in their Bank Campaign. Come on, Langley, that's a challenge! (Washington, D. C.)

Jack Biggs: "I can't get my car started."

Charles Regan: "What kind of a car is it?"

Jack: "It's an Austin and it's stuck on a piece of gum."—"Burr-Briefs", (Burbank, Calif.)

Edna: "Why did you quit the Glee Club?"

Naomi: "Because one day I didn't sing and someone asked if the piano was tuned."—"Burr-Briefs" (Burbank, Calif.)

Powell Echo:

We know your play, "Oliver's Island will be a success."—(Washington, D. C.)

Miss Crow: "When do leaves begin to turn?"

B. Button: "The night before exams."—"East Courier" (Lansing, Mich.)

The "East Courier" from Lansing, Michigan, also tells us that their school, Pattengill Junior High, has a swimming club.

The Post Road Junior High School in White Plains, New York, has a Tourist Club, according to their paper, "The Junior Standard." We wish you luck during your tours.

"Francis Magnet":

We know you have every right to be proud of your new playground.—Francis Junior High (Washington, D. C.).

"Junior Hi Way":

We like your "Let's get Acquainted column very much."—(Burbank, Calif.)

"Cochran Aerial":

We're glad to hear you've started a Student Patrol at your school. We know it'll be successful. Ours is.

Helen Davis—8B302.

TO THE ROOKIES

Dear Rookies:

Now I guess that the newness of being here has worn off and you can turn your thoughts to Langley activities. Here the Pilot and various clubs and plays will demand your time. This is the first issue of the Pilot and while you are waiting for the next issue rush, pause and think over your experiences and write them up for the Pilot. Don't think that this is only an advertisement. It isn't. What I started to do was to tell you of my experiences as a Rookie. So before I get any further from my point here are several pages from my diary:

Feb. 1-2—Was convalescing from mumps, so couldn't come to school.

Feb. 3—Today I entered Langley. When I came in I couldn't find the office. I had to ask three people before I could find it. I was sent to Miss Evans who assigned me to Miss Thurston in room 201. Things went very smoothly until lunch time. Then I couldn't find the front door. I asked my teacher and she replied, "Go to the first floor and you'll find it." I followed some girls who were going to the cafeteria, but since I was going home for lunch this didn't do me any good. I went to the gym and again asked how to find the door. This time I found it and went home without any more mishaps. At three I couldn't get my lock open. An 8A girl came back for her book and helped me.

Feb. 4—Today I fell down the steps on my head. I was all right, but the teachers made me go to Mrs. Graffin and lie down.

This just about comprises my first week's interesting experiences.

Jean Evans—8B302.

AUTUMN

Slowly I trod the winding way
Through the woods, one cold fall day.
I heard no bright bird call today—
Only what the wind did say.

As great ships that cross the sea,
Snowy clouds passed over me;
And the gay leaves of the trees
Floated like banners in the breeze.

But then I looked upon the ground
Where once the daisies grew around;
They now had laid their dusty heads,
Upon their brown and crispy beds.

And is this not like our life today,
In a sore of moral way?
For our joys, like the leaves, are gay.
But our sorrows, like the flowers, are gray.

Elinor Broughton—9A304.

HOW COULD I?

"How could you?" said my mother,
As she looked at my report;
"How could you?" asked my father,
It was a stern retort.

"How could I?" said my trembling voice,
"I hardly understand."

"How could you?" said my father.
As I felt his mighty hand.

How could I play just one more day
After that fearful night?

How could I? But temptation,
Proved its awful might.

"How could you?" said my teachers,
As the semester's end grew near;

"How could you?" said my classmates,
But it was too late to hear.

"How could you?" said my father,
But he wasn't stern this time;

"How could you?" asked an inner voice,
As the students passed in line

Each had his diploma,
I, alone, was left,

But next year I will work and work
And I'll bet I won't forget!

Edna E. Johnson—9A304.

PASSING OF FALL

Fall came to stay awhile,

The air was crisp but not too cold;
The trees were decked with pretty leaves

Of red and brown and gold.

The Harvest Songs again were sung

Of apples red and yellow,
Of cornstalks piled up in the fields,
And pumpkins ripe and mellow.

But at last the leaves are gone,

The fields are very bare,
Again we see the naked trees
Standing ghostlike everywhere.

Harvey Sargent—9A304.

LOST AND FOUND

Mrs. Garret, our lunch room manager, had the misfortune, or rather near misfortune, of losing a \$125 brooch pin several days ago. However, E. H. Perry, of our janitorial force, found it and returned it to her, the reward bringing him a little nearer his dream of a million dollars. We wish to congratulate Mrs. Garret, and to commend Mr. Perry, who is reported to us as being a great favorite and a willing worker.

Carlton Campbell—9A310.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Autumn leaves are little children
fluttering sleepily to rest
in the arms of Mother Nature.

Inez Jarreil—9A310.



Edward Geigan—8A204.

CLUB COLUMN

Rug-making Club—Entering into the Rug-making Club we saw a number of busy boys and girls engaged in rug-making. Some rugs were made of silk stockings, others of gorgeously-colored burlap cloth. A special piece of machinery is used for the hooking of the rugs. Still other pupils were knitting the rug on a spool. Mrs. Hartke is the club manager.

Harmonica Club—In the Harmonica Club, which is under the direction of Miss Evans, there is no loafing. The children must work to learn new pieces, or into a coaching club they go.

Popular Science Club—The Popular Science Club was surrounding the experiment table puzzling out some deep, dark scientific problem.

The Mask and Wig Club—The Mask and Wig Club, under the direction of Miss Hicks, promises to give some splendid plays this winter.

Girl Reserves—The Girl Reserves have a toy shop at the Y. W. C. A. Any toys which you have at home that are not in use would be appreciated. Turn them over to Anita Pieri, Room 203.

The Girl Scouts—Several weeks ago the Girl Scouts of Troop 44 held their first meeting. The officers were elected. The following Saturday the whole troop, together with Mrs. Valentyne's troop of Langdon School, went on a hike to Chain Bridge. A good time was enjoyed by all and nearly everyone distinguished herself by falling into the canal.

Anne Moffett—9B306.

THE MYSTERY OF THE EMERALD

(Continued from page 1)

"Ed," screamed Louise, "are you hurt? Answer me, Ed!"

There was no sound but the throbbing of the motor, which was still running. Scrambling wildly out of the wreckage and dashing into the road, Louise succeeded in stopping a large coupe. Jumping out, the driver dashed over to the scene of the calamity and shut off the motor. Working with feverish haste they finally uncovered the limp form of Ed Blaine. Louise, hysterical as the man carried Eddie to his car, climbed in beside them, and the car roared down the road with its horn shouting a warning to clear the way.

It was 10 o'clock on the morning after the accident. Louise sat haggard and tired by a cot in the ward of the Bellevue Hospital. A doctor in a white coat was bending over the prostrate form of a man. At length he arose and, turning to Louise, spoke.

"My dear little girl, there is very little chance, I am afraid, unless within the next 10 minutes he comes out of the coma into which he has drifted. It is just barely possible that you may be able to help him. It sometimes happens that a familiar voice or phrase will awaken them. It is the only chance. Would you like to try?"

With a nod Louise turned to the little white cot.

"Eddie, what did you want to say? What did you try to tell me Eddie?"

The form gave a slight stir as the doctor nodded approval.

"I think you've done it," he whispered. "Go on."

Speaking each word distinctly the girl whispered, "Eddie, what was it you wanted to tell me?"

His lips moved, but no sound was heard. The physician showed a triumphant smile.

"Will you . . . Will . . .," Eddie muttered, "Louise, will you . . ."

The doctor quickly slipped a liquid between his lips, and he seemed to revive more.

"Well, Inspector, it is a mystery, but it must be investigated."

The captain was speaking and the scene was the police precinct on lower Forty-second Street. "The car evidently intended to force Mr. Blaine's car from the road, but for what reason we do not know."

"What does Blaine say about it?" interrupted the inspector.

"He flatly refuses to speak at all," was the reply. "Says it's his affair and for us to keep out of it."

"Well, then, what are you fussing about," remarked the inspector. "Let him worry about it."

FALL FANCIES

I was walking down the lane one day
When something caught my eye.
'Twas the sturdy shape of a great oak tree
Outlined against the sky.

And near it stood a maple tree,
A birch, a chestnut, and a poplar tall.
They seemed to be mourning for something dear—
I know, I am sure, it was Fall.

I began to feel sad and sorry for them
When the cold north wind would blow
Their gay red leaves from their shivering limbs
To frolic on the ground below.

It gave me a peculiar, dreadful feeling
As if Villain Winter, alone,
Had captured the palace of Summer and Fall,
And made their home his throne.

"'Tis an evil wind that blows no good"—
So I pretended that Fall was a queen,
And Winter, her gallant, gracious knight
Who bestowed upon her his esteem.

He gave to her an ermine robe,
And crystals of beauty untold,
And the musical winds to lull her to sleep
As the knights did their ladies of old.

Thus dreaming that Fall was a knight's fair queen
I rambled on down the lane,
And my heart kept time to the swaying trees
As the north wind whistled again.
Mary Shelton—8B201.

"Well, it naturally made me curious," spoke the captain; "it sounds odd."

Louise visited the hospital each day and was informed that Ed was on the road to recovery. One morning, as she was sitting by his side, a card came in the mail addressed to Mr. Edward Blaine in care of the Bellevue Hospital. Ed asked Louise to open it. As she did so a ghastly expression covered her face.

"What is it?" he asked.
"Just a card wishing you a speedy recovery from Jack Marshall," she replied.

Glancing at the card again she shrank back in fright. In the center was painted a large emerald in some sparkling material. Nothing else was visible.

(To be continued)

TOMBOY TAYLOR

"Who's a'skeered of you?
I'll knock you black and blue!
You think you kin lick everybody 'at comes 'round—
Even go looking for 'em on t'other side o' town;
But you'll soon find out
You're not so smart,
When I say 'When are you gonna start
On me?' You'll answer, 'I ain't fight-in' today,'
And then continue on your way."

Ellen Jones—9B306.

AUTUMN

The little red leaves
Of the very large trees
Merrily dance
In the cool Autumn breeze.

They frolic about
As the wind seems to say,
"Hello, little leaves;
Stop dancing and stay."

So the little red leaves
Stay on the ground
Till they crumple away
Without a wee sound.

Evelyn Purdy—9A310.

A FALLING LEAF

I'm hanging here upon a tree,
The wind is blowing and rocking me;
And mother tree says, in her wise old way,
"'Tis fall, go don your colors gay!"

So here I hang upon the tree,
And each day the wind whispers to me,
"Come with me to dance and play,
Together o'er the world we'll stray."

So now I'm off with the wind so gay,
Off with the other leaves to play,
We are happy, one and all,
For this is the game we play each fall.

Alfred Whiton—9A304.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE BATTLE FRONT

There was a battle on the field of 8A. General "And" was the leader of the enemy forces. Daily the classes reported to war. Before long, however, they had conquered "And". Commander "Good English" came in to take the place of "And". 8A was very friendly and shook hands. No more did "And" trouble them. Now "Good English" and "8A" are getting along very nicely.

Mary George—8A214.

POEMS

Poems are the hardest things to make,
When I try I get a big headache.
I try one thing and then another,
But I always end up by asking mother,
"What is there I can write about?"
I get disgusted, I'm so in doubt.
I'll do anything at any time,
But never ask me to make a rhyme!
Nancy LoJacono—8B201.

Teacher: If a farmer has 60 bushels of wheat and sells 40, how many does he have left?

Johnnie: Why doesn't he find it out for himself?

Antoinette Arcaro—8A312.

Wibbly: What are elephants' tusks made of?

Wobbly: Ivory.

Wibbly: Have you anything at home made of ivory?

Wobbly: Sure, ivory soap.

Kathryn Speaker—8A305.

Mother (trying to show off her small son before guests): What does h-e-n spell?

Son: Chicken.

"A WORD TO THE WISE"

When you are in the country
And temptation grasps your hand,
And tells you, "Pick this lovely plant
That blooms in this fair land"—
Beware, my dear, and leave
Temptation far behind
For the leaves of poison ivy
Are exactly of this kind!

Ann Hill—8A312.

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WHEN PATRONIZING OUR ADVERTISERS MENTION "THE PILOT"

Martha Rice

LANGLEY PILOT

Vol. VII, No. 2.

Washington, D. C., January 26, 1931.

5 Cents a Copy.

ANTICIPATION

We're looking forward to the day
When Langley's principal will say
"We wish you well, O Langleyite,
On this your graduation night."

To you who in our footsteps trail,
We pray that you may never fail;
If Langley calls in times of stress
You'll give to her your very best.

We're proud of Langley as we go;
You do your best to keep us so,
For the time will come when you shall
know

The highest honor she can bestow.
Elsie Pearce—9A-300.

Herbert B. Gannett
JIGGS

Jiggs, the pet dog of the store in which my father works on Pennsylvania Avenue, prefers to eat his meals in civilized fashion. No mere scraps from the family table or waste-can diet will satisfy him. A marble counter and steam table are his idea of the proper source of a meal. Two or three times a day Jiggs leaves the seclusion of his master's store and goes forth to satisfy his hunger. Picking his way carefully through the bustling traffic of lower Pennsylvania Avenue, he makes a bee-line for the National Hotel Restaurant. Entering at the heel of a customer, if no door happens to be open, Jiggs walks up to the counter, rises on his hind legs, and silently appeals for service. The countermen fix up a paper bag of meat or bones, Jiggs takes it in his mouth, and dashes happily back, never opening it until he reaches the store. Jiggs has been going to the restaurant ever since he was a puppy, when his master started taking him then to feast on doughnuts. The manager of the restaurant says Jiggs's taste has changed and now his favorite dish is roast beef. Once the countermen thought they would try to fool him by blowing a bag up with air and giving it to him, but he refused with two harsh bow-wows. Thinking he recognized the difference by lack of weight, they put a piece of ice in the bag, but Jiggs somehow couldn't be tricked. Evidently Jiggs considers himself a refined dog and demands the courteous service accorded to regular customers.

Kathryn Speaker—8A-305.



Three Cheers for Langley's Band

J. A. Penman
WINTER SUNSETS

Out of the leaden, silent skies
There came at the end of day
A break in the shroud of sullen
cloud—
A single little ray.

The winter world was coldly dead
And bare and drear and dark,
But a snowflake gray, changed by the
ray,
Was now a radiant spark.

Like fairy stardust sprinkled down
It glimmered in pale light;
Then waned the gleam as a fairy
dream—
The sun sank out of sight.
Christine Kempton—9A-304.

WANTED!—Minerva

"Please" and "Thank you" in every
classroom.

Nell Entler—8A-305.

Francis Harten

"Steve" Beach

MY PARTING WISH

My classmates, in the years to come
I wish you every joy,
And hope that I may meet again
With every girl and boy.
I wish you health,
I wish you wealth,
May honor be your guide;
And may you always onward float,
On life's 'er flooding tide.

Isabel Farrar—9B-313.

PRINCIPAL'S COLUMN

All too quickly the weeks roll by. Now here we are face to face with the graduation of over 100 members of our student body, and promotion for at least 1,000 more. There will be some changes in sections. New faces to meet, new persons to greet, and new studies to begin. Change, change, change! And that brings me to the point—we live in a world of change. Everything about us is undergoing a change, and that is Life. That is what is going to face every one of you from now on—change. But let us not make the mistake of assuming that with change must always be associated that which all too often comes with it—confusion. That is where education steps in. He who is soundly trained is able to meet changing conditions with calmness and confidence; one might almost say with eagerness.

Only sixty-two years ago a newspaper in one of our leading cities published an editorial commending the police for arresting a man who was attempting to raise money by demonstrating an instrument, which, he said would carry the human voice over metallic wires any distance so that a listener at the other end could hear it. Yet since then we have had invented besides the telephone, electric lights, the radio, the submarine, the aeroplane, the dirigible, the skyscraper—oh, a thousand things only thought of as fantastic, or impossible, sixty or seventy years ago.

I like to read Edgar Guest's poem, "If I Had Youth." It gives me inspiration to undertake to do the new things, and I am sure that it would inspire YOU—to go on and try to do the things "that man has never done." But to do that, you must have knowledge; and the best place and time to get it are right in this school here and now.

(Continued on page 4)

LANGLEY PILOT

Published by the Pupils of Langley Junior High School

PILOT STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—Christine Kempton.

Assistant Editors—Thelma Pickett, John Brumbaugh, Ann Moffett, Edwin Mitchell, Helen Davis, Charles Ward, Jean Evans, Lorraine Hall.

Art Editor—Hassler Burroughs.

Business Manager—Carlton Campbell.



Freckles says: "Come on, gang; work for de Pilot!"

ELECTIONS

Hello, folks! This is Station L. J. H. S. broadcasting. We have some news for you. One of our main sub-stations, GRAD, held an election of officers a few weeks ago and, let me tell you, they elected fine officers. As a treat, I'll tell you who they are. Claude Willis was elected president; Florence Connolly, vice-president; Grace McDevitt, secretary, and Henry Alt, treasurer. This is Station L. J. H. S., situated in the Langley School Building, signing off.

Thelma Pickett—9B-300.

THE "PILOT"

The "Pilot" is our guide you know,
We should help it from the start
To make it first upon the list,
So come on! Do your part!

Ray Biondi—8A-312.



Let's Win This Thrift Race!

OUR SCHOOL CAFETERIA

A lovely cafeteria have we,
With smiling waitresses to fix your tea;
Pretty white tables that sparkle and shine,
Are ready for you to come in and dine.

Students all with their trays in a line,
Just look to buy the best they can find;

We sell ice cream and candy, too,
We have a boss—the best you ever knew.

Out in the center you will take your tray,

There are two nice cashiers for you to pay;

Waiting there is a smile so sweet,
It makes you forget that you have to eat.

But when you go to pay the boss,
Please don't spill your chocolate sauce;

And if you find that you have to stoop,
Oh! Please! Don't spill your vegetable soup!

Elizabeth Gibbs—9B-313.

JOIN THE GIRL SCOUTS

If you want to have some joy,
You don't have to be a boy—
Join the Girl Scouts!

If you want to be strong and healthy
It matters not if you're wealthy—
Join the Girl Scouts!

In their uniforms neat and trim
They're healthy and full of vim—
That's the Girl Scouts!

They teach you interesting things
galore
And still you want to learn some
more—
Join the Girl Scouts!

You learn to swim, you learn to ride;
You even learn to swallow your
pride—

Join the Girl Scouts!

Helen Donnelly—9B313.

THE LIFE STORY OF A LIBRARY BOOK

I am a brand new library book. My name is "The Mystery of King's Mountain." I have been out of the library only once, but that time was very exciting for me. On November 24 a large boy came to the shelf where I was. Seizing me, he took me to a desk. After the lady punched me with a stick, the boy jammed me into a dirty book-bag. I thought I'd smother before he took me out, but my troubles were just beginning. The boy sat down and began to read me. He licked his dirty fingers to turn my pages and turned down the corners of my leaves. When his mother called him to dinner, he turned me face down on the chair. To make it worse he forgot and sat on me after dinner. Next morning at breakfast he plopped me down on the table. Of course, he dropped milk on page 103 and it soaked through ten other pages.

That night the boy's brother was teasing him. In the scuffle which followed, his brother picked me up and threw me at him. His aim not being good, he missed and I hit the wall with a dull thud and fell in back of the book case. My back was bent and several pages were torn. There I lay suffering until the boy found me and returned me to the library, where the lady again punched me. I was then placed back on the shelf. Thus ended my first trip out of the library.

Lorraine Hall—8A-305.

MY SHACK

My shack is very old indeed,
Of shingles it's sadly in need,
The roof is also very leaky,
Doors and hinges all are squeaky.

The rugs that lie upon the floor
Are worn quite thin around the door;
The decorations are well nigh spent,
The curtain rods are badly bent.

Although its end is very near,
I'll try to make it last a year—
A little patching now and then,
Will do the trick, until the end.

Eugene Moon—9A-310.

BILLY'S REPORT CARD

It was December 12. "Look at that report," grumbled Billy Lane"; nothing but F's—F in Math, F in English, and F in Science. Won't I ever get anything but F's?" Then his eyes wandered down the card to the end. "Well," he exclaimed, "I have two A's anyhow—one in art and one in physical training." Poor Billy! he had learned to use his hands and body better than he had learned to use his brains. By the time he had finished his complaint, he had reached home. He slammed his books down on the table and handed his report card to his mother. As she read, her forehead wrinkled into a frown. Billy saw it and realized that he had caused his mother a lot of worry lately. "But, mother," he said, "I made two A's." Yes, Billy," she replied gently, "but did you notice that they are on minor subjects?" He shamefacedly turned away and went outdoors. Everyone wondered what was wrong with Billy that evening. He was banished from the gang because he deserted the football team at a critical moment. While everyone was puzzling over him, Billy was taking inventory of himself. Monday morning he had skipped three classes, Tuesday he had been angry and played in every class, Wednesday he stayed home, Thursday he had done nothing in classes, and Friday he received his bad report. He saw how he had wasted his time, and then and there he made a resolution—"I solemnly resolve to have nothing less than a 'C' on my next report." The next few weeks found Billy's friends astounded. He had not played in classes since he made the resolution. The gang had deserted him, or rather he had deserted the gang, for—lessons! It didn't seem possible, but it was. At the end of January, when semester reports were given out, it was a very different Billy from the boy who had sullenly handed his report card to his mother on the tenth. He bounded into the house and cried joyfully, "Oh, mother, look!" He thrust the card at his mother and she carefully studied it for a few moments. As Billy had resolved, there was nothing less than a C, and only one C at that. His mother smiled happily. "Boys aren't so hard to understand after all," she murmured smilingly.

Loretta Darney.

FINAL MARKS

There are some people in our school
Who like so much to bluff;
But when the final marks come 'round,
They find it pretty tough.

Bertha Feldman—8A-305.

WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL

If all the flowers and plants could talk,
Wouldn't it be wonderful?
And all the leaves of red and brown
Could all the time come swirling down,
Wouldn't it be wonderful?
If every bird could stay and rest
All winter in his little nest,
Wouldn't it be wonderful?

Helen Moss—9A-300.

KNOWLEDGE

You may know the fellow
Who thinks he thinks,
Or the fellow who thinks he knows;
But find the fellow
Who knows he thinks
And you know the fellow who
knows.



Can You Find Your Way to the Diploma?

ALUMNI NEWS

Minnie Ellerbroock, '26, who was a member of the "Pilot" staff, is married to a Scotch rancher and is living in California.

George Hester, '26, and his sister, Eleanor Hester, '27, are working in New York at present.

Henry Whiting, '24, president of the first graduating class of Langley, is a student at Maryland University. All last summer he preached at a church and was very successful. He was chosen from Maryland to represent the State in the Rhodes Scholarship Contest. Here is certainly an honor for Langley.

Allie Marie Young, '25, who made the cut for the first "Pilot," was married December 6, 1930. In the wedding party were Marie Jeroloman, '26, Hazel Young, '29, and Louise Young, now a pupil of Langley.

The teachers of Langley wish to express their sympathy to their former pupils—Eva, Ruth and Carl Carlson—in the death of their father a few months ago. He was a hard worker for Langley's Parent-Teacher Association.

Thelma Pickett—9B-306.

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

1. Water was boiled at 110 degrees Fahrenheit in room 306 on January 5.
 2. A person weighs less in the ocean than on land.
 3. Steam is invisible.
 4. Potatoes cannot be cooked on the top of some mountains.
 5. A thousand ton meteorite crashing into the moon could not be heard three feet away.
 6. New Year's Day lasts for 48 full hours.
 7. The energy used in lifting a telephone receiver would be sufficient to operate the telephone for 100,000 years.
 8. A temperature of 53 degrees below zero was recorded in Washington, in December, 1930.
 9. Four men are able to pull a locomotive weighing 417,500 pounds.
 10. A person's voice is not heard over the telephone.
 11. Neither the North nor the South Pole is the coldest place in the world.
- If you doubt these, ask the men who can prove them—the 9B-100 Science Class.

MORE ALUMNI NEWS

Attention, Langleyites! Here is some news for you. We are going to organize an Alumni Club in order to stimulate interest among the alumni in dear old Langley. About three years ago we had one. I am sure you who will some day be graduated are interested. We plan to have at least one activity a year. If you are interested, see a graduate and let him tell you more. Please tell your friends who were once Langleyites that we are planning this club.

Thelma Pickett—9B-306.

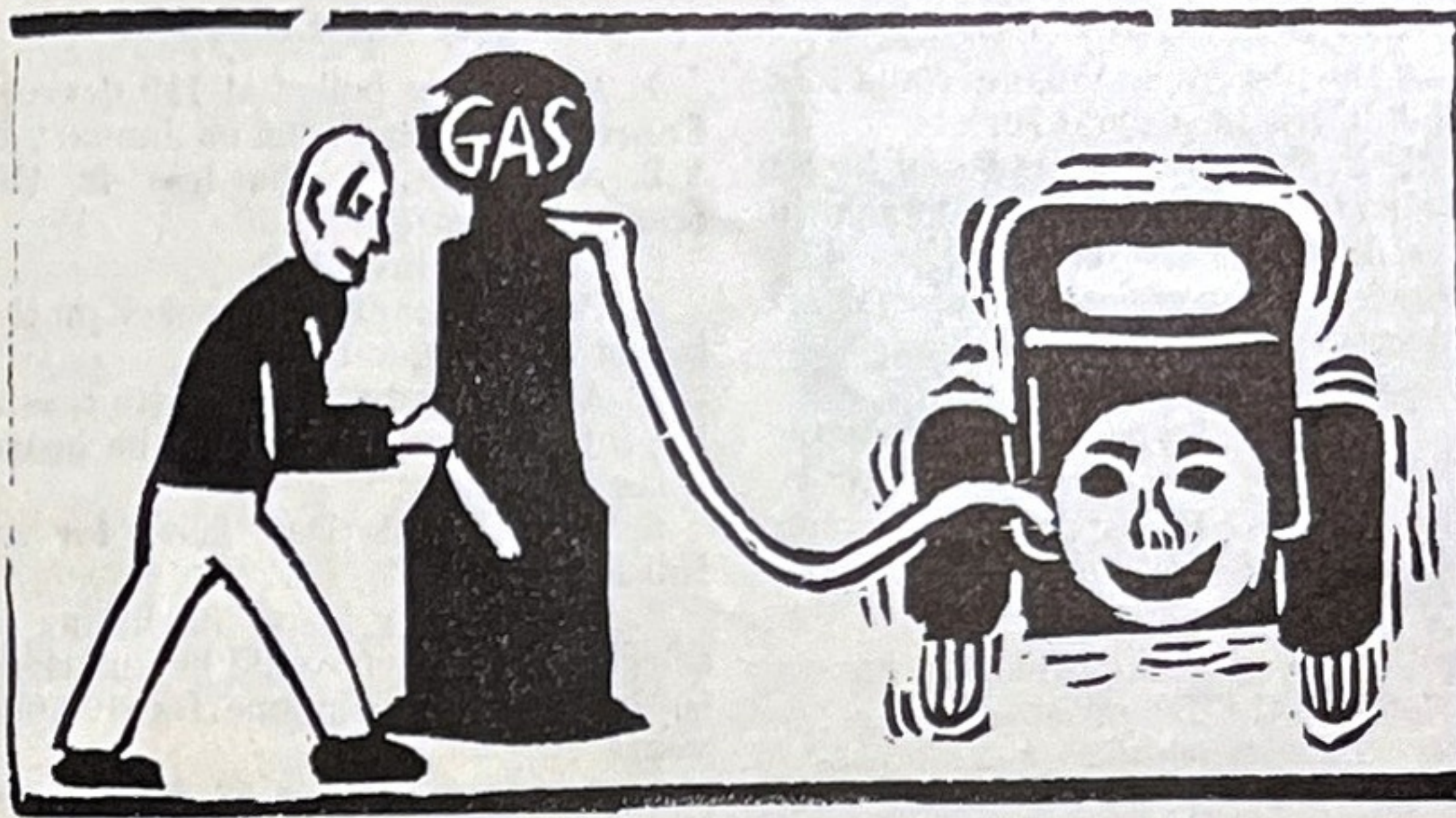
HIS FUTURE JUST PASSED

"I don't like school,
I won't like school,
It's such a bother, you know;
I'd rather play
In the streets all day
And dig tunnels in the snow.

When I grow up,
I'll have to work
In an office hour by hour—
So why work now
When I can play?
I think that schools are sour."

So the little boy played
Until quite old,
His lessons he wouldn't learn;
A street cleaner's job
Just headed his way,
All because he had time to burn.

Isabel Farrar—9B-313



Try some laughing gas to put you in good running condition

Officer (seeing private shaving outside of tent): Do you always shave outside?

Private: Of course, do you think I'm fur-lined?

Walter Baumgartner—9A-310.

Miss Rosenbloom (in geography class): Where is Turkey?

Student: Turkey was utterly demolished Christmas day.

Florence Cuticchia—7A-202.

Little girl to brother: Why don't people say "awoman" instead of "amen"?

Brother: Well, they sing hymns and not hers.

Albert Gasperow—8B-302.

Teacher (in English class): Name the three cases.

Pupil: Brief case, suit case, and pillow case.

John Brumbaugh—9B-306.

Bill: How do you like our twins?

Jim: They're too bias.

Bill: How do you get that?

Jim: "It's just always 'buy us this,' and 'buy us that.'"

Griffith Smith—8A-312.

Teacher: Johnny, name a great man.

Johnny: Mr. Warner.

Teacher: Who is he?

Johnny: My great-grandfather.

John: Mrs. Brown had triplets last week and twins just this week.

Paul: Heavens, how could she?

Jones: Oh, I know. One of the triplets died.

Ida Lorenzetti—9A-310.

"Encore" in French means "again." In French class a pupil spoke a word indistinctly, and the teacher, not understanding the word, asked her, by saying "encore," to repeat the word. After repeating the word, the pupil whispered to a friend, "Why didn't you clap for me when the teacher said encore?"

Cecelia Moore—8A-214.

As an Englishman and an American were riding horseback to Manchester, England, they saw a sign reading: "Twenty miles to Manchester. If you can't read this sign, ask the blacksmith."

"Do you know what is the matter with that sign?" asked the American, laughingly.

"By jove, I guess the blacksmith is out to lunch," replied the Englishman.

Charles Zoerner—9B-203.

Teacher: "How do you measure potatoes?"

Sam: "By the mouthful."

Nick Berbakas—8A-305.

Teacher: If your mother took two potatoes and cut them in half and in half again, then in quarters and eighths, what would she have?

Little girl: Potato salad.

James Darr—8A-305.

Sister: Johnny, if you don't stop eating cake, you'll burst.

Johnny: Pass the cake then and get out of the way.

Brown: Was your barn hurt during the cyclone?

Green: I don't know; I haven't found it yet.

A Real Feat

Miss Bose in 9A-310 Art class: "In Ancient architecture towers sprang up on all hands."

Audrey Marselas—9A-310.

Salesman (showing his goods to a Scotsman): Bicycles are \$25 and \$15. Tricycles are \$15 and \$10. Which would you prefer?

Scotsman: I think I'll wait and get an icicle instead.

Morris Shulman—8A-308.

Science teacher: You should never put anything in your ears, because they are very delicate things.

A small squeaky voice from over in the corner: Not ever soap and water?

Bernadette Wiles—8A-312.

First Angler: That river is so muddy the fish can't see the bait.

Second: Then why not use glow worms?

Gypsy: I am a seer. I can see far ahead.

Motorist: Can you see a parking space?

John Brumbaugh, Editor.

THE RISING OF THE SUN

Up from its nest of glorious clouds
Rises our wonderful sun!
It shines afar with great good-will
Smiling down with fun.

He helps the rich, he cheers the poor,
And all around the town
He beams and beams as merrily
As any circus clown.

Drown your sorrows; live your life!
Be the happy one!
Off with misery and strife
At the rising of the sun!

Anne Moffett—9B30.

PRINCIPAL'S COLUMN

(Continued from page 1)

Determine to make the next semester's work the best you have done here, and strive to do the best you have thus far been able to accomplish. Enjoy our school. We want it to be a happy place, but you should realize that ahead of you—'way ahead—is the business of living life, and make up your minds that it will be a life worthwhile—such as can come only through possession of knowledge and the ability to apply what you know to solve the problems of what you don't know.

Chester W. Holmes.

THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN EMERALD

By CARLTON CAMPBELL

II

Two weeks later we find Ed sitting at a desk in his home reading a letter. We might take just one peek over his shoulder to see what it's all about. At the top of the paper was the same sign of the emerald, and under this were a few words written in a fine hand. Stuffing the paper in his pocket with a worried expression, he arose and walked to the other end of the room. Sliding a small panel in the wall he disclosed a small safe. After drawing all of the shades and assuring himself that he had locked the door securely, he twirled the small knob and soon opened the tiny door. Reaching his hand into the innermost recesses he extracted a small box. As he opened the lid, the stone within glistened like fire in the dark. At that moment a loud knock sounded on the door; replacing the stone he slammed the door shut on the safe and unlocked the room door.

"Did you ring for me?" queried Bob, the new butler, as he took in the room at a glance.

"I did not, and I am never to be disturbed when I am in my study," said Ed.

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir," answered Bob as he bowed away.

"Funny," thought Ed, "but that fellow looks strangely familiar to me."

In less than five minutes the phone rang, startling him out of his reverie. He put the receiver to his ear.

"Louise!" he exclaimed. "Gee, your voice sounds good."

Louise's voice grew excited. "Eddie," she exclaimed, "have you seen the morning paper?"

"Why, no," was the reply, "I haven't. What's up?"

"Look it over," she remarked leisurely. "We must not talk over the phone. Understand?"

"Sure," he replied, and, after promising to see her that evening, hung up the receiver and picked up the morning edition of the "World."

An article caught his eye. It read: "The theft of the famous Baxter Persian emerald has just been discovered. So far the police have little hopes of recovering it, but are making a thorough investigation. The stone was in the home of and the property of Mrs. J. L. Baxter, the society leader of the city. The value of the gem is estimated at about seventy-five thousand dollars."

"Whew," exclaimed Ed, "that's interesting. Well, if they knew what I do about that stone, they would worry a lot more than they have."

With a smile, Ed turned on the radio. The voice of an announcer

came through the speaker of his radio, saying in a weird voice: "The theft of the Baxter emerald is still a mystery as the thief left no clues whatsoever."

"And that's not the worst of it," chuckled Ed to himself.

That evening Ed and Louise were dining at the hotel—the first time they had been out together since the accident. They were enjoying themselves thoroughly when a bell boy paged Ed. Upon being told that he was wanted on the phone, he answered it and discovered that it was his valet. An anxious voice said: "You had better come at once, sir; a fire has broken out in your study, and the firemen are ransacking it hunting for the cause."

Eddie called Louise, and they were soon spinning along the pike toward home. As he drove into his driveway, Ed's heart sank. The side of his house was in flames. However, dashing into the burning structure he made his way to the den and found the safe. It was open—and empty.

Groping blindly through the hall, Ed stumbled over something lying across the steps. Looking closely, he saw that it was the body of a man overcome by the smoke. A sudden inspiration hit him and he turned the body over. He was Chinese. Rum-maging through his pockets Ed came across a cloth with a strange insignia on it—a copy of the emerald picture. Wrapped in this cloth Ed found the emerald. Its beauty glowed strangely in the weird light of the flames.

Captain King sat at his desk in the police headquarters thinking carefully of the happenings during the past few days. The famous Baxter emerald is stolen. An apparently forced accident nearly ends fatally, and a Chinaman is found overcome by smoke in the mansion of E. Blaine. "Any connections there?" he wondered . . .

Later on that night Ed saw Louise again. He was telling her of the odd experience of the fire.

"Louise," he said, "I want you to take this stone until things blow over. Who is after it I don't know, but he would never think of your having it. He is desperate. It is safer with you for the time."

"Anything you say, Eddie, is all right with me. You know that," she answered.

Ed drove to his temporary lodging and jumped out of the car with a song on his lips, for he knew that Louise really cared for him. As he started into the house, two masked men stepped before him and led him

(Continued on page 8)



Five Years Ago

LANGLEY FIVE YEARS AGO

There were no gymnasias, the gym classes being held in the corridors in the bad weather and in good weather on the east side of the building.

Mr. McCauley taught penmanship.

Mr. Axt taught clerical practice. He said that he would flunk any pupil who didn't have a bank account.

There were only three "L's" given: One for scholarship and two for athletics.

There was a picture on the cover of the "Pilot," designed by a student.

The "Pilot" was less than one-half its present size and was in magazine form.

The print shop teacher was Mr. Boofer instead of Mr. Robb.

There was no auditorium, the assemblies being held in the lobby. The P.-T. A. meetings were held there also.

The students designed the graduating class pin.

In 1925 Langley's enrollment was 299 boys and 301 girls. The teachers numbered only 27.

Mr. Henry W. Draper was the principal of the school and Henry Whiting was the president of the first graduating class.

There were no classrooms along the south side of the building.

THE DEATH OF JIM WILSON

Jim Wilson was a gay old pirate
Who sailed the seven seas
And ran his bloody pirate ship
Full speed ahead with the breeze.

He plundered many a merchant ship
And robbed it of its gold,
And put it on his pirate ship
Down in the treasure hold.

While robbing a Spanish ship one day,
He encountered more than his
match;

He was placed in a dirty prison den—
Dropped through a narrow hatch.

Tales are told of this pirate bold
Who sailed his ship with the breeze
And was captured one dark and
stormy day,

Robbing a ship on high seas.

Rockford Thompson—8A-305.



In Jefferson's "Jefferson Junior Journal" we find that their sports editor compliments our boys on the fine game they played in soccer. We want to compliment Jefferson on their wonderful sportsmanship even in defeat.

"Jefferson's Junior Journal,"
Washington, D. C.

We know Kelvyn Park Junior High School is proud of their new cafeteria. We know what it is to have a fine one. They also have a Social Hour Class after school where girls are taught dancing.

"Kelvyn Life," Chicago, Ill.

Southwest Junior High School has a tree-sitter among its pupils. His name is Donald Plunket, and he stayed up for 200 hours. The only reason he left his perch then was because of a Scout outing that he didn't want to miss.

"Junior Courier," Reading, Pa.

Last June Jefferson Junior High had its tenth anniversary of the founding of the school. We want to offer our belated congratulations to them. We know that they will continue their fine work.

"The Jeffersonian," Edgerton
Park, Rochester, N. Y.

Gordon Junior High is going to have some improvements made on their building. We know they are proud of that.

"The Gordon News," Washing-
ton, D. C.

We wish that "The Tattler," of Hine Junior High were a little larger, so we could have the pleasure of reading a little more.

"The Tattler," Washington, D. C.

Congratulations, Pattengill Junior High, on winning the second class honor rating for your paper—the "East Courier." It certainly deserved it.

"East Courier," Lansing, Mich.

Battle High School: Your paper is arranged nicely, but don't you think a few jokes would provide more interest?

"Battle Hill Crystal," White
Plains, N. Y.

"The Courier" states that the new Eastview Junior High School is ready for occupancy. It certainly must be a fine building.

Eastview Avenue Junior High,
White Plains, N. Y.

The eighth grade of Powell Junior High holds Chapel Exercises in the morning also.

"Powell Echo," Washington,
D. C.

Teacher: Will someone give me a use of cowhide?

Willie: It keeps the cow together.

Miss Breese: How is milk pasteurized?

Cyril George: It is heated.

Miss Breese: For how long.

Cyril George: Oh, for several days.

"The Junior Standard," Post
Road Junior High, White
Plains, N. Y.

Helen Louise Davis—8B-302.

THE MAKING OF STEEL

In Langley, on December 9, during the first period, all the 8B sections saw a picture entitled "The Making of Steel." The picture and the discussion were both very interesting, but I derived more enjoyment from the picture because it was a novelty, and we have discussions every day.

It showed every step from mining through rolling, but the most thrilling part was when a picture of the interior of the open hearth converter was thrown upon the screen. The flames could be seen licking up like tongues. The molten metal was leaping, surging, and boiling, reminding me of the ocean in a terrific storm. The rocky walls were covered with molten metal like sweat, and an explanation thrown on the screen informed us that the temperature was 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The thought probably flashed through everyone's mind as it did through mine—"how could such a picture be taken?" I don't know, but I am sure that it took a great deal of courage.

(Continued on page 7)

THE CHALK MARK

"I'm going to be the greatest woman detective in the world, and it will take \$5,000 to complete the course," said pretty golden-haired Flossie as she bounced her ball on the wide pavement.

"Like fun you are," said Lewis, scuffing his heel against the curb.

"Yes she is, too," put in Peg, Flossie's sister.

"Aw, shucks, she's even afraid to go home in the dark," said Lewis.

"No she's not, either. Why she isn't even afraid to go up on old man Dyer's porch; are you Flossie?"

"No I'm not, I'll take a dare from most anybody."

"All right," returned Lewis, putting his hand into his pocket and pulling out bits of string, nails, fishhooks and equally valueless things, "I'll give you a piece of chalk and you go up on old man Dyer's porch and mark his door."

"I'll go," agreed Flossie a little nervously, hoping that Lewis wouldn't have any chalk. But he did. Flossie took the chalk, went up the steps very slowly, and put a large yellow cross on the door. Then she ran down the steps and went homeward. She had just entered her front gate when she heard a click. Looking around, she saw old man Dyer going into his yard. Flossie wondered if he had seen her, and congratulated herself on her narrow escape.

Old man Dyer reached into his pocket and pulled out his key. He was just fumbling around for the latch when his eyes fell on the cross on the door. His first thought was his money. He started to rub the mark off with his sleeve, but thought that his neighbors might see him and suspect something. As soon as he entered his house he went in to find his money and jewels which he had hidden in an old chimney in the house. This man, five years ago, had stolen a great amount of money and some costly gems. He had planned that in a few years everybody would forget the case and he could become rich. As time passed, however, he became more afraid whenever he thought of the money; therefore he had never used it.

He tried very hard to forget the mark, but to no avail. Even when he tried to read the paper, all he could see were articles of murder and of robbery. Not being able to occupy his time in any other way, he retired to bed to forget his troubles. All night he imagined he heard queer noises in the house. The next morning he arose very early and went down to get his morning paper which had been left at his door. Picking up

he paper, he stared at the large headline: "Wealthy Man Robbed and Murdered." He fell into a sort of stupor from which he was a long time reviving. He was afraid to go up to his study for fear that someone was watching him. He did not go to work for several days, but gave the excuse that he was not feeling well. The next week he received word that he had lost his position. Worry and anxiety finally broke the old man's health.

Several weeks later, Lewis dared Flossie to go up on old man Dyer's porch and then in the house. Flossie didn't like the idea very much, but knew that if she expected to be a real detective she must be courageous. Thinking that Mr. Dyer was at work, Flossie went up to the door, and, finding it unlocked, went in and up the steps very slowly.

The old man had heard her coming. He had heard her at the door and also come creeping up the steps. He thought it was the police after him. Finally he gained enough strength to get up from his bed, get the money and also his pistol. This he loaded and stood by the foot of the bed, listening. He heard the footsteps come up the stairs, cross the hall, and saw the door slowly open. Quickly he fired a shot which lodged in the door frame. The other shot he fired through his head, and old man Dyer dropped dead on the floor.

Flossie, after being shot at, ran down the stairs and out of the house. She told her tale to the nearest policeman and then took him back to the house with her. The policeman went into the house and found the old man lying dead with a pistol in one hand and a bag of money and jewels in the other. This led to the solution of the unexplained murder five years ago of a wealthy man.

The next evening the paper bore the large headline, "Little Girl Gets \$500 Reward to Put Aside for Detective Course."

Catharine Freedman—9B203.

THE MAKING OF STEEL

(Continued from page 6)

The whole theme of the picture, as I see it, was the wonderful brain of man and how it can harness lifeless material to perform the almost uncanny operations that human hands could not possibly do so quickly or so efficiently. The picture also showed the complicated processes connected with the making of steel.

I am confident that all those who saw it feel, as I do, that they spent a

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Our teachers being little boys and girls with pigtails down their backs, going to school to learn?
Mr. Axt singing sweetly in the Chapel Choir?
The inkwells in every classroom being filled?
Miss Cullen teaching ancient history?
Miss Wright forgetting to fix the furniture?
A music class without a "Steady"?
Mr. Weeks as a scarf dancer?
Miss Thurston saying "ain't"?
Lorraine Girardi with a wind-blown bob?
Mrs. Hartke teaching science?
Miss Hicks with long curls?
Wilfred Cooper wearing knickers?



Are You Supporting Your Club?

GOING HOME

As I was going home at three,
I was looking at a tree,
When suddenly both of my feet
Went quickly sliding down the street.
I grabbed my books and held my hat;
Then I met the pavement flat
Everybody laughed at me,
So now I never watch a tree.

Catherine Stephenson—8B-200.

worth-while period and, what is more, will have more understanding of the many people, working together, who contribute to our happiness.

Jean Evans—8B-302.

ANCIENT HISTORY PUZZLES

1. He led the Carthaginians
From barbarous Spain to Rome.
He helped to set the terms of peace
Twixt the conqueror and home.
2. They reached fame in dear old Egypt,
They were called a manly name;
They built tombs we call the pyramids
And were buried in the same.
3. He was a mighty conqueror
Whose father conquered Greece.
He led his men through Persia
But rarely stayed at peace.
4. He was a learned statesman
Who founded many cities;
He led his troops through many lands
That worshipped many dieties.
5. Found in the Tiber River
Floating in a basket,
They later were to found old Rome
And now are lying in a casket.
6. He was a bright Athenian
And was destined to make
The city which he lived in
A democratic state.
7. He was a Macedonian,
But he had lived in Thebes.
He was a mighty warrior
And performed noble deeds.
Grace Lovell—9A-304.

(Drop your answers to these puzzles in the "Pilot" box. The seven correct answers will be published in the next issue.)

GOSSIPS

One bright Monday morning as she went to hang her clothes out to dry, Mrs. Desk said to Mrs. Chair (who was doing the same thing): "Did you hear about Miss Pencil and Mr. Pen?" "Why, no," replied Mrs. Chair, "I have heard nothing about them. Do tell me!"

"Well, first, you know, they were to be married. Everything was going along nicely until one day at school a little girl was debating whether to use Miss Pencil or Mr. Pen. Finally she decided to use Mr. Pen, because she remembered that her teacher did not accept papers written by Miss Pencil. The idea of this little girl using Mr. Pen instead of Miss Pencil made Miss Pencil very jealous, and this broke their love affair."

"Well, you don't say," murmured Mrs. Chair. "How tragic! Do let me know if anything else happens. Good-bye."

Betty Turner—8A-305.

MYSTERY OF THE EMERALD

(Continued from page 5)

around to a side road and into a big sedan which roared away with Ed kidnapped!

How far they rode Ed did not know. They bounced over country roads. The other occupants of the car said nothing, so, as he was bound and gagged, it was a silent ride. He must have dozed off to sleep, for he was awakened with a cruel shake and commanded to get out. It was a dark spot, but Ed could dimly make out the outlines of a large home a short distance from the road. He was led toward this and a door was opened admitting him to a dark entrance room. One of his captors soon had the room flooded with light. It was a low place but very large. The walls were covered with rich carvings and tapestries. Around the room were various articles of antique furniture which looked very valuable to Ed. It was very strange, he thought, that no one spoke to him. He turned to his captors and saw that they were monstrous black men. He motioned to them and tried to talk, but they only shook their heads and one opened his mouth displaying huge teeth but no tongue. It had evidently been cut out. The other pointed and shook his head, signifying that such was his plight also. Ed shrank back in terror. At that moment the lights grew dim and a voice, apparently from nowhere, rang out, "You are a captive here and escape is impossible; so make the best of things. Everything possible will be done for your comfort, but you must ask no questions. A valet will be here presently to see to your needs. Good night and pleasant dreams, Edward Blaine."

All was silent. The voice strangely reminded Ed of the voice of his new butler. At that moment a panel in the wall slid aside and a masked man entered. He advanced toward Eddie, and led him to a small lift, which whisked them upstairs. He was ushered into a magnificent room done in green and gold. In a corner was a good-sized drape with a large emerald painted in the center of it.

Spellbound, Ed stared at the mystic drape in silence. The valet stepped forward and removed the gag from his face, allowing him more comfort. The room was of the most modern-istic trend; there was, however, one odd thing about it—it had neither doors nor windows. This struck him as being odd. Turning, he saw that his captor had left through a secret passage in the wall and that he was alone. He slowly made ready to retire, and before many hours was deep in undisturbed slumber.

(To be continued)

AUTOS AND MARY

Mary had an Austin,
She drove it all around;
It slid into a sewer,
And the little thing was drowned.

Mary had a Packard,
Brand new and shining bright.
It ran into a coal truck,
And oh! was it a sight!

Mary learned a lesson—
Another triumph scored—
She had ruined both her other cars,
So Mary bought a Ford.

That Ford was in a thousand wrecks,
Its body scratched and torn;
But it rattled bravely on its way—
A piece of tin forlorn.

Robert Lawrence—8A-308.

MOUNT RANIER

With the clouds as her crown
And the snow-covered trees as her
cloak of ermine,
Mt. Ranier looks down haughtily
At the smaller mountains
As if they were her subjects
Frederick Hanold—9A-310.

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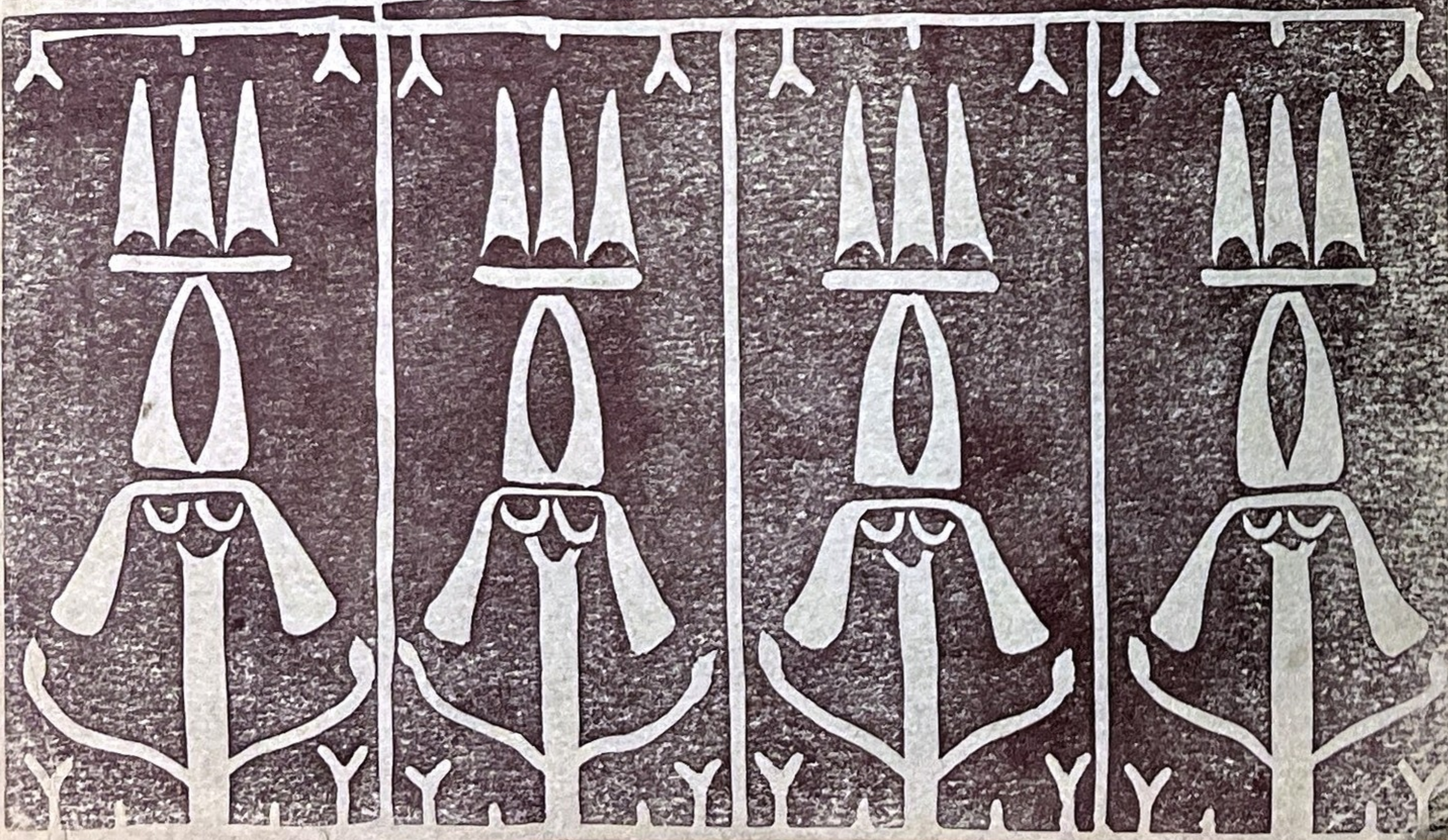
"We Aim to Please"

WINTER

PILOT



SPRING





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EDITORIALS

COURTESY

The word *courtesy* means politeness and respect. Every day in this school one may be an example of this splendid trait. There are so many opportunities—in the corridors, the lunch room, the classrooms. "Excuse me," "please," and "thank you" are kind expressions which are little gateways to the habit of courtesy. It may come hard at first if one is not accustomed to these words, but continued use of them will help to develop character.

There is a story of a man who had the best manners of any person in the country of Persia. As a reward for being so polite he was given a chest of beautiful emeralds, and for his wife, the most beautiful daughter of the Sultan.

Although we may not hope to be presented with a chest of jewels for being courteous, we may win the love and respect of many. These we would prize more highly than all the jewels in the world.

MARY LOUISE BERNHEISEL, 8A-201.

THE INAUGURATION OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

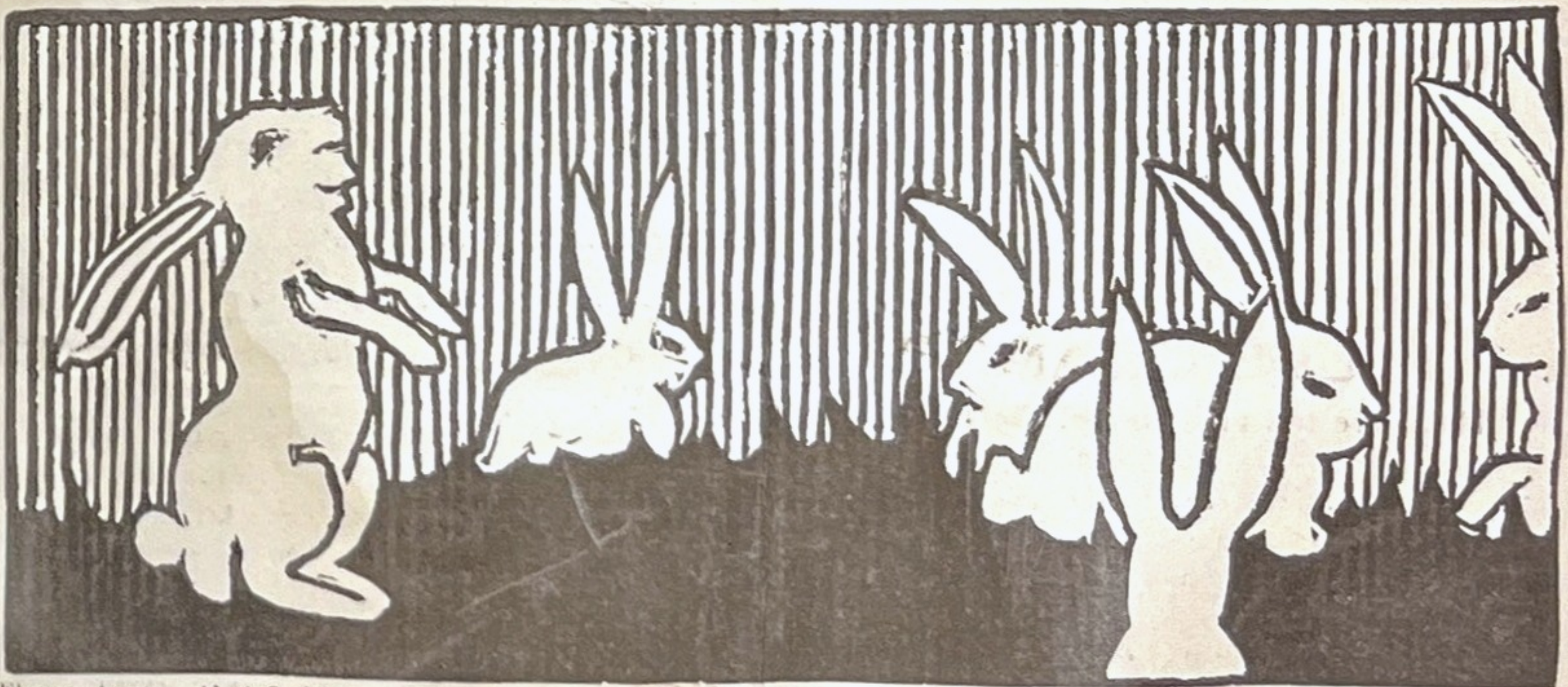
On March 4, 1933, an event occurred which will go down in American history, when Franklin Delano Roosevelt became the thirty-second President, and John Nance Garner the Vice-President of the United States. The oath was administered by the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, Mr. Hughes.

A great crowd from all sections of the Nation witnessed this great event. When Mr. Roosevelt read his message of hope and cheer to the throngs of people, it aroused a mighty cheer.

Those who saw the inauguration and all others are expected to cooperate with President Roosevelt whenever it is possible in the future of our great Nation.

JOSEPHINE SCHILLACK, 9B-303.

~ L ~



Eleanor Layton, Alec Stabler

OUR PRINCIPAL'S PAGE

This article is being written just after two inaugural ceremonies—that of our own Student Council president and that of the President of the United States. Simple as was the latter, even simpler was that of the school. But the simplicity of either set of exercises should not relieve any of us from our responsibilities as citizens.

We hear a great deal of our *right* in the world these days, but not nearly enough of our *duties*. In the days when our cares lay lightly on our shoulders, we were concerned only with what we could *get*; now that our cares rest more heavily upon us and we must give more attention to what we do, we find that our responsibilities to *give* are greater.

In the remaining days of this semester let us see how much we can *give* to Langley in school service, which is but another way of saying in citizenship. Let us keep up the good records we have made to date, and set out to make better ones. I am particularly glad, and hope that you are, too, of our record in having kept our tardiness at the lowest ratio among the junior high schools in eight out of the last

nine advisories; let's see if we can't make it eleven out of twelve—two full years of record punctuality. We have moved from fourth to third in the matter of regularity of attendance and are but two-tenths of one percent. from second place.

But scholastic honors should be yours, too. If each of you were to adopt as your personal motto—"No one can beat me *try'ng*"—we'd soon raise our scholarship to a new high level. Remember that as a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, so is a school only as strong as its weakest students. Let's pitch in and make the remaining advisories the very best of all; give your parents an unexpected treat by showing them a report card of all A's and B's.

Don't forget our band, orchestra, glee club, student council, and service squads. Get out of these fine activities all their citizenship values; and if you don't belong to them, give them your heartiest support and backing.

Last, but not least, keep smiling and enjoy your life here. Be happy.

CHESTER W. HOLMES.



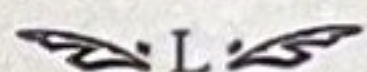
Peter De Anna, Aleck Stabler



SPRING

I'm glad spring is coming
Because the birds come, too;
The small buds grow on the trees
And skies are a rich blue hue.

The sun shines brightly all the day
There are flowers on the ground;
The world is waking up again
After its sleep so sound.
CATHERINE DENIKOS, 7A-305.

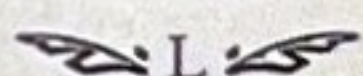


An Easter Surprise

Suddenly the egg moved and a faint sound was heard. Then bits of the shell broke. Out came a tiny beak. Some more breaking of the shell and the baby chicken was coming out. Before long a head was showing, then part of its body, then its feet, and lo, the chick was out of the shell!

There it lay still wet trying to dry itself by the sun. Later there was a little yellow ball of soft fuzz peeping and moving about.

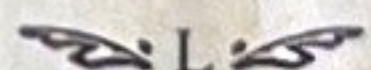
FRANCES JACHOWSKI, 8A-201.



A Spring Morning

The water trickled over the rocks, making a sweet little gurgling sound. The breeze was playing in the tree tops, and the wild flowers were nodding their heads as if to say spring had come. Robins with bright red breasts were singing in the cedar trees. It was reminiscent of a beautiful spring song.

HELEN DARLING, 8A-202.



APRIL RAINS

April rains may fall and splash;
To me it doesn't matter.
In safe rain togs I'll walk along
And not even feel a splatter.
ETHEL GREENBAUM, 9B-309.

Adventure

Two boys once started out from home equipped to go fishing. On their way to the creek they passed the entrance of a huge, dark cave. Peering into it they saw a dim, flickering light.

"Bill," said Jake, "let's find out what that light is."

Of course they investigated. They wound their way far into the cold, lonesome cave. Soon the light disappeared. Everything was silent and dark, but they could occasionally hear the sound of dripping water. They were getting more nervous every second, when Jake remembered a flashlight that he had in his coat pocket. He took it out and flashed it on.

"I'm glad I had that flashlight," he said nervously.

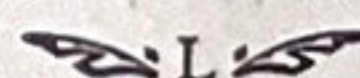
The two boys finally discovered the dim light again. Upon entering the room where it appeared to be, they saw a very faint bit of fire. It went out the moment they entered, as if some dark object overshadowed it.

"This is queer," said Jake, flashing his light around.

As he spoke the words the light fell upon an old man holding a queer looking chest. The moment he saw the boys he turned and fled. The boys might have pursued him, but just then they heard a rumbling noise, and thinking the cave was about to fall in, they ran for the entrance. Suddenly a terrific crash sounded, and the boys flew out into the open. A lightning blasted tree was blazing with fire and they knew that the rumbling noise had been thunder.

Their troubles were not yet over, however, for the huge tree began to fall toward the cave, all ablaze. For safety the boys turned and rushed for the cave again, when all of a sudden—Jake awoke and found himself in a heap on the floor beside his own bed.

JOHN KEEFER, 8B-300.



Fort Marion

High on a hill overlooking the quaint old city of St. Augustine, Florida, stands a fort which was built by the first Spaniards who came to this country. Impregnable it must have been in ages long ago, solidly built of massive grey stone, surrounded by a deep moat which today has its sides covered with green moss and seaweed, and protected at the only gateway by a mighty portcullis, which like gigantic teeth could have closed upon an oncoming foe, barring their entrance.

In order to get on the inside of this fort one must pass over a drawbridge and through a short passageway into the main court. On the left side in a corner, an antique well is observed which formerly furnished an ample supply of water to soldier inmates, but which now is no longer in use.

Adjoining the court are many small rooms. Among them are the officers' quarters, dark recesses which resemble cells more than anything else, cells in which it is difficult to imagine human life could ever have existed. The massive oak door to one of these rooms is the only original which has been preserved. Surely nothing today is comparable to it. Not only can it be barred and bolted, but even locked securely.

Other rooms of interest are those which have been converted into small museums, and in which old Spanish relics are on display.

Connected with a small chapel, now devoid of fixtures, is the fern room, so-called because until recently its ceiling and walls were covered with the green growth of native ferns. Water seeping between the stones had kept these ferns alive; but due to repairs lately made, the supply of moisture has been cut off, and as a consequence most of the ferns have withered and died. Only a few green ferns are now left managing somehow to exist, thus giving the room a semblance of its former appearance.

Most interesting of all were, of course, the dungeons. These are three in number: the death dungeon, the torture chamber, and a small secret dungeon which was discovered only a few years ago when a cannon was being towed overhead and crashed through, making excavation necessary. What unspeakable suffering must have been witnessed here! Most horrible of all is the secret dungeon, a few square feet of space into which a tortured wretch was flung, half maddened with pain. There, alone in utter darkness and breathing

the nauseating gases of dead bodies, he became perhaps a raving maniac until suffocation took him. Or perhaps in wild wanderings around his cell, he stumbled into a hole at one far corner and through it fell into the bog below, there to be sucked down deeper and deeper and finally disappear from the face of the earth.

It was a welcome relief to step out into the open and breathe fresh air once more. I climbed a flight of stairs which I noticed leading from the courtyard, and found myself upon a wide balcony running the entire circuit of the fort and commanding a view of both water and land.

From there I could see the bustle in the narrow streets of the old Spanish city. I could also see the point where Ponce De Leon landed and discovered the Fountain of Youth, and the walled-in yard surrounding the far-famed Wishing Well. All around the old Spanish influence still lingers. Even though that grey stone fort towering over the first city of our land has been rechristened Fort Marion by Americans, it essentially belongs to the sixteenth century and to Spain.

MARIANA BRUMBAUGH, 9B-303.

A WELL-LEARNED LESSON

There was a little boy
Who never sat up straight;
He'd slump down in his chair;
When standing, always was late.

His teacher said, "Sit up!"
But he would not obey;
She told him he'd be sorry,
But he still would sit his way.

But one day this little boy
Saw a man go down the street.
His back was so badly bent
His head seemed to meet his feet.

"And why is he so bent?"
The boy did inquire;
And when told, he then replied,
"Straight shoulders I desire."

JESSIE F. HOMAN, 8B-300.



It is good to know Dame Fortune but never
her daughter, Miss Fortune.



Eleanor Layton

The Mystery of the Crosby Mansion

Ted, Joe, and Tim were adventurous lads, as are most all other boys just entering freshman year of high school. Ted had always acted as leader of the trio, as he could think of mischief faster than the other two. So it was he that suggested the trip which proved to be more exciting than any other the trio had undertaken.

The Crosby Mansion was a house which was located on the extreme point of the peninsula of Perry Point. It stood by itself, the nearest house being the Jones cottage almost a block away. The last persons who had lived in the mansion, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Crosby, had moved six months before. The cause of their sudden departure was not known until two months later when the mayor received a short, impressive note reading:

Dear Mayor M—:

I am warning you for your sake and for your country's sake. Have the house which I occupied a short time ago torn down. *It is haunted!*

Respectfully,

JOHN H. CROSBY.

The only thing that the boys could find out about the mystery was that every night at 8:30 sharp a light appeared in the parlor window of the house, and next, a thing with two heads, one large one and one small one, ran back and forth as though trying to get out of a cage! In fact, someone had even seen the bars in place of the parlor wall!

"We should be there in fifteen more minutes," Ted predicted as the boys were on their way to the mansion.

"I—I think we sh-should have brought one of the bigger boys with us, it is getting so dark," whined Tim.

At this Ted became angry. "If you or Joe wish to turn back, you may," he said, "but I am going on." His comrades shut up immediately and neither spoke a word the rest of the walk. Ted's prediction proved true, for at 8:05 they arrived at their destination and were well situated in front of the old house soon after that. They dared not talk above a whisper, and even then, in their estimation, they were shouting, so quiet and deserted were their surroundings. Although Tim did not say anything, it was evident that he was frightened. After what seemed eternities to the three boys, Joe took another glance at his watch and exclaimed that they had fifteen minutes more. Slowly the minutes ticked by. Now it was exactly twenty-nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds past eight o'clock. In another second a light appeared in the window. True, it was a dim light and it did not cover the whole wall, but only in a certain spot about five feet high and two and a half feet wide. The boys were terrified! They were spellbound! Neither could move, so great was their surprise that the light not only *appeared*, but at exactly 8:30! But no monster with two heads did they perceive. They waited five minutes longer and then, suddenly as they gazed, a dark shadow appeared and started to lurch back and forth, back and forth, over and over, back and forth. It was of monstrous size, and instead of turning about and going forward it went with the same rapid pace backward.

RAY WANNALL, 9B-303.
(To be continued)

So Big

A young gentleman of seven was visited by a lady of four, whom he was instructed to entertain while his mother served tea to her parents downstairs. He made an effort to display his toys, but her interest was centered on a mechanical figure which rang a bell when you pulled it with a string. He watched her for awhile, then tried again to show her something, but received little response. Turning in disgust to his nurse he said, "Don't they think of some of the cleverest things for these young children nowadays?"

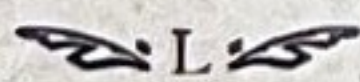
BRITTA MATTSON, 9B-303.

Pal

It was pitch dark. Every now and then the roar of cannon and the rat-a-tat-tat of machine guns would break the death-like silence. You could hear the faint but steady snoring of the soldiers off duty. Corporal of the Guard O'Reily looked at his watch. It was about time that young private, Ross, got back. Then a low whine broke the stillness. Ross's dog Pal sensed everything was not right with his master, who had been gone two hours to clip enemy wires.

There was a snarl and a twang as leather gave away before the fury of the one hundred pound police dog. With a flash he vanished over the sand bags that bordered the trenches. He wandered over and sniffed at a couple of dead bodies, but found no sign of his master. On he wandered through shell-torn craters littered with bodies of men who had died in the service of their country. Every now and then a flashlight bomb would light up No-Man's Land, revealing a ghostly sight, and up above, the dawn patrol was engaging in a brisk fight with the enemy. An airplane riddled with machine gun fire dropped, leaving a trail of fire and smoke. Then with an excited whine Pal spied his master. As a bomb lit up No-Man's Land, Pal saw the figure of an enemy soldier who had raised his gun on the dog's unsuspecting master. With a leap Pal flashed between the form of his master and the enemy. As the explosion of the gun broke the stillness, Ross wheeled around and fired. The enemy soldier toppled over backward. Private Ross ran over to his dog. After a brief look through tear-laden eyes, he knew Pal would never run to meet him and lick his hands again. He picked him up tenderly. Pal was slowly stiffening in death. He wore an almost human look on his face. He had done his duty for his country and his master. The next day Pal was buried with the honors of war. You may have an idea of an ideal dog, but my idea of an ideal dog is one like Pal. What more could you ask?

JOHN LASSITER, 7B-102.



A WISH

I wish I were a gay musician,
For this is my very own ambition.
I would travel far and wide,
With a violin at my side.
I'd meet many friends both old and new,
And play a song, one or two.

DOROTHY FREDRICY, 8A-202.

TO LIZZIE

My father owns a Lizzie,
Gosh! what a limousine!
When he starts the thing a-going
I almost have to scream.

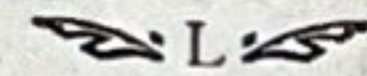
Then when he steps upon the clutch,
With groans it starts ahead;
It furnishes a comic sight,
With wabbling wheels of red.

It shakes and rattles, squeaks and knocks,
An awful tone it has;
It bucks and wabbles, rumbles, jerks,
And oh, how it eats gas!

The radiator's like a sieve,
The fenders' well, they ain't;
The spokes are missing, more or less;
It lacks a coat of paint.

The top is on some old junk heap,
And oh my, when it rains!
But spite of all deformities
It gets there just the same.

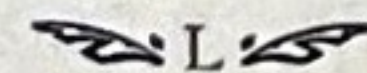
MARGUERITE JONES, 9B-303.



April Showers

After the long sleep of winter the buds, grasses and roots welcome the refreshing showers. They, with the longer days, bring new life to everything. People as well as plants enjoy these quick rains and the sunshine which always follows. Just as we settle ourselves to a quiet day indoors while it rains, the sun peeps out to laugh at us. Soon the blossoms and leaves will appear, making the whole earth seem like a new world in which to live.

JEAN BON DURANT, 9B-303.



The Airplane Beacon

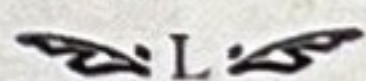
No doubt you have seen a great shaft of light swing across the sky at night. It is a beacon light marking a course for airplanes. They are placed from ten to fifteen miles apart on all commercial and air mail routes. The revolving reflector is about five feet in diameter and the bulb is one million five hundred thousand candlepower. The beacon revolves horizontally, making a complete revolution every ten seconds. It is automatically controlled, starting to work at sundown by an instrument sensitive to sunlight. These lights have been of wonderful service to aviation.

HUYETTE OSWALD, 9A-203.

Humiliation

Miss Felicia Marken had a day off from work. She dressed in her very best clothes, planning to go downtown to shop. As she left the house, she saw a bag of garbage that had to be emptied. She picked it up, intending to put it in the incinerator as she passed it. When she reached the shopping district, she suddenly realized that she had the bag of garbage under her arm. She had forgotten to throw it away! Miss Marken was quite put out about carrying this package all the way downtown. The idea of carrying garbage quite spoiled the pleasure of her new costume. She thought that when she came to a curb she would just let it slip out of her arm, but no sooner had she done this than some kind person came hurrying up to tell her that she had dropped her package. She thanked the person and went on. Now how was she to get rid of this package? She did not want to leave it in a store for fear someone would open it. She looked around in vain for a trash can. She did her shopping and then went to a moving picture. All during the picture she sat holding the bundle. About five or six o'clock that evening she reached home. She entered the back way and as she passed the incinerator put the garbage in with unusual force. She had finally got rid of this unwelcome package but it had spoiled her whole day for her.

MARGARET KEMP, 9B-207.



The Battle on Fort Crisis

The men of Fort Crisis were fighting bravely against the redskin invaders. Time and again the Indians charged on the brave band of men, who would not retreat. The Indians seemed to be aiming white flashes of a strange, hard, melting material made for them by their renowned medicine man. From behind Fort Crisis the men were retaliating with this same strange substance. There were howls of pain everywhere, that the fast-moving mystifying white blotches showed. The advantage was see-sawing back and forth. Some people seemed strangely unconcerned as to what the outcome would be. Suddenly the battle stopped. A Langley teacher stepped out from the school building and took in the ringleaders. The Indians were in reality boys with red sweaters, and the mysterious strange substance was—?

DAVE LEVITOV, 7B-213.

An Interview

We recently had the pleasure of interviewing the original Boop-Boop-a-Doop Girl, Helen Kane.

She was born in New York, and her ambition from childhood was to be an actress. She started her career ten years ago, first on amateur nights and in school plays. She has done stage, screen, and radio work. Her first professional stage appearance was as an ingenue with the Four Marx Brothers. She was about eighteen years old when she started to play in pictures. She never took singing lessons, and the boop-boop-a-dooping idea is her very own. It's her idea of rhythm. Horseback riding is one of her hobbies.

Miss Kane is married and has a home in Hollywood. She gave us her picture and signed our autograph books. We hope you all saw her in person. We certainly enjoyed the interview with her.

JEAN FOLLWEILER, 9B-307.

HELEN SHAW, 9B-104.

GERTRUDE OSTROW, 9B-307.



Sunrise and Sunset

As the fiery lion crept across the mound he left streaks of white where his claws had penetrated. Again he had come to rule over his kingdom, to parch the earth, and dry its rivers. While he sat on his throne amusing himself in these ways, a black prince rode toward him. As he drew close, he stabbed the wicked king, leaving only streaks of blood tinged with black where the radiant lion once sat.

MARIAN ZUKERMAN, 9B-208.



Blue

The most delightful pet I ever had was Blue. We called him Blue because when he was very young his friends were taken away from him. He is a Spitz dog and has snow white hair. Blue still is very young and has blue eyes. He is as round as a snowball and likes to bite. Luckily he has not very big teeth. When I go to dinner he follows after me because he knows he's going to get something to eat, too. When I go to bed, he follows and goes to sleep under my bed. I think he is a very delightful pet indeed.

WILLIE GRITZ, 8A-108.

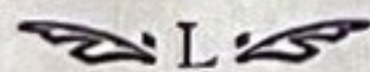


Peter DeAnna Aleck Stadler

An Astounding Adventure

It was a hot July night, in northwest Africa. My comrade and I were seated on the ground by our tents. The ten giant blacks were jabbering around the fire. The night was silent, except for a few monkeys in the trees. We had almost dozed off when suddenly the ground seemed to shake beneath us. My comrade, Professor Jones, jumped to his feet. The blacks grabbed guns and spears. A black guard appeared from out of the night and ran toward us shouting that not far from camp two herds of giant elephants were fighting. We grabbed two strong flashlights and our guns. My comrade also snatched his camera. We hastened to the scene, where Jones set up his camera and whirled the handle. A mad bull charged at the bright light from my flashlight. I shot at him twice; a black threw a spear, which missed him. I ran out of breath; the elephant seized me with his trunk. Then all went black. I woke up to find my comrade bathing my face. He told me a huge elephant had saved me from the charge of the herd, by lifting me high in his trunk. I asked to see him. I saw a huge scar on his leg. I yelled, "Kolibey." Three years previous to this time I saved this same elephant from death, after a big enemy's tusk had ripped his leg. At the sound of his name he came over and handed me his trunk, which is a sign of friendship. I later took him to civilization. He now goes on trips to every part of the world.

DAVID HUNT, 9B-209.



DAY

The spring of the year is like the early morning,
Then summer comes and the noon is warming.
After that comes the autumn with the evening
twilight,

Then comes winter dark as the night.

HELEN DARLING, 8A-202.

Bluebeard's Castle

When I visited St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, one of the places most interesting to me was Bluebeard's Castle. It is on the top of a hill overlooking the beautiful harbor of Charlotte Amalie. This old castle was built for a watch tower in 1697 and later Bluebeard bought it. It is a huge, round, tower-like building with very thick stone walls, and sets amidst a tangled, walled-in garden.

Bluebeard was a French pirate of gentle blood, his real name being Edward of the Bluebeard. Tradition has it that he at one time ruled the Caribbean Sea.

To get to the castle we had to leave our car about half a mile from the top of the hill and go up a steep winding path bordered with blood-red hibiscus.

After listening to the negroes tell stories about it, we felt creepy as we went into the damp, musty rooms; down below in the dungeons and underground passages; in the rooms where he kept his piratical plunder, and others where, legend says, he put the bodies of his many wives; and up the dark narrow winding stairs we groped our way, imagining we heard ghosts, but our guide told us that it was only bats flying around.

At last we reached the top to find it was flat, with a much worn stone floor. The thick wall, that came to my shoulders, had holes in it where cannons were placed.

We looked out over the blue Caribbean and could almost see old pirate ships sailing off on another voyage.

WINNIFRED BAKER, 9B-207.

Homeward Bound

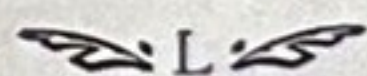
One evening as the golden sun was setting in the western skies, a dog came trotting along a narrow, dusty road that had wood lands on one side and large fields of ripe wheat, swaying in the wind on the other. He was a brown and white shepherd dog with big brown eyes and long shaggy hair. His ears were alert to catch the slightest sounds. He had a long tail which wagged in a friendly fashion when anyone spoke to him. His strong paws and legs could carry him as fast as he wished to go. The nostrils of his cold, black nose dilated as he sniffed the evening air. He hurried along the country road, hoping that a nice juicy bone might be waiting for him for his supper.

MARION MAY, 7B-204.

The National Symphony Concert

One Saturday I went to the National Symphony Orchestra Concert and enjoyed it very much. The orchestra is conducted by Hans Kindler, a noted violinist, and contains over one hundred instruments. The whole Central High School stage was full of instruments, over half being violins. The selections played by the orchestra were the "Oberon Overture," the "Dance of the Blessed Spirit," "Musette from Ballad Suite," "Suite from Carman," "Three Blind Mice," and "Meistersinger Vorspiel." The conductor is indeed a marvelous one. He explained the origin of all the selections played by the orchestra. In almost all of the pieces there was some story and Mr. Kindler pointed out the places to watch for some of the incidents. Before every piece he did this, making the concert very interesting. All the selections in this particular concert were either overtures or suites. Mr. Kindler explained the overture and suite at the beginning of the concert. I think anyone who enjoys any kind of music would enjoy these good, wholesome concerts by this wonderful group of musicians.

JOHN ROGERS, 8A-201.



The Unclean Fairy

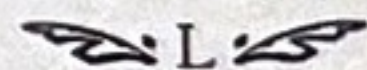
Once upon a time in the green forests lived a kingdom of fairies. They lived under a tall oak tree, surrounded by small bushes and ferns. The fairy queen was a clean little fairy, and would not allow anyone in her kingdom to be dirty. She was a very pretty fairy herself, and sat on a throne made of ferns and flowers. One day she called one of her leaders, to make sure the fairies were clean. To her surprise the leader brought one of her best behaved fairies to her. The queen said that this fairy could not stay in her kingdom unless she were clean. The little fairy wandered off, not knowing what to do. Soon she came to a bright yellow buttercup, and asked if she could wash herself there, but the buttercup said that the fairy was too dirty, and would soil her lovely yellow cup. Finally she came to a brook, and asked the fish in it if she could bathe there. The fish said she could, so the fairy was happy again. She went back to her kingdom and lived happily for a long time.

VIRGINIA EDELBERT, 7B-213.

A Nightmare

What was that white object glimmering in the darkest of darkness? What was it? It was all so hazy that I could not penetrate the blackness with my eyes. I moved with an effort and touched it. A cold shiver ran up and down my spine and my hair stood on end. Why shiver? Why does my hair stand on end? Because it was a human skull! I picked it up, and horror of horrors! It had my name scratched on it, and beside it was written the date upon which I had died. Was this the truth? Was I actually dead? Or, was it all a joke. No, it could not be, for there was a gold filling, set in a peculiar fashion, that I remembered, on a tooth. Then I was actually *dead!*— B-r-r-r-r-ring! And the alarm went off!

ALECK C. STABLER, 9B-207.



One Dreadful Night

Late one night the wind was howling through the windows and I couldn't seem to go to sleep. Suddenly I heard soft footsteps coming up the stairs. I grew breathless. There was a deep silence and I could not hear the footsteps any more. Just as I dozed off I heard something in the room. Pulling the covers up over my head, I tried to go to sleep. All at once I felt one side of my bed sink gently down. Of course I was frightened more than ever, for I thought I would face death any moment. Soon there came a soft tapping at my feet. At last my nerve came back, and I snapped on the light. There at the foot of my bed was my big Persian cat!

MARY SHAW, 7B-102.



Langley Pride

Langley is justly proud of many things, but not proud enough of some. For instance, Langley has access to a fine plaza and stadium, but to the amazement of many the place is often a litter of apple cores, ice cream cups, and other unsightly objects. Langley has one of her greatest problems there. It can have nothing done about it until those who are thoughtless enough to do this stop, and instead throw their trash in the cans which are provided for it. Langleyites, help your school to come closer to perfection.

JOHN ZUCKER, 8B-301.

Young Pioneers

"Prairie King"! shouted thirteen year old Tim Hoffman as he jumped from the wagon for his horse. Prairie King was so called because Tim always thought of him as king of all horses on the prairie.

The horse answered with a whinny. Tim led him to the Vaughn wagon for his friend, George Vaughn. The two boys were going with Sam Nelson, better known as Long Rifle, to find out where the Sioux Indian village of Bright Sun was located. Long Rifle was waiting for them and the trio started off. It was early in the morning, and the sun was just rising when they left the prairie for a stony trail which led to the spring which furnished the camp with water. It was their purpose to find out the intentions of the Sioux before endangering the lives of those in camp. Reaching the top of the mountain they stopped to eat their lunch and rest their horses. Long Rifle took his gun and disappeared in the trees.

"See anything?", asked George when he reappeared.

"Yes," said Long Rifle, "I did; more than I expected."

"What?", exclaimed both boys at once.

Long Rifle hesitated and then said, "Boys, we'll have to be careful. The camp is just beyond a ridge at the foot of the mountain. Come, I'll show you."

Climbing to the tip of the mountain, they peered from behind some large boulders and saw the camp. Tim had always wanted to be a real hero, but now that the chance had come, he didn't feel quite so ambitious. Suppose the Indians weren't friendly! He looked at George and their eyes met. Evidently George was thinking the same thing.

Picketing their horses, they started down the mountain. Long Rifle had made them leave their guns with the horses that they might not appear suspicious of the Indians. When they reached the village, a sneering Indian sentinel spoke to Long Rifle. Tim and George looked at each other again. They fancied they could see themselves being bound to a tree and hear the Indians sharpening their tomahawks. Suddenly the sentinel waved aside the crowd of curious men, women and children, and led Long Rifle and the two silent, frightened boys to the wigwam of the chief. Then the sentinel went inside for a few minutes. When he came

out, he motioned for the three of them to go inside. There they found the chief sitting in the back of the wigwam looking more dispirited than a timber wolf who has lost his prey. After the formal greetings were over, Long Rifle sat and talked with the chief until both boys grew very sleepy.

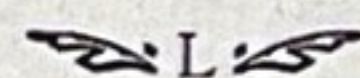
"Warm welcome," said Tim in a low voice. "Wish I were home," sighed George.

When the chief and Long Rifle had smoked the peace pipe and exchanged presents, they left the wigwam for the emigrant camp. The boys felt important, as they had both received a pair of beaded moccasins from Bright Sun, and, more than that, what an enviable reputation they would have in camp. Reaching the horses they ate some pemmican, took their blankets from the saddle bows, and went to sleep. It was midday when they awoke and cooked their meal, after which they started for the camp. When they reached it, they told of their adventure, ate a hearty supper, and prepared for bed.

"Rabbit hunting tomorrow," called Tim sleepily as he crawled into his blankets.

"All right," came a drowsy answer from the next wagon, and all was silence in the camp.

MARY LOUISE BERNHEISEL, 8A-201.



SHOWERS IN APRIL

Come in, little girl.

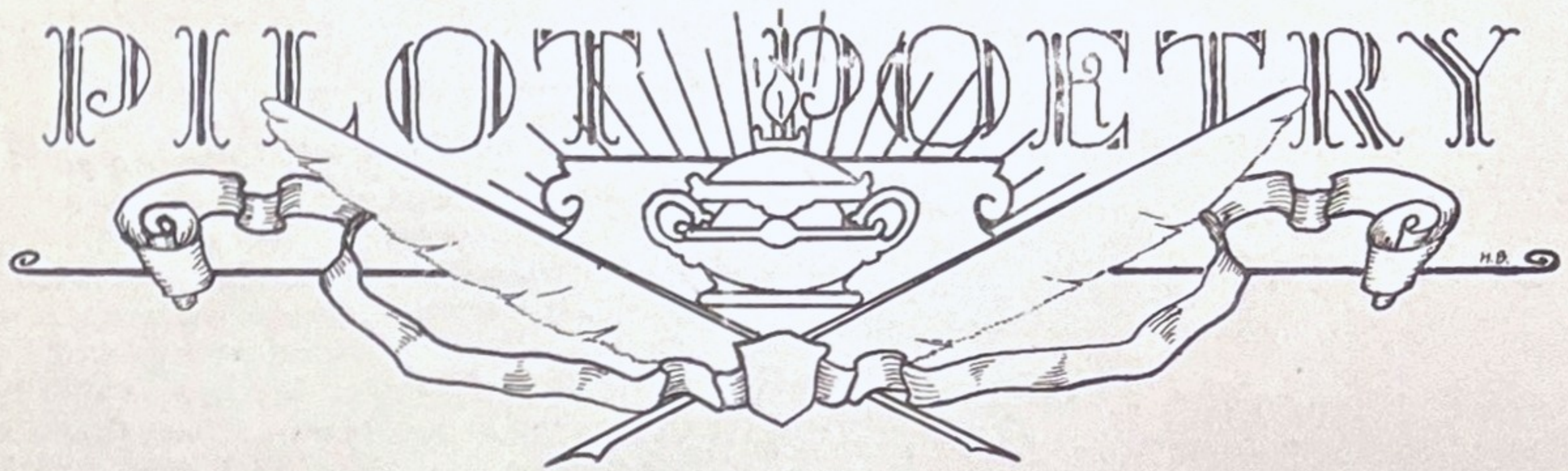
If you don't watch out,
That big black cloud
Is soon to spout.

Thunder and lightnings
And April rain,
'Till the sun bursts forth,
And it's clear again.

But you, little girl,
Like a flower sweet,
Will be sprinkled down
From your head to your feet.

So come in now, and
Through the window pane
Watch the lightning flash
And the driving rain.

ETHEL GREENBAUM, 9B-309



EASTER LILIES

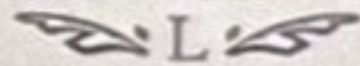
Easter lilies fair as day
Were in the window of a shop;
They lifted up their shining faces
Causing the passers-by to stop.

A lonely girl with bright blue eyes,
A ragged boy with kindly ways,
A well-dressed man, a poodle dog,
All these the lilies saw each day.

Few bought lilies—times were hard.
The shop girl stood beside the door.
But still the lilies did not sell,
She brought the price down more and more.

The pretty lilies bent their heads
Must everyone pass them by?
Would some kindly soul soon stop
Today, tomorrow, and buy?

MARGARET THOMAS, 7B-308.



A HOME SONG

A cheery smile, bright eyes,
That's home.
A warm fire, a pleasant room,
That's home.
The world and all its glories,
A book and all its stories,
Cannot compare with home.

Welcoming arms, a happy sign,
That's home.
A merry laugh, loving faces,
That's home.
A land and all its kings,
All crowns and jewels and things,
Cannot compare with home.

MARY MYERS, 8A-201.

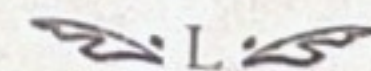
THE RAT FAMILY

Said Mrs. Rat to Mr. Rat,
Said she one day to him,
"I have to go downtown
And buy a hat for baby Jim."
So he gave her ten dollars
And off they went to town,
Jim in his nice new carriage,
And she in her nice new gown.

Now Mrs. Rat and baby Jim
When they got into town,
Baby Jim was so enraptured
He just bounced up and down.
And wanted everything he saw
Just as all babies do,
Until poor little Mrs. Rat
Didn't know what to do.

She bought him a ball,
She bought him a bat,
She even bought him a spandy new hat;
She bought him everything he wanted, in fact.
And then they went home
And oh! what a good time!
And I hope *you* will enjoy
This sil'y little rhyme.

VIRGINIA LEE PETTEY, 7B-211.



SPRING

"Spring is here! Spring is here!
Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!"
Said the Robin to the Wren
In the meadow near.

The buds are bursting on the trees,
On the trees so green!
While Mr., Mrs., and baby wrens
In the honeysuckle can be seen.

EARL F. JENNINGS, 9B-207

NIGHTFALL

It is evening, while down the avenue we ride.
The rain is falling gently
And the trees on either side
Form an arch above our heads,
As if the dreary sky to hide.

Far ahead we look, and see
The glistening pavements as they stream
Like a mirror, reflecting the bright gleam
Of the lights along the sidewalk.
Oh, how still and soft and peaceful
The fall of night doth seem!

MARY ANNE FRAZIER, 9B-303.

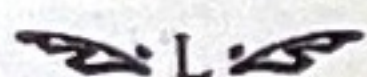


WHEN GRANNY WAS A LITTLE GIRL

When granny was a little girl
The funniest things she wore!
Her rumpled hair all massed with curls
And her skirts that reached the floor.

Her bonnet was all white and pink
And like a queen she wore it;
But oh, it was an awful sight
When she fell down and tore it.

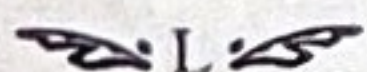
"In my day," granny always says,
"We didn't say a word."
For children then were taught that they
Should be seen but never heard.
ELEANOR SELLOW, 7B-102.



DANDELIONS

Poor, homely little flower,
Not pretty like other flowers,
Not tall nor graceful.
Yet, what more need one ask of life?
For in spring chubby little children
With their fat little hands
Twine you into wreaths to wear on their little
heads.
Little dandelions, what other flower
Could make a crown more fitting?

YVONNE ROWE, 9A-312.



A LAUGHABLE MISTAKE

A laughable mistake
Can happen any day,
Whether you are at work
Or at play.
A laughable mistake indeed
Is this poem of which you read!
HELEN TOOMEY, 9A-212.

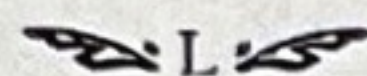
THE MOON'S CHOICE

Beautiful are the nights in cities
Handsome the skyscrapers high,
Peaceful the large sleeping factories,
And the steamboat's whistling sigh.

Beautiful though these can all be
They cannot begin to compare
With the green forests, humming bees,
And the country's cool clean air.

As the moon looks down upon the cotton fields
white
It seems to say and smile,
"I like it better here,
There are no buildings to stop my path of
light."

MAC ROBBINS, 9A-212.

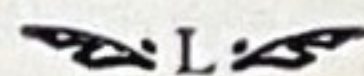


THE LAND OF IMAGINATION

To the Land of Imagination
I'd like to go and stay;
That's where the dainty fairies dwell
And the little brownies play.

In the Land of Imagination
I think I'd also see,
The people in my story books
Parade around for me.

There would be knights and ladies fair,
Pirates and cowboys too;
Witches, goblins, gnomes, and elves,
Waiting for me and you.
JULIA BON DURANT, 9B-303.



THE CROCUS

"I'm not afraid to lift my head,"
A little yellow crocus said,
"Tho' the winds are free and trees are bare,
And fluffy snowflakes fill the air.
I hear the pussy willows call
From their low twigs beside the wall;
When they can come outside to stay,
I know spring can't be far away.
The sun has been a'worrying me
For days and days to come and see;
So I just came outside today.
I like it—and I think I'll stay."

MARGUERITE JONES, 9B-303.

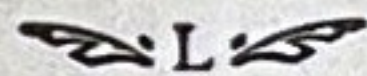
MY PICTURE

I have a picture in my room
It hangs there on the wall,
It looks as though it would like to speak
And yet it can't at all.

My picture is painted on canvas
And fits into a beautiful frame,
And yet no one notices my picture at all
I think it's a dreadful shame.

Sometimes when I have visitors
They stare at my picture and say,
"Who is the old man in that picture,
The one so old and gray?"

And then I absently remark
"Oh, that's just someone, don't bother."
But I really love the picture
For I know it's my great-grandfather.
DORIS BLACK, 7B-204.

**SAFETY**

S stands for Streets
Where bold children play,
And if they're not careful
They'll be sorry some day.

A is for Automobiles
So bold and so daring,
They'd snuff a man's life out
If the driver's not caring.

F is for Fatalities
Which many there are,
Almost all come from carelessness
From near and from far.

E is for Explosions
Which are caused by gas leaks,
If gas lines are tight
You may rise to high peaks.

T is for Traffic
Which all over you'll find,
All careful drivers know this
And keep it in mind.

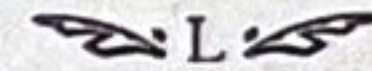
Y is for You
Do you always obey,
The rules about safety
And right of the way?
MIRIAM KAUFMAN, 8A-201.

MUSIC

There is no word that quite portrays
The part in life that music plays.
It has power to soothe the troubled hearts;
It brings peace, and joy to man imparts.

It makes life sweet for everyone,
And no one knows just what it's done;
Those soft, rich notes in sweet accord,
Are like a peace from Heaven poured.

It makes life sweeter day by day
In some kind and gentle way.
It is just another thing God's given
To make his earth more like His Heaven.
MIRIAM SIMPSON, 9A-311.

**THE SINGING DAY**

When the sky is gloomy
And the world is gray,
When the rain is pouring,
That's my singing day.

Courage is not needed
To sing when life is gay,
But when troubles gather
Let that be your singing day.
WILLIAM ALLISON, 8B-304.

HOW TO DODGE A COLD

Breathe fresh air both day and night;
If you don't you won't feel right.
Don't wear your sweater or coat in school
For that's against the hygiene rule.

A bath each day below 90 degrees
Will keep you free from winter's disease;
Keep your digestion in good condition
And you will not need to consult a physician.

Avoid the person who has a cold
And the news of your sickness will not be told.
If you follow each and every rule,
We'll have less absence from Langley School.
SECTION 8B-106.

**A HOMELY WISH**

I wish I lived in a farmhouse
With chimneys great and tall;
And rooms of every description,
Some big and some small.
In the barnyard there would be pets,
A cat, a horse, and a cow.
In the orchard we'd find some trees
With fruit on every bough.

FRANCES TALBERT, 8A-201.

THE ALUMNI SPEAK

McKin'ey News

Edward Geigan, June '32, recently won the grand prize in a Model Airplane Contest. In this international contest eighty-one prizes were awarded. Edward certainly deserves hearty congratulations for winning first place.

George Bon Durant, June '30, is now editor of *Tech Life*.

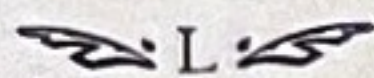
Richard Wagner and Anna Molster, February '33, are reporters on *Tech Life* staff.

From Central comes a former *Pilot* editor's opinion:

"Dear Editor-in-Chief:

"Congratulations! And this is to you and your staff who put out such a wonderful *Pilot*. It's a stupendous success, Julia, from the turkey on the cover down to Woodward & Lothrop's ad—and, incidentally, that is one fine job of printing! Now, here's a very dark secret between you 'n' me 'n' the gatepost—C. H. S. prints one of its publications, and before they start getting all puffed up they should take a look at the *Pilot* and see what a *real* job of printing is like.."

CHRISTINE KEMPTON, June '31.



The Way Is Wise Town

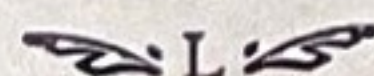
(Continued)

II

Jim's roving glance fell upon two life savers marked Reading. "I know," he exclaimed, "we'll make those float us across."

Dan started to protest, but the look on Jim's face told him that it would be entirely hopeless. He submitted to having a life-saver belt fastened around his waist, and along with Jim he jumped into the water. It was deep and swift. They found that they couldn't just float but would have to swim with all their might. It was hard work; but after awhile they could float more easily, and soon they reached the other bank. Exhausted but game, they sat down in the sand to rest while the sun dried their clothes.

Again they started onward to find presently in their path the largest pit of the world, the Pit of History.



"Gee, Jim, this looks like the finish," moaned Donald, disconsolately. "What are we going to do?"

"Fall in, I guess," was Jim's reply, and then he added, "Oh! what's that board over there?"

"Oh, that old thing won't help us; it's just plain Study again."

"Well, old Study helped us once and maybe it will again," declared Jim. "Let's try." He walked over and picked up the board and placed it across the pit. "Come on," he said, "Ready?"

They started across the board; it was precarious business. When they reached the middle, Jim slipped, and if Donald hadn't caught him, he would have fallen all the way down to the bottom.

"Whee! that was one narrow escape," remarked Jim, when they had reached the other side.

Forward they pushed and at length came upon a great mountain called Mount Geography.

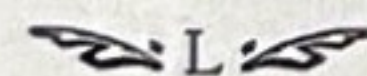
"Just think," said Jim, "if we can only climb this mountain we shall be in Wise Town. Isn't that grand?"

"You're right," responded Donald. "It's going to take some strain but let's get going."

"O. K.," said Jim, and up they started.

They climbed and climbed and climbed and finally reached the top. Below them lay their goal, the wonderfully satisfying but exceedingly disconcerting city of Wise Town. It wasn't long before they reached its open gate and Jim said, as he and Donald shook hands, "Well, I guess that's that!"

EUGENIE SUTTON, Feb. '32



NIGHT

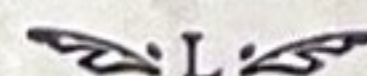
Like diamonds on a velvet robe
The stars twinkled and blinked.

Like a yellow disc the moon rose
Over the purple clouds and winked.

And the soft summer breeze stirred the leafy
oak

As the wise old owl suddenly awoke.

EMMIE HARWOOD, Feb. '33



EXCHANGE

Carl Sachs

The Rough Rider, Roosevelt Junior High School, New Bedford, Massachusetts, January, 1933: You have one of the most extraordinary school papers we have seen! Such wonderful illustrations, entertaining stories, and historical information!

Sutter's Forte, Sutter Junior High School, Sacramento, California, January, 1933: This edition of the Sutter publication has outshone all previous ones we have received. Not only were we able to read the splendid articles written by the students, but to see their pictures also.

The Hatchet, Hatch Junior High School, Camden, New Jersey, January, 1933: We thoroughly enjoyed reviewing *The Hatchet*. The striking originality and exceedingly clever humor of this issue will make it a difficult task to improve all future issues. Congratulations on your fine start for the New Year!

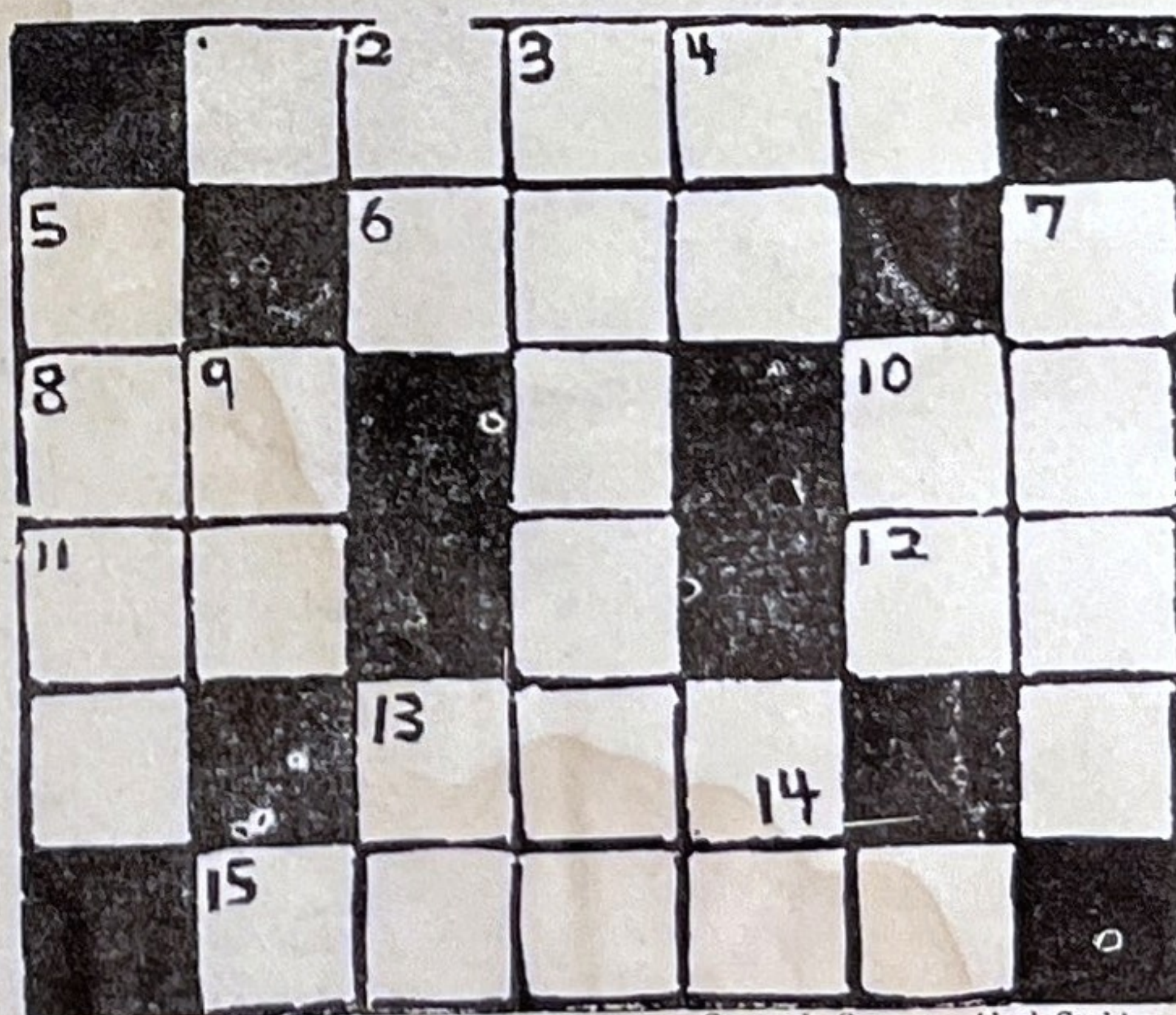
The Wizard, Luther Burbank Junior High School, Houston, Texas, December, 1932: A splendid issue! The order in which *The Wizard* is arranged may be compared to any fine, up-to-date news daily. We find only one fault. May we suggest that illustrations be used in future issues?

Powell Echo, Powell Junior High School, Washington, D. C., January, 1933: The section entitled "Graduates Have Been Busy" lives right up to its name! The people taking part in all those school activities had a wonderful school spirit.

Byers Junior News, Byers Junior High School, Denver, Colorado, December, 1932: Your jokes and cartoons are very unusual in that they are helpful to the school as well as humorous.

MARIAN ZUKERMAN, 9B-208,
MARY BERNHEISEL, 8A-201,
Exchange Editors.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE



Gertrude Gemeny, Aleck Stabler

Latin Crossword Puzzle

Horizontal

1. You (s) see
6. Of the god
8. On
10. Out of
11. Thing (abl.s.)
12. You
13. Anger (Nom.s.)
15. He is in it.

Vertical

2. It
3. Inf. of ought
4. To him
5. Hour (Nom.s.)
7. I go forth
9. Introduces question
10. And
15. In
14. Acc. plu. ending in 1st. decl.

GERTRUDE GEMENY, 9B-303.

SCHOOL NOTES

Honors for the Seventh Grade

The *Pilot* takes this opportunity to present the names of those seventh grade pupils who attained the scholastic Honor Roll in the first semester. All other pupils received a report of their honors at the final rehearsal exercises of the February graduating class.

7B—Mary Louise Bernheisel, Elizabeth Blumer, Edgar Bon Durant, Mildred Brown, Dorothy Bryan, Joseph Clancy, Mary Kuntz, Chester Lowe, Agnes McCusker, Laurretta McCusker, Paul Siebeneichen.

7A—Donald Brauner, Freddie Brooks, Max Goldberg, Marie Goo On, Nanearle Harkey, Adelaide Herman, Grace Linkins, Margaret Melton, Nancy Ramer, William Smith, Edward Warren, Jack Courtney.



Asks Cooperation

I wish to extend my thanks to those who supported me in the election for president of the Student Council. It will be my aim to perform the duties of this office to the best of my ability. I consider it an honor to be chosen, and I hope for the cooperation of everyone at Langley.



7A First Impressions

I enjoy everything about junior high school. It seems so much higher up. Really there is not one thing I can say I dislike about Langley.
JOHN MOORE, 305.

It is more pleasing to have lunch at school than to go home for the simple reason that you eat with a group of children. But I like most of all the idea of having a different teacher for each subject.

LORRAINE CHILDS, 305.

I like the auditorium very much, but I think it would be more attractive if it didn't have brown curtains. If they were only blue or some other color, I think it would be perfect.

HELEN MCDANIEL, 101.

I think it is fun to change rooms because you can see your friends walking by.

THEO PISTOLAS, 101.

Assemblies

Our recent assemblies have been about the Negroes. At one assembly the Women's Glee Club of Howard University entertained us. On another occasion Professor Smith, of Howard University, spoke to us, after which we enjoyed several selections by the Boys' Glee Club of Dunbar High School. Later Mrs. Fawcett, of New York City, told us more about negro life. She told us the origins of two spirituals and gave us biographies of Phyllis Wheatley and Booker T. Washington. We are now looking forward to the assemblies featuring the Orient.

DOROTHY KOPSCH, 9A-203.

Chapel Chat

On Thursday, March 3, the inauguration of the President of the United States was enacted. The members of the Student Council were seated on the stage to act as the electoral college. First the President took the oath of office from the Chief Justice. Then he made his inaugural speech. After that Mr. Holmes swore in our new president of the Student Council, Bert Anson, of 8B-300, who then gave his inaugural speech.

DOROTHEA KOPSCH, 9A-203.

Sports

Langley's boys are now playing intersection volley ball games. By the first of March the first round of the 9B's had been completed, showing these results: Section 303 won over 207. Section 208 won over 307. Section 309 won over 209, and 100 drew a bye.

9B-303 will play 208 and 309 will play 100. The winners in these games will compete with each other.

All of the grades will be played off in the same manner. In the end a banner will be awarded to the winning section.

After the volley ball games are over baseball practice will begin.

The girls are playing in the Captain Ball Tournament. So far 9B-207 won in a game with 209, score 6-5. 9A-203 won over 313, score 11-1; and 9A-212 won over 311 with a score of 4-1.

HOMEROOM NEWS

Section 7B-102 is very proud to say that Julia Lawrenson was elected president of the Girl Reserves Club. We are even more enthusiastic about Sophie Cappos writing an essay and winning four tickets to the National Theater. She also had her picture taken with Dorothy Major, who was the leading star of the matinee performance. May Weyrich recently took part in a play which was held in the Roosevelt High School.

9B-104 has elected its class officers. They are as follows: president, Marjorie Hoskins; vice-president, Estella Coloumbe; secretary, Helen Shaw; treasurer, Dorothy Lynch. We are proud of our officers and expect to stand by them.

To whom it may concern: 9B-309 is on the road for the second and final retaining of the banner for the Boys' Sports. The first time it was for soccer. Come on, boys, and fight to take us from us.

We 7A's in 305 are so new that we are hardly yet on the map, but we hope to be some day. We are kept busy getting used to our lockers and combinations, traveling so far to classes, having gym, science, and all the nice things at Langley. But we are very happy. 7A-305 will be loyal to Langley.

Thirteen to thirty we stand in 8B-306. Thirteen boys against thirty girls, and yet the boys have all the important class officers. George Catloth was elected president, Eugene Trussel, vice-president, and Richard Smith, secretary.

Every morning we have some member of the class entertain us by giving a book report, or singing a song, or telling an original story.

We welcome the new members to our class. They are trying to help us hold our good reputation. We have, so far, won Miss Robey's approval, and we hope to succeed rapidly everywhere.

We, the pupils of 7B-215, have formed several committees with which we try to uphold the laws of Mr. Holmes and our school. The members of the committees are chosen by the president of the class and the teacher. We hope these committees will serve their purpose and do what is best for our section and our school.

Section 7A-210 has elected class officers. They are: for president, Norman McCeney; for vice-president, Lee Downey; for secretary, Jeanne Plant; and for treasurer, Howard Trevilyan. Our Student Council representative is Margaret Clokey. We have also appointed committees to look after our lockers. You should see how nice and neat our lockers are!

The girls of 9A-203 have won their first Captain Ball game. Our class officers are: Elizabeth Cissel, president; James Lee, vice-president; Sue Burnett, secretary, and John Zearfoss, treasurer.

Section 8A-202 wishes to say that we like our new subjects—Latin, French, and Clerical Practice.

Our class officers are Innis Skinner, Frances Simmons, Elizabeth Vollmer, and Harry Klotz. We also have a Court of Justice, which assists in taking care of the discipline in the room. Paul Dean and Ruth Blackman represent us in the Student Council and the Red Cross. Our clean-up committees see that the room is kept neat and in order.

7A-101 is liking Langley ever so much. We have chosen Beverly Minor for our class president. Birdie Mulligan is a new addition to the orchestra.

Section 8A-201 welcomes the new members to the class.

The girls have organized their Captain Ball Team. Mildred Brown is captain and Margaret Linkins, manager. We are out to win. Watch us!

We are justly proud of our Student Council representative, Josephine Wilson. She has held this office since she entered 7A and has never been absent from a meeting. Ann Smith is our new Red Cross representative, and Morton Cohen and Bobby Edmunds have enrolled in the after-school music classes.

8A-310 elected officers on February 9, 1933, the seventh period. The election results were as follows: Edward Council, president; Robert Preston, vice-president; Elizabeth Robeson, secretary.

Election of class officers and room representatives in 8B-301 turned out as follows: President, Betty Allen (about as good as they come); vice-president, Ronald Kaufman (another good one); secretary, Betty Dilts; assistant secretary, Thelma McDonald (they are fine writers); girls' treasurer, Shirley Yauler; boys' treasurer, Arthur Hamilton (they are honest, too); Student Council, Jerome Eisenberg; Red Cross, Eileen Jones; Pilot, Peggy Loveless.

On Valentine Day 8A-302 had the most successful party we have ever had. For entertainment we made valentines and put together jig-saw puzzles. Mrs. Hartke brought old cards, bits of ribbon and colored paper. With these we made valentines in the way children did years ago when they didn't have money to spend on such things. Miss Jessup selected Robert Kuhn's valentine as the best. He received a big red heart full of candy as a prize. Eleanor Rinaldi baked a cake for the party. Others brought scissors, crayons, and glue to use in making the valentines. Mrs. Hartke furnished the refreshments. We have much better party manners than we had a year ago.

8A-310 recently conducted chapel on the inaugural ceremonies. Those pupils taking part were: Chief Justice, Hyman Sandler; President, Mark Riffey; Chairman, Elizabeth Robeson; Bible Reading, Eunice Lockheart.

February 14, the pupils of 7B-213 had a Valentine party. Our entertainment committee, with Mary Catloth as chairman, arranged an interesting program. The party was a great success.



CLUB CLAMOR

There are ten girls in the *Girl Scout Club*. The people who are working for second class are learning the Morse Code. We have a telegraph key. The second class people are working for the first aid badge.

The *Pilot Club* now meets in room 201. We are twenty-two hard-working members. If you doubt it, visit us. We really expect to be reporters for the *Star* or *Herald* or another big paper some day.

The *Know-Your-Own-City Club* has for president, Evelyn Ingels; vice-president, Thelma Thayer; secretary, June MacIntosh; treasurer, John Zearfoss; club reporter, Robert Geran.

We have already taken several trips, one of which was to the Wilkins-Rogers Flour Mill in Georgetown, where a guide showed us through the mill while it was in operation. Afterwards we were served with hot biscuits and cake made from their flour. As we left each member was given a bag of flour, a pencil, and a recipe book. We expect to have many more interesting trips.

The *Dramatic Club* is a very helpful club. One of its aims is to inspire confidence in those who are timid. We practice voice drills, and recite poems to learn correct expression. We have also learned that it is necessary to have good posture in order to talk well. This club has forty members, and is under the leadership of Mrs. Thomas.

Just think! The *Glee Club* has over one hundred members! We are learning many lovely songs. Although the sopranos outnumber the altos and basses, the last two groups are determined not to be drowned out. Mrs. Dorsey and Mr. Vasa are doing their best to bring us to perfection, and we, in turn, should strive to attain that high standard.

The *Junior Red Cross Club* is composed of pupils from twenty-six different sections. We are busy with interesting work such as sewing blankets, stringing buttons, making a scrapbook which we plan to send to Japan, and doing other useful things. Our motto is "Service." We are also planning a trip to the National Headquarters and to the District Chapter.

The *Jig-Saw Puzzle Club* is a new one, and, of course, is very popular. Each member is required to bring a puzzle and exchange with different pupils. During club period we try to solve the mysteries of these strange playthings.

The *Art Metal Club* is made up of both boys and girls. Mr. Weeks shows us how to make useful and pretty articles from metal. Right now we are interested in book ends and bracelets. This is a club for industrious people.

The *Fancy Work Club* meets in 215, Miss Robey's room. Everyone brings her own materials and works until a quarter of three. Then the refreshments are served. Each week a row of girls take turns in bringing these refreshments.

HUMOR

Ernest Slovak, Aleck Stabler



Two professors were looking at Mars. One said to the other, "We haven't seen any new canals on Mars since the depression started."

Father: Now, son, don't cry when I spank you. It hurts me just as much as you.
Son: Yes, but not in the same place.

Lady: Why are you crying, Johnny?
Johnny (holding his head): That big boy hit me.
Lady: Where, on the head?
Johnny: No, on the porch.

"Papa thinks he's strong," little Jimmy told the neighbors, "but Mom says he can't even lift the mortgage."

A man hearing that there were more than 4,000 Poles in New York, said, "My, what a place to raise beans!"

Sam: If a donkey lost his tail where would he go to get a new one?
Jack: To a retail store.

Why does the farmer wear red, white and blue suspenders?
To hold his pants up.

Movie Reviews of Langley

"The Lost Souls"	Rookies
"The Half Naked Truth"	Absent Notes
"One Hour With You"	Tardy Hall
"Once in a Lifetime"	Graduation
"Handle With Care"	Pocketbooks
"Forgotten Commandments"	School Rules
"Too Busy to Work"	Pupils

SPARTA KENDROS, 9B-104.

John: Will you take a walk with me, Joe?
Joe: Yes, but why did you pick me?
John: The doctor told me to take exercises with dumb-bells.

Dan: I used to live on a farm where the black horses ate more than the white ones.
Pete: How come?
Dan: Well, it's this way. We had more black horses than white ones.

Bum: Hey, buddy, will you give me ten cents for a sandwich?
Man: Let me see the sandwich first.

Teacher: What is dust?
Pupil: Dust is mud with the water squeezed out of it.

First boy: I've had pneumonia four times.
Second boy: I'm even with you. I've had double pneumonia twice.

Limerick

There was a young man name Bloke,
Who sent to a paper a joke.
The joke was so funny
'Twas worth lots of money,
And they laughed 'till they thought they would croak.

Englishman (on the telephone): Yes, this is Mr. 'arrison. What, you can't 'ear? This is Mr. 'arrison—Haitch, hay, two ars, a hi, a hess, and a hen.

JOE MASCOLO, 9A-203, Editor.

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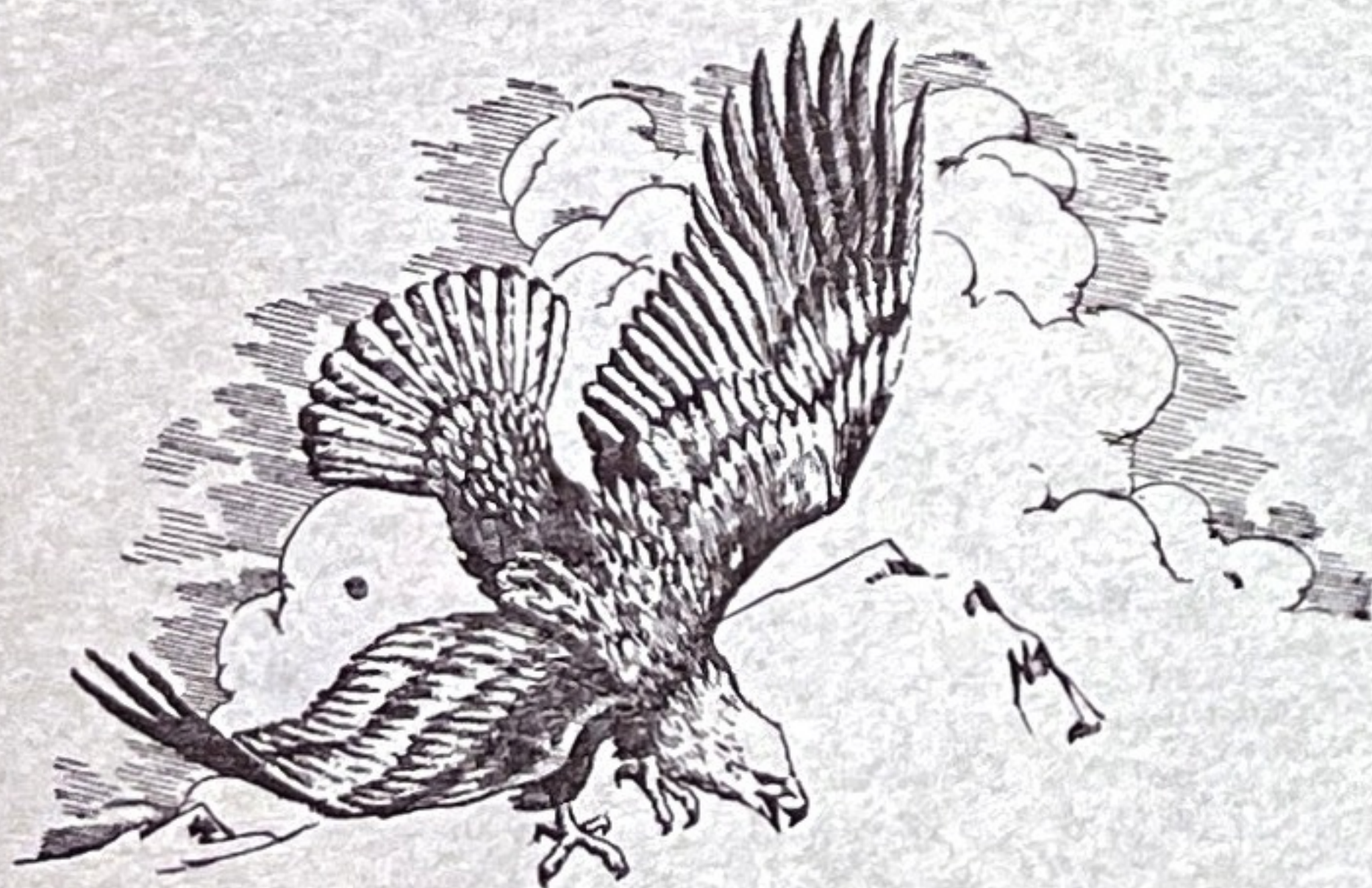
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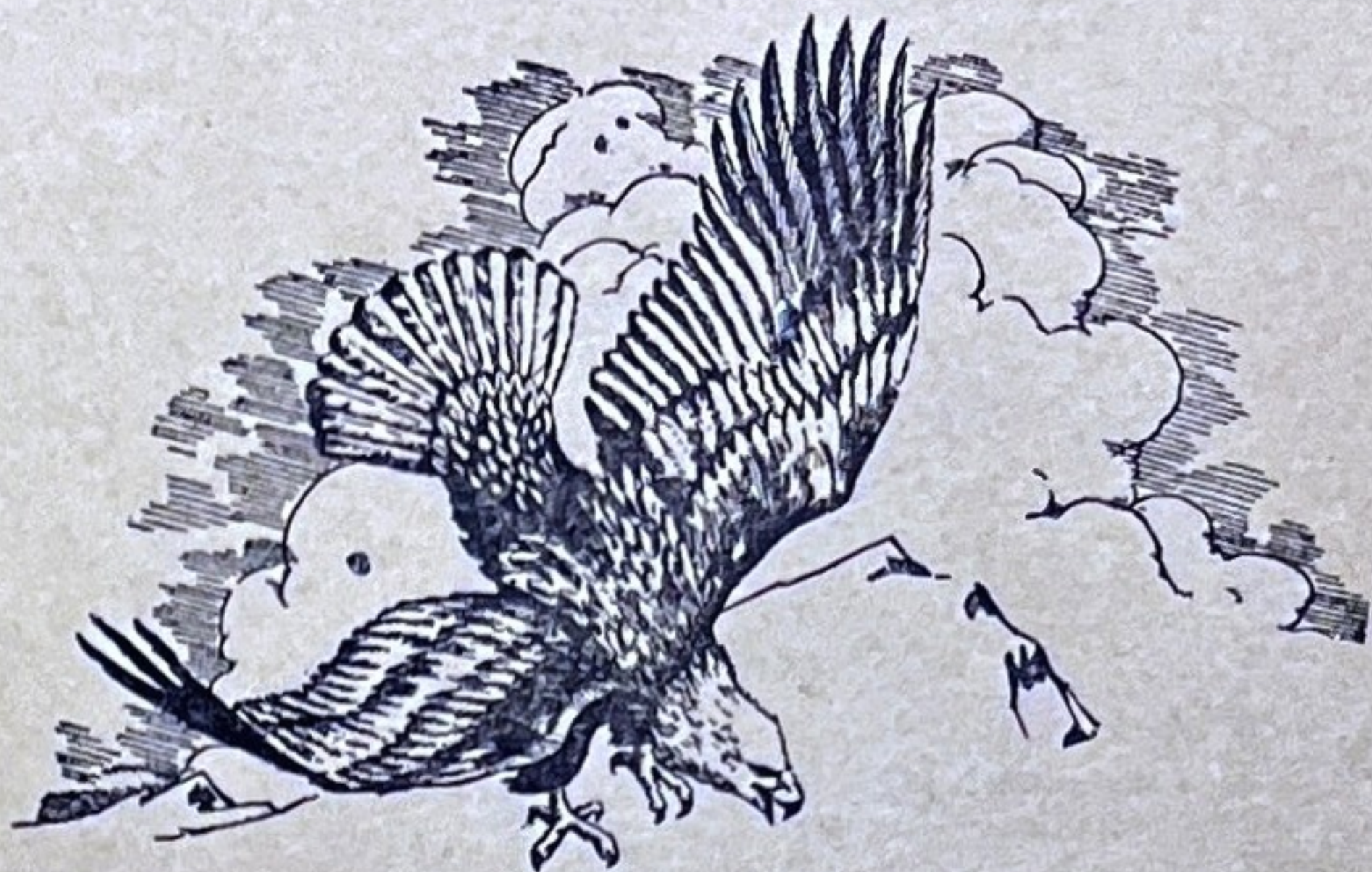
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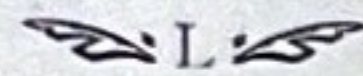
NUMBER 1

FALL, 1933

THE LANGLEY PILOT

Published by the students of
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EDITORIALS

OUR PRINCIPAL'S COLUMN

These are strenuous times at Langley! With an enrollment well over fifteen hundred, and every classroom and shop in use practically every period of every day, we are all having to practice active cooperation to keep things running smoothly and happily.

Yet out of this crowding of our facilities has come a very decided benefit—the extension of our curricular offering. To our program of studies we have added Major Orchestra, Beginners' French, and Latin for ninth grade pupils, and Mechanical Drawing, Wood Work, and Home Economics for academic pupils. The first three subjects are distinct additions, while the last three represent a broader offering to the academic pupils who have heretofore not been able to take practical-arts subjects.

We welcome to Langley this fall nearly one hundred and fifty pupils who graduated in June from elementary schools. We hope they will find both pleasure and great educational profit in their year of study here, and we expect every Langleyite to help them find their way about and become used to our ways.

More than ever the return of boys and girls to school, especially to the eighth and ninth grades, after they had left to go to work, bears mute but eloquent testimony of their sensing a need for more education, especially at a time when there is a turn upward in reemployment.

The most helpful suggestion that I feel I can offer to each pupil in this school is to work hard, study hard, and play hard. Good standing in your classes is an indispensable asset to you at all times; strive to gain it and to keep it. It can be done painlessly and with much fun out of our school life.

CHESTER W. HOLMES.

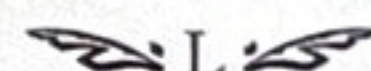


TO OUR NEW 9A'S

For the first time in its history, McKinley has been so overcrowded that it could accommodate no 9A's. Tech's loss, however, has been our gain, for these pupils have been transferred to Langley and we are glad to welcome them. We hope that they have already learned to love Langley as we do, and have acquired our school spirit. We believe that you find even more advantages here at Langley than you would at McKinley. Here at Langley we offer you all the courses that you had elected to take at Tech. As our school is smaller, you have a better opportunity to get more intimately acquainted with your teachers and fellow pupils. Here we give you the extra activities of clubs and guidance. At Langley you have the advantage of being our seniors, whereas if you were at Tech you would be the "Rookies."

The new 9A's are making next June's graduating class twice as large as before. We hope they will persevere so that they may all receive a Langley diploma.

DOROTHEA KOPSCH, 9B-203.



DO YOU HAVE A HOBBY?

If you do, you know what fun it is and how excited you are every time you can add something to your collection, if your hobby be collecting. If you don't have a hobby there's no time like the present for starting one. There are hundreds of them to choose from! Some of them are profitable, such as the collection of stamps and rare old coins, or the autographs of famous people. You may some day be proud of your botany collection and recall all the places you found this flower or that leaf. If you are collecting souvenirs, you bring something back from your places of visit and say to your friends, "I bought this at Atlantic City," or, "This came from the World's Fair."

Some of us have hobbies that seem strange to others. For instance, I know of a girl who has a bottle collection. On the shelves, in a closet set aside for that purpose, there must be over one hundred different kinds of bottles.

No matter what hobby you choose, whether it's amusing or queer, it will benefit you. It will absorb some of your leisure time and also increase your knowledge.

MARY L. BERNHEISEL, 8B-201.

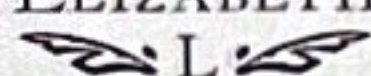
EDITORIALS

TARDYPUPILITIS

Langleyites who have been reading about the ravages of sleeping sickness in St. Louis have been warned lately about a threatened epidemic of the ancient disease, tardypupilitis, in the halls of our beloved school. This disease is different from other diseases, in that there is no evidence of the malady from three o'clock in the afternoon until nine o'clock the next day. The victim lazily wanders home at three o'clock and does the least possible amount of work until dinner. Immediately afterwards, he rushes out and buckles on his roller skates. Soon a bevy of laughing girls and boys whiz by. One of them must be the victim of the terrible germ of tardypupilitis. At midnight the patient skates home and unwillingly goes to bed. The next morning he is called at seven-thirty. He faintly answers, turns over and continues to sleep. Half an hour later he is called again, but with the same results. Finally, at eight-thirty, he dresses, gulps down a scanty breakfast and barely catching the bus, hurries to school. At a quarter till ten, a very red-faced boy sneaks into his classroom, but is caught. Another sufferer from this dreadful disease is sent to the office, and must be treated by remaining after school, for even though this is the day of electricity, children are not operated by switches anymore.

There is a sure preventive of Tardypupilitis. Be punctual!

ELIZABETH IMUS, 9A-300.



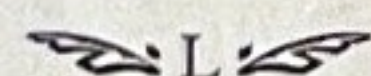
THE VICKSBURG DAILY CITIZEN

The type for this old paper had been set up by the Yankee soldiers on July 2, 1863, during the siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi. It was printed two days later, on the back of red wall paper, because the printers having run out of paper, and not being able to get any more, came across a large roll of wall paper and used it as a substitute. Among the articles of the "Daily Citizen" I found one that, although it seems too gruesome to be true, was a stern reality. It told of the soldiers' fare, horsemeat and fricasseed kitten, which means fried cat meat, and it also told how the soldiers fished dead horses from the river in order to have something to eat. Another article told of the prices of common and necessary commodities such as flour at five dollars per pound, molasses at ten dollars per gallon, and corn at ten dollars per bushel.

The "Daily Citizen" consisted of a sheet of paper ten inches wide and sixteen and one-half inches long, and contained four columns of news. The first was local news, the second and third were devoted to the general news of the Civil War, and the fourth contained military information as to the positions of the armies.

This paper was given to me by my grandfather, who was in the state of Mississippi at the time of the siege.

MARY LOUISE BERNHEISEL, 8B-201.



A WONDER OF THE WORLD

The crowd stood in awe as they gazed upon a wonder of the world. The raging, foaming, gushes of water falling hundreds of feet roared so furiously that one had to shout to be heard by another standing nearby. The dense mist rose as steam into the air. The descending mountains of water dashed upon the rocks with such force as to wear them away. A trip along the side of the falls was such a picturesque view that it held one spellbound. The clear, falling, tons of water looked like crystals. Niagara Falls is a sight never to be forgotten.

JESSIE HOMAN, 9A-300.

A WISE WAY TO TRAVEL

A wise way to travel is in a cheerful way
In whatever you do or whatever you say.
Be kind to others and for them favors do,
Then favors I am sure will be returned unto
you.

Carry with you in life a happy singing heart,
And when it is time to do your share,
Do it gladly from the start.
Don't go around with a low and downcast look
For whatever you do and say
Goes down in the Judgment Book.

REA LEVY, 9A-106.



THE GHOST'S PICTURE

It was a lovely morning in early fall and the young folks were gathering by twos and threes at Jonathan Gran's cabin near the foot of South Mountain. It was the day of the climb to White Rock, that high rock overlooking beautiful Middletown Valley, and facing Braddock Heights. By nine o'clock they were ready for the climb which was made in good time. Soon the lunch was spread on snowy cloths on the broad rocks at the foot of White Rock, and good appetites made short work of it. Then the final climb to the top was made, and a hard climb it was. A photographer from Hagerstown was with them. A picture was taken when they had arranged themselves on dangerous projections of the rock.

Two weeks later the pictures were received and the figures identified, all but one. "Who is this away out on the rock?," was the question asked by every one.

The picture looked like the silhouette of a tall man with a Van Dyke beard. Nobody in the crowd answered that description. And besides, there were twenty-six in the crowd and this extra figure made twenty-seven. They took the picture to old Jonathan. He studied it and then gave what to this day has been the only explanation:

Many years ago at sundown a tall well-dressed man had passed his cottage and asked for a drink of water. Then he had gone on up the mountain. Two other people had seen him go by, but none had seen him return. Some weeks after some boys had found his body at the foot of White Rock. This was a picture of the ghost of that man.

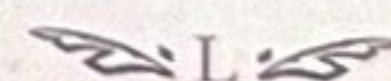
Everybody was satisfied with this solution of the twenty-seventh figure, and to this day the photo is shown to strangers, and this story told.

MAIDEE COFFMAN, 9B-203.

THE HONORABLE WONG LI

China was deeply involved in a great Civil war. Chinese bandits under the masterful supervision of Ti-Sing had for long been trying to overthrow the government of China. The government had no hope of victory against the bandits because of the great lack of ammunition and war supplies. In order to obtain money enough to purchase these war supplies, General Lio-Tang of the Chinese Government had listed a group of wealthy merchants who were to have given a large sum of money willingly, or otherwise die for their failure. At the head of the list was Wong Li, a merchant who was not very wealthy, but who had a beautiful daughter, Mah Li. Because he did not have money, Lio-Tang, thinking that Wong Li lied, commanded him to sell his daughter to Chin Gow, a rich importer, who would gladly pay more than was needed to obtain the war supplies. Wong Li had hated Chin Gow for his hatred and cruelty to the poor. Wong Li did not hesitate in saying he would sell his daughter, but then he swore he would not live to see her in the hands of such a madman as Chin Gow. He then, by a last word of Lio-Tang, sold his daughter, Mah Li—his last and only possession—to his bitterest enemy, Chin Gow. The following day he gave the money he had received to Lio-Tang, and then, kneeling before the statue of his god Buddha, he drew a knife from beneath his robe and killed himself, so that he might not see his daughter suffer before his very eyes. With his money China succeeded before long in becoming a land of peace and Lotus Blossoms. And now the name of the Honorable Wong Li still refreshes the memories of many home-loving people.

JOE MASCOLO, 9B-203.



TIES

I hate to tie my tie in the morn,
Sometimes it makes me so forlorn;
Sometimes I'm mad and throw it away,
But I pick it up the very next day.

Ties are just a lot o' bunk
And to me a bunch of junk.
If I knew who first thought of ties,
I'd get somebody twice't his size.

I'd tell 'em to punch his mouth right in,
So he'd never be able to laugh or grin
At me when I'm ready to start out at night
And my pesky tie just won't stay right.

These are my meditations on a tie;
I'll be worried with one 'till I die.
And that's not all I have to say
I'll write again some other day.

CHARLES KENDALL, 7B-210.



A STRANGE PET

When my grandmother was a little girl, her brother went to Nicaragua and brought her back a monkey. She named him Jacko and became very much attached to him. She went out on a picnic one day and locked Jacko in the spare room. She also put a pan of water in the room so that he might get a drink. When Grandmother got back, she discovered that the monkey had dumped the pan of water into the middle of the bed, and she found him so tangled up in the curtains that he couldn't get out.

One of his favorite tricks was getting up in Grandmother's peach tree and throwing the unripe fruit down on passers-by. Grandmother used to set the breakfast table before she went to bed at night so she wouldn't have to do it the next morning. One night the monkey climbed on the table and meddled with the molasses and eggs. He then smeared molasses and eggs from one end of the house to the other. When a new stove was being put in the house, Jacko got into the pipe which was full of soot, and then proceeded to walk all over my grandmother's white table cloth. That was a very unmannerly thing to do and Grandmother was very indignant. Jacko was playing around one day when a cousin came to visit. The monkey took it into his head to bite her. That was his last trick, because it ended Jacko's freedom. He was sent to a zoo in Pennsylvania.

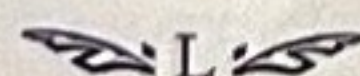
JUNE MACKINTOSH, 9A-308.

THE TERROR OF ABADABA

The little village of Abadaba was silent. All you could hear was the wind moaning in the trees, a weird sort of sound that would chill the heart of the bravest knight in the land. Every once in awhile you could hear the unearthly wailing of women in distress inside the walls. Then the expected happened. A terrible figure swung from a nearby sycamore, and a hush fell over the village. The creature leaped, landing lithely on the walls of the city. It gave a howl like some animal in distress. It was all green except for a red flame that spurted forth from a huge lion's head. It had the body of an alligator and hoofs like a huge horse, with talons that were a foot long. It stood eleven feet high. As if at a given signal, two men came forth leading a beautiful damsel. Each Saturday for a year this monster had been coming for a girl. Tonight it was the prettiest girl in the village, the most beloved of all the citizens. In an instant he had snatched her up, and as if with the wind, he disappeared.

A young knight, yet untried in battle, happened along the next day. Little did he know the peril that lay before him. Whistling a merry tune, he entered the village. Instantly he was surrounded by a yelling and excited crowd of villagers all trying to talk at once. He finally got the story and with a sad and determined face set out to do the impossible for an untried knight. He wandered for four days. On Saturday, the day the monster was to appear, he had not yet set his eyes upon him. So he started on the return to the village. On the way back, just within sight of the village, the sky darkened in the west. Flapping its huge wings came the monster. He headed straight for the young knight. With one blow he killed the knight's horse, while the villagers sat on the walls with their hearts in their mouths. The knight's shield was cracked. Then a miracle happened. A bluejay flew on the knight's shoulder and said in his ear, "Aim at his elbow if you value your life." The knight swung with all his might, and with a great shudder of the huge frame, the monster fell dead at the walls of the city that he had tortured for a year. There was great rejoicing, and a beautiful damsel and the knight were married the next day, and upon his shoulder sat the bluejay.

JOHN LASSITER, 8A-102.



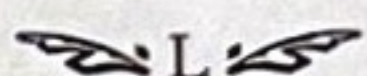
A WITCH RIDES BY

The sky is black, the moon is high,
And in the night strange creatures fly—
Hist! Whist!
A witch rides by!

The fire gleams; the black cats lie
In drowsy comfort, the bright flames nigh—
Then swift, sudden, they crouch and cry!
Hist! Whist!
A witch rides by!

Their eyes agleam, their fur awry,
They howl and yammer and screech and sigh,
And on the hearth the embers die—
Hist! Whist!
A witch rides by!

ELEANOR LAYTON, 9A-300.



A DAY IN LANGLEY

When morning comes, the usual procedure is to get up and go to school. Naturally, you'd like to turn over and go back to sleep, but you realize a few minutes of extra sleep would never repay you for the fine that would be imposed for being tardy. A splash of water, a bolted glass of milk, and a dash for the street car, and you are on your way.

Oh, yes! You remember you listened to Rudy Vallee last night and didn't get a chance to study your history. Well, you'll do that in your home room before school starts. But alas! In your rush to reach your seat before the bell you forget the history book in your locker. Precious minutes are wasted while you ask permission and secure the necessary book. Now is your chance to study, but the very short home room period seems shorter than ever, and you are told to take out your math books before you've hardly looked at the history. Math over with, you rush to English. Gosh! Now you remember the English assignment, and you didn't prepare an oral theme. Luckily you aren't called on, and off you go to Latin. Once again you aren't asked for a recitation and with a fearful tread your footsteps lead toward history.

Boy, oh boy! Is this a lucky day? No questions asked here either. The afternoon is a cinch. All minor subjects and they go by quickly. School is out and you resolve to go home and study, but do you? There are some grand programs on the radio tonight.

SELMA BURSTEIN, 8A-204.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Have you ever been in a house you thought was haunted? A house such as this it was my privilege to see, even to be in, for a short hour; but that was long enough.

The door was of oak, huge and massive. The walls were so high, it seemed that they never reached the ceiling. The windows, dirty but adorned with velvet hangings, gave little light. Though Ingorn Holsen was dead, I thought of him and trembled. Queer shadows glided across the room. A tapestry moved. It was a quaint old tapestry. On it, embroidered, were the words "Ingorn Holson." I recognized a figure on it. Where had I seen it before? Suddenly there was a rumbling. Ingorn Holson stepped down from the wall. I turned and ran. As I hurried away I caught the words—"but all men fear me now"—.

Today I am a lawyer. I have uncovered great mysteries, but never have I heard any more about Ingorn Holson, except that the house has fallen down, and is still in ruins. The tapestry was claimed by a Swede, who declared that Ingorn was his cousin. Being supposedly of no value, it was given to him. I think it is valuable, so some day I am going to get it. When I am old, I will sit by the fire, look at my tapestry and think of "—but all men fear me now—."

ELIZABETH IMUS, 9A-300.



EXPERIENCE

The little dog was very lonely,
Just playing with people, not his kind.
He decided to run away
Without a sensible thought in mind.
He ran and ran
And soon a pleasant smell aroused him.
He stopped. Look!
A butcher's shop and none of the meat was
cooked.
In he jumped with a joyous howl,
Out he jumped with a yelp.
He had got a kick for his curiosity
And as he ran he called for help.

BETTY HOLT, 8B-215.



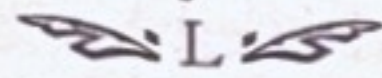
First pupil: "I spent eight solid hours on my algebra last night."

Second pupil: "You did? How so?"

First pupil: "I put it under my mattress and slept on it."

UNLUCKY

Friday the thirteenth!
'Tis an unlucky day.
Hide all the ladders,
Put mirrors away.
For if you should drop one,
I'm sorry to say
'Twould cause seven years
Of bad luck to the day.
So take my advice
And stay in and read,
For Friday the thirteenth
Is a bad day indeed!

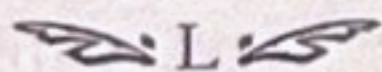


THE MYSTERIOUS MEDALLION

As I entered my room, I noticed a wonderful medallion on my bed. This was the same one I had adored the day before in a jewelry shop window. Next to the medallion was a note which read. "I saw you admiring this medallion so I give it to you. Your friend, XXX". I wondered who this was because I had no friends in this city. Then I remembered a man who stood near me at the jewelry shop window. This man had followed me to my hotel.

After awhile I took the medallion to the jewelry shop. The owner called the police. When they arrived I told them I had not stolen the medallion and that I could prove it by the note. When we went to my room, we could not find the note. As they were taking me to prison I saw the man who had stood behind me at the jeweler's window. I told the police and they took him to jail. There they found out he was a big crook. I was released and rewarded. That day I was very happy.

THEO PISTOLAS, 7B-110

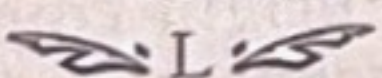


TO AUTUMN

To Autumn with its leaves so bright,
And pumpkins round and yellow,
To Autumn with its chilly night,
And fruit so ripe and mellow.

To Autumn with its haystacks tall,
And church bells clearly ringing,
For the bells that ring are telling to all
That Autumn brings Thanksgiving.

DORIS BLACK, 8A-204.



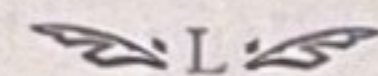
Science teacher: "Explain the freezing of water by the evaporation of ether."

Sleepy pupil: "I guess the ether put the molecules of water to sleep."

PUMPKIN CUT UP

Tom and Jane's mother had just bought me—a big fat pumpkin. I was to be cut up for Halloween. I was laid on the table. Then I was cut on the top of my head, which made me awfully angry. I was emptied and all my seeds and other possessions were taken out of me. They then cut a pair of eyes. As if I couldn't see! They made my eyes like triangles. Ha! I fooled you, didn't I? Think I don't know my geometry? Then I was given a nose made of a red hot pepper. Tom cut me a pair of ears, in which he stuck two orange peels. Jane put a pair of ear rings on me, trying to make a sissy out of me. Just like a girl! My mouth was cut from ear to ear. Boy! what a mouth! At last a candle was stuck in to decorate me. Then the fun began. Everyone who saw me was afraid.

MILDRED RINAUDOT, 8B-108.



THE DIARY OF A TURKEY

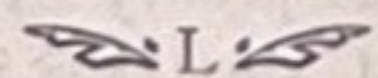
November 27—Well, today has been a great day for me. Farmer Brown has been feeding me corn since the break of day. I am so stuffed I feel uncomfortable. Of course I'll never be stuffed for Thanksgiving. Farmer Brown is too fond of me.

November 28—I don't feel so well today. I just heard bad news from one of my barnyard friends. He said I was to have my head chopped off, and that I was to be stuffed with dressing and eaten for Thanksgiving. Farmer Brown won't do that to me, I'm sure.

November 29—Today I just strutted around the barnyard showing my fine feathers to my friends. Well! I guess tomorrow will be the finish of me. I just saw Farmer Brown sharpening his axe. I know what that means. Last year about this time one of my friends met a terrible death from that same axe.

November 30—Today I meet my fate. I am about to have my dear head chopped off. Here comes the farmer now with a bowl of corn and his axe. Goodbye, cruel world!

MARY JANE KOBER, 9B-313.



ON CHRISTMAS EVE

On Christmas Eve—
 The bells will ring,
 The children will sing,
 And the world will be filled with joy.

On Christmas Eve—
 Santa will come
 To every child's home
 And leave many a pretty toy.
 That is—

If on Christmas Eve,
 Every child will sleep
 And not try to peep
 And prove himself a good girl or boy.
 But if—

Before Christmas Eve
 The child is bad
 And makes mother sad,
 Not one single thing will he leave.

ELIZABETH IMUS, 9A-300.

THE WIND

Behind the hills rose a cloud of dust, and off in the distance the wind was heard. The trees swayed and bent their heads as if at prayer, while the birds screamed overhead. The passing pedestrians hurrying home from work had a hard time holding their hats and their balance at the same time. This was considered playtime for the grass and flowers as they swayed back and forth in rhythm with the wind. The ships at sea were being tossed to and fro as the waves swept over their decks and did much damage. In other places the wind was doing great damage to houses, churches, farms, and villages.

Later the wind quieted down and peace settled on the earth again, and all was silent.

DORIS DAVIS, 8A-309.

NOVEMBER

The air is cool and crispy,
 The leaves are drifting down,
 Trees are blown by autumn winds,
 Fall has come to town.

Jack Frost dressed in his silvery suit
 Is planning for next year's chills,
 And when "Old Man Winter" commands
 He'll give us plenty of thrills.

CAROLINE STILES, 9A-300.

RAGS

There are some people who think cats aren't intelligent, but I say they are. Once a long time ago we owned a gorgeous Angora cat which we called Rags. She would have nothing to do with strangers, but she never forgot her friends.

One day one of our neighbors who particularly admired Rags, passed near the window where the cat sat sunning herself. When the neighbor opened our gate, up went Rags' ears. Slowly the man approached the window. With a haughty stare, Rags watched him. When he reached the walk beneath the window, the cat turned its back and spreading her broad tail to its full width she sprang from the sill and scurried away.

Rags was a perfect double for the famous O. N. T. cotton cat, and many people thought she posed for the advertisement. She knew just when the family should arise and promptly at that time she would walk into mother's room. Up on the bed the cat would leap. Then she would purr and scratch until mother awoke. In all the ten years we had her she was never late. You couldn't call such a habit an accident, could you?

SUE GRIFFITH, 9A-106.

AN AUTUMN SCENE

The weather was typical New England weather, changeable. One minute the sky was overcast with watery white clouds. Then it suddenly cleared up for an instant and the bright sun, like a beautiful eye, appeared from beyond. As I entered the grove, I looked and listened. A gentle breeze was whisking through the sun-baked tree tops, causing a faint rustle of the leaves overhead. The interior of the grove was forever changing as the sun shone or hid behind the clouds. Now it brightened up as if everything in it had burst into a smile. The small leaves which lay scattered on the ground all at once became ablaze with color and flashed up like red gold. The pretty stocks of the tall branchy ferns already tinted and resembling the color of over-ripe grapes, appeared here and there, tangling and crossing one another. Now, again everything suddenly turned blue. The bright colors died out almost at once. The birches stood white and colorless like snow which has not yet been touched by the winter sun. Shyly the drizzling rain began to fall over the forest.

SELMA BURSTEIN, 8A-204.

THE HIDDEN CAVE

There was once an old man who lived in the country. One day he couldn't find his cow anywhere in the field. He was worried, but after a long search he did find her with her leg caught in a deep hole. He worked and worked and finally got his cow out. Then he put rocks in the hole and to his surprise they went down, down to the bottom, making hollow sounds. He went home for a pick and shovel, and then started digging. When the hole was wide enough, he crawled in and turned on his flashlight. A great cave was before him. He searched all about in it and came upon a skeleton. That was enough. He climbed out and hurried home. When he told the neighbors about his experience, a lady related the story of how a woman by the name of Mary Peabody, and her family, were trapped in a cave. She had found her way out, but her family perished. This man then went back to the cave and, sure enough, he found carvings on the rock saying, "Mary Peabody, 1790." He found out that Mary Peabody with her father and mother were in a small settlement when they received news that the Indians were coming. They hid in a cave. While they were in it, a great storm came which tore down trees, causing some to fall over the entrance to the cave. The family inside looked for an opening, but found only a little hole. Mary crawled out and ran to tell the people of the village. They searched and searched, but couldn't find the way back in, and all perished but Mary Peabody, who lived to be 101 years old.

JEROME BOLLES, 7B-110.

MY TASK

My teacher gave me a terrible task,
A little poem is what she asked.
I gritted my teeth and pulled my hair,
I raved and ranted and fought the air.

Well, at last I have made a verse,
It isn't so good, but it could be worse.
Oh gee! I hope I can get this through,
As I don't want another poem to do.

RALPH FREY, 9A-300.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Perhaps your name is Frances, signifying freedom; or else Margaret, meaning a pearl. But if you were christened Edith, you should be very happy. Donald means proud, perhaps to be a chief, while Lawrence stands for victory.

HALLOWE'EN

The house was dark, the shutters banged,
The horns and whistles blew,
The floors, they creaked beneath my feet,
I was all alone, I knew.

A black cat darted 'neath my legs,
And then I saw a ghost,
I screamed and screamed loud as I could,
I shook the house down 'most.

A click, a light, what could it be?
I held my breath to groan,
When who should be the ghost but Pa!
And I was safe at home.

VIRGINIA KENDALL, 9B-203.

GRANDMOTHER

Rocking to and fro in an old arm chair that creaked and groaned under her weight, sat a little old woman. She wore a lace cap perched high on her white waving hair. From under the ruffle on her cap peeped a small sweet face with dark eyes that twinkled like those of a child who has been up to some mischief. Over her shoulders was thrown a brown shawl knitted by the capable hands that now lay on the head of a cat that purred contentedly as it lay in her lap.

WANDA EARMAN, 8A-309.

MY CAKE

One day while mother was out
I decided that I would bake;
And the first thought that came to me
Was the making of a cake.
At first I wasn't sure
Just what I was to do,
But it wasn't very long
'Til I really thought I knew.
I went just exactly
As the directions said,
But still I didn't know
What made it hard as lead.

RUTH CROUCH, 9A-300.

A BOAT SONG

Gently rocking in a pretty boat
Over the waves we seem to float.
Merrily moving we glide along
While those on deck sing a happy song.
There the shore in the distance we see
What a wonderful life for you and me!

IRENE WILSON, 7B-110.

A THIEF IN CAMP

The soldiers had arrived in the Philippines after a long cruise. Everything was going all right until a monkey came to live and be a pet to the men in camp. He soon had a collar, and much attention was paid to him. They even planned to take him back to the states with them when they left.

After a few days of the monkey's glorious life in camp things began to happen. Someone had been in the men's quarters and rummaged through their clothing and had taken things of value. Even money and jewels disappeared.

Naturally the men were disturbed, and one of them at least, decided it was high time to investigate the matter. Instead of eating dinner that afternoon, the man followed the monkey. The animal went into the men's sleeping quarters and rummaged through their clothing, taking everything of value, and then ran to a deserted hut nearby. In the corner of the hut stood a large hollow log. Mr. Monkey emptied his collection in the log and then ran back to camp. The man that had followed the monkey lifted up the log, and money, watches, mirrors, and things of every description fell on the floor. He picked them up and started back to camp. When he arrived there the monkey became confused. He knew that the men would no longer be kind to him, so he departed and went back to live in his old jungle home.

FRANCES TALBERT, 8B-201.

FIND THE TEACHERS' NAMES

Hspcok, Goel, Ounrthst, Sepujs, Bigbs, Erckyor:

Her desk is found in 303, but she teaches in many different rooms.

She had a brief stay in Providence Hospital some time ago.

This teacher supervises the *Pilot* work.

Her room is on the second floor and she has a 9B section.

She says, "Homework must be done in ink on English notebook paper."

Sponsor of the *Pilot* Art Club, and she has much to do with the designing of the *Pilot's* cover.

CATCH SPELLING

If you like catch spelling you will have a good time with see 80. This is the name of a well-known fur-bearing animal. Simply read what is written—see 80—and be sure to read it very, very slowly.

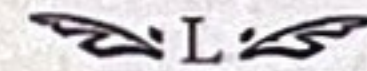
C-eigh-ty—C-A-T.

PORTULACAS

Pretty portulacas
Around the garden wall,
Pink ones, yellow ones,
Some large, some small.

They're all awaking
One by one,
To greet the day
To meet the sun.

They wash their faces
With pearly dew,
Then they look very bright,
All fresh and new.
BIRDIE LEE MULLICAN, 7B-110.



THE RUNAWAY FREIGHT CAR

One morning the station agent in a small town was awakened by the clatter of his telegraph. Coming into the office just in time, he heard, "Car loose from siding on main track! Stop all trains!"

He quickly telephoned the next town to stop the train until further notice. As it was down hill from the siding, the car, which was loaded with wood bobbins, gathered speed until it was rushing along at a speed almost equal to that of a train. There was a curve between the siding and Ellsworth, which was a small town. As the car rounded this town, it jumped the track. Rolling down the bank, it crashed into a saw-mill. The mill was built over a river for power uses. The rotten boards of the floor gave way to the weight of the car, and with a loud crash the load of bobbins went through the floor to the river. One side of the mill and part of the floor caved in and the car was wrecked. The mill was rebuilt, but the car is still in the river under the saw-mill.

JOHN LEIGHTON, 9B-203.



SETTERS

The faithful friend of a hunter
Is the gallant hunting hound,
His swift leaping feet
Lift him gently from the ground.

In all his long day's duty
He thinks of but one thing to do,
Serve his master faithfully
And he'll be served a little, too.
JOE MASCOLO, 9B-203.

SCHOOL NOTES



9B OFFICERS

Over two hundred pupils, eighty-eight girls and one hundred and fourteen boys, to be exact, make up the present semester graduate class. The class officers are: president, William Schmitt; first vice-president, Walton Merchant; second vice-president, Lester Thomas; corresponding secretary, Virginia Lee Graham; recording secretary, Demetra Panagas; treasurer, Raymond Wilson.

Section presidents are as follows: 9B-200, Charles Dove; 9B-203, Aulden Barrett; 9B-313, Virginia Graham; 9B-311, Ralph Shipman; 9B-312, James Puryear.

A COMING EVENT

Langley's fall play, "Robin of Sherwood", will be given December 8. The cast of almost one hundred pupils is made up largely of boys. Judging from all reports this romantic comedy promises to be one of the best plays that Langley has ever sponsored.

THE LARGEST CLASS

Never before in the history of Langley has there been such a large 9A class. There are eleven sections totaling 431 pupils. Of these 200 are boys and 231 are girls.

Here are the section presidents: Helen Hunter, 101; Jean White, 106; Franklin Hunt, Gym; Augustus Francio, 105; Joseph Gilmore, 100; Joe Bergen, 207; June McIntosh, 308; Norman Carroll, 300; Florence Ray, 303; John Donohue, 304; Arthur Hamilton, 301.

9B COMMERCIAL STUDENTS

Perhaps you would like to know what some of the commercial students have to say about their work:

I am so glad I chose this course. I have always been able to make good marks, and I like the work. I like shorthand and book-keeping best.

CALIOPE MALAS 9B-200

I think the commercial course very interesting, and to my mind, it is essential. If I had the chance to choose again between the academic and commercial courses, I would certainly choose the latter.

SADIE TAGGART 9B-311

I would like to take my place in the business world when I leave school. For that reason I am a commercial student. I think this work helps to establish independence and good character.

ALMA CLOKEY 9B-312

THE TRAFFIC SQUAD

The Traffic Squad has for its captain this year Sue Burnett. Two lieutenants are Joe McDonald and Ethel Sirota, and the secretary is Irene Stroud. The members of the squad like their work and they assist in the mornings and at noon, in the corridors, the lunchroom, and the auditorium. This group is made up of eighth and ninth grade pupils. Those who are faithful to the end of the semester will receive two points toward a letter.

HOMEROOM NEWS

BUSY!

In 9B-203 the following class officers have been elected: president, Aulden Barrett; vice-president, Harold Stone; secretary, Elizabeth Cissell, and treasurer, Ruth Field.

This section has an entertainment committee which each week conducts games, current events, etc. Miss Jessup's section and this section are now very busily engaged in preparing for an art assembly to be given in November.

A HELPFUL GROUP

Section 9A-303 is sending five girls each week to a Children's Home to tell stories to the children living there. The group is divided. One part talks to the smaller children of about four to six years and the other girls entertain older children. The girls go to this home after three o'clock.

ALL GIRLS

9A-106 has many new girls in the section. The president is Jean White; vice-president, Pauline Barton; secretary-treasurer, Georgia Taylor. This all-girls section plans interesting and helpful homeroom periods.

OFFICERS ELECTED

9A-301 elected officers early in October. The election results were as follows: Arthur Hamilton, president; Pauline Cole, vice-president; Thelma McDonald, secretary; Virginia Demarr, girls' treasurer; Jack Gordon, boys' treasurer; Margaret Loveless, *Pilot* representative, and Eileen Jones, Red Cross representative.

The section is very proud of its Student Council representative, Shirley Yauchler, for she was elected secretary of the Student Council Body, and is a faithful attendant.

During homeroom activity periods the pupils work on scrap books to be given to unfortunate children in hospitals.

TRYING HARD

9B-313 started off well by giving the first assembly of the year. We gave a very interesting play called, "Get Up and Bar the Door!" Clifford Mundell and Conrad Franke did a very amusing and clever act. Mary Jane Kober sang a solo.

This year our section is going to do its best in all class activities. With our help, Mrs. McMurray is going far in trying to make our section the best in Langley.

ATHLETIC ASPIRATIONS

Section 9A-105 has eleven members that are trying for the school soccer team. The boys are James Wise, Lloyd Goodwin, Augustus Francio, Loyal Grimm, Joseph Bruno, Louis Edlovitch, Pete Kalavitinos, Strata Spiridopoulos, Mike Francella, Claude Colvin, and Herbert Mingin. The orchestra members of the section are Carl Thacker and Charles Chambers. There are also four boys on the School Boy Patrol, including the captain and lieutenant. The boys are Captain Augustus Francio, Lieutenant Joseph Bruno, Patrolman Edward Shreve, and Patrolman Roy Miffleton.

A MUSICAL SECTION

In 9A-300 the officers elected for this year are: president, Norman Carroll; vice-president, Caroline Stiles; secretary-treasurer, Millicent Murray. The section is proud to say that they have about ten members in the orchestra. All of these except one take major orchestra, and are trying to make good grades.

THE PUPILS OF 9B-313

I went to Baldwin's Department Store and bought a Garcia Grande cigar and a pair of Callahan shoes. Up popped a Kober snake and went after Edgar who was in Love. The clerk behind the counter had a coat on that did not fillah much space. I then went over to Roger's mill to get some Flax. Roger was very Franke about it and he said he was looking for a thief named Mundell.

I went to Lena against a post when I saw Mac (who is always) Murray coming up the street. Then I went home dodging Gerald who is a Payne. After arriving home I met an old friend Connolly who asked me which way he should go to hit Maine street, where he wanted to Meetre some fellows. I told him to follow this street to Zoerner Alley and then turn down Huber street. On my way home I bought a box of Graham crackers, and while coming out of the store I almost Tripi over White Mattson.

JACK BALDWIN,

ABRAHAM FILLAH, 9B-313.

LOOKING FORWARD

9B-311 has one vice-president, Walter Merchant, and the treasurer, Ray Wilson, of the 9B graduating class. We are very glad to be in the class with them and help them. We are all looking forward to February and graduation.

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE ROOM

The boys and girls of 8A-204 are trying to make their classroom the most attractive in the building. Some have brought plants and flowers. Marie Goo On, Mary Shonk, Doris Black, Jean Wilson and Edward Warren have made designs on the blackboards. Did you see the cats and pumpkins?

AN ASSEMBLY SOON

Ray Hodgkins, of 8B-310, had the misfortune of being shot in his leg while inspecting a revolver. He has missed quite a bit of school since his accident.

A strange and humorous expression, "That's fun," has been floating around our classroom, from some of the vigorous students.

Our section is working hard on an assembly program for January twelfth.

ALWAYS BUSY

The new president for 8A-102 is Julia Lawrenson. Mary Catloth has been chosen president of the Girl Reserves. This section is also proud of the fact that they have many pupils in the band and orchestra.

Dorothy Bitting recently attended the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago.

NEW OFFICERS

The officers of 8B-215 have been elected. The president is Richard Winfield; vice-president, Katherine Hopkins; secretary, Herma Rowe; treasurer, Haskell Metz. A new officer, Broadus Cooke, has been elected the sergeant-at-arms. His duties are to help enforce order.

SORRY TO LOSE THEM

Frances Talbert has been transferred to McFarland. Several pupils plan to go to Taft. What can't be understood is why anyone should prefer another school to Langley.

The boys in 8B-201 are really heroic. Almost, not quite, all of them have learned how and when to remove their sweaters.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" was thoroughly enjoyed and many parts of the selection dramatized. Now a stage showing the different characters is being constructed.

A ROOM LIBRARY

8A-213 is planning for a happy year. They have formed a library within their own section. Each person brought some books. Their librarian, Jane Reuss, keeps records of all books taken out and charges for books overdue. They hope to buy new books with the money.

INTERESTED WORKERS

We in 8A-306 are getting right to work. The girls have had a game of newcomb with Miss Robey's section. They won, but we want them to know that we'll beat them next time. Our newcomb stars are Mary Jane Coutts, Marguerite Worden, and Louise Levy.

Our Honor Roll students are Antoinette Bruno, Margaret Melton, Mary Jane Coutts, Mary De Byrn, and Elaine Frechie.

AN INTERVIEW

The other day I had an interview with Mrs. Lawless who has been promoted from domestic art teacher to assistant principal. She mentioned that there should be a few improvements. One was about the noise in the corridors, but she also said there had been a great improvement in the cafeteria conduct.

I hope she will continue her present work as assistant principal although 7B-210 misses her.

ELEANOR SULLIVAN, 7B-210.

A JINGLE FROM 7B-206

We love Langley, yes we do,
We like our books and teachers, too.
Though tomorrow's another day,
We in 206 will do our best always.
We hope to get some banners,
And we'll try to win our games,
Then we'll shout for dear old Langley
As we climb on up to fame.

ROOKIES

7A-211 was in the Hallowe'en play. The pupils in the pie-eating contest were William Phelps and Phyllis Merkley. Our officers are: president, Phyllis Merkley; vice-president, George Jenkins; secretary, Mildred Reme; treasurer, Paul Prose. Our Red Cross representative is Kenneth Frangioni.

A GOOD START

7A-212 is off to a good start, forty-six strong, under George Harwood, the president. Marshall Crockett and Raymond Reynolds are in the band. Thelma Gheen and Harry Budman represent us in the orchestra.

OUR POETS

In section 7A-209, Helen Drazin, who likes to write poetry, sometime ago wrote a poem to President Roosevelt called, "Helping the N. R. A." About two weeks later she received an answer from the President's secretary sending her his best wishes. We also have two other poets, Margaret Bagdasian and Frances Smith.

CLUB CLAMOR

DRAMATIC CLUB

The members of this club say they have a very enjoyable time and receive helpful instruction in club period. Dramatics help one to overcome shyness and train in speech and poise. They also say they need more boys in the club. The president is Grace Cartwright,; vice-president, Joseph Trainor, and secretary, Phyllis Banks.

READERS CLUB

This is a popular club for those who wish to read. One may have a different book each week if he desires. Really worthwhile oral reports are made from time to time. The public library supplies the books.

GLEE CLUB

This is one of the largest clubs in school. At present there are more girls than boys. Already they are learning three-part songs. The members hope soon to sing so well that they will far surpass any previous record.

BOATMAKING CLUB

Several different kinds of boats are being made. More often they are twenty-five inch motor and sail boats. Three boys are making thirty-six inch motor boats. These boats, when finished, are supposed to go thirty miles an hour.

QUILT MAKING CLUB

The quilt-making club at present has forty members. The teacher is Miss Evans. Our officers are: president, Mary Huffman; secretary, Lois Stackhouse; treasurer, Marion Russell. For the remainder of the semester the club has decided to have ten-cent dues every month. Each person is making her own quilt, and we hope when they are finished they will make a nice showing.

FANCY WORK CLUB

This is a popular club. About fifty girls are enrolled. They are learning knitting, chocheting, tatting, and embroidery. Each member supplies her own material and selects the type of work she likes best. Emilie Black is the president.

SCIENCE CLUB

The members are planning to take many trips about the city. One will be to the Bureau of Standards, another to the Bureau of Fisheries. The museums also will be included in the field trips.

BOYS' COOKING CLUBS

Langley now has two Boys' Cooking Clubs. Even so, a great number of the two hundred or more boys who made it their first choice had to meet with disappointment. The cooking rooms just couldn't accommodate so many. Without a doubt Langley will this year turn out the finest group of future chefs in its history.

THE GUNS OF SHILOH

This book was written by Altsheler, a writer of historical events. It is one of the Civil War series.

The principal characters are Harry Kenton, a southerner, and Dick Mason, his cousin, a northerner.

Many historical characters are mentioned, among whom are Abraham Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, Grant, Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and a host of others. Important battles described are Mill Spring, Fort Donelson, Perryville, Stone River, and Shiloh.

This book would be especially interesting and helpful to 8B students who are studying the Civil War, and it is in our own library.

EXCHANGE

The first publication to greet us on our return to school this year was *Sutter Static*, of Sutter Junior High, Sacramento, California. We like this little paper. Will its editors please tell us how they manage to put out a paper twice a week?

Helen B: "Did you find it very expensive at the beach?"

Florence B: "Awfully, even the tide was high."—*Sutter Static*, Sutter Junior High.

City Chap: "That cow over there—why hasn't she any horns?"

Farm Chap: "Well, it's this way. Some cows are born without horns and never grow any; some shed theirs; some we dehorn, and some breeds aren't supposed to have horns at all. There are lots of reasons why some cows don't have horns, but the main reason why that cow over yonder hasn't got horns is that she's not a cow—she's a mule."

—*Kelvyn Life*, Kelvyn Park Junior High.

Mister: "Who spilled mustard on this waffle, dear?"

Missus: "Oh, John, how could you? This is a lemon pie."

La Torre, South Pasadena Junior High.

ALUMNI COLUMN

THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

The Empire State Building in New York City is a beautiful white stone building, one hundred and two stories high. Anyone who goes to the top to view New York will be carried to the eightieth floor in a silent, velvet-carpeted elevator. Here the passenger steps from the elevator, and walking down the hallway, is ushered into another one which takes him to the eighty-sixth floor. Alighting, he will find a large cafeteria and souvenir shop. Outside is a walk, surrounded by a parapet, and from here the visitor may see the wonders of New York. The wind is quite likely to blow a lusty gale, and persons are cautioned to hold on to their hats and belongings with firm hands. If the visitor wishes, he may continue to the one hundred and second floor in an elevator identical with the one mentioned before, except it is smaller. This floor has no outside walk but is glassed in, and affords a splendid view of the city. New York stands out like a gigantic relief map; clear, interesting, awe-inspiring. The streets, buildings, parks, bridges, rivers, and islands fall into a logical, correct, easily readable map.

JULIA BON DURANT, June, '33.

A PHENOMENON

Once an old negro woman went to a camp meeting. During the sermon the preacher made use of the word "phenomenon." The old negro woman wondering what this word meant, went up to the preacher and said, "Parson, dat wuz a mighty fine sermon dat you preached, but dere wuz one word dat ah couldn' catch de meanin' of. Dat word wuz 'phenomenon.' Now jus' what do dat word mean?"

The preacher stroked his chin and reflected for a moment. Finally he said: "Well, I'll tell you. Look, do you see dat thistle bush over dere in de fence corner?"

"Sho, I see dat."

"All right, do you hear dat mockin' bird singin' in dat cedar tree?"

"Sho, sho, keep agoin."

"Have you ever seen a kangaroo? You know, one of dem long legged animals what kin jump so far?"

"Yessuh, proceed."

"Well," said the preacher finally, "If one of dem kangaroos wuz to come over here from Africa an' jump over dat cedar tree an' sit on dat thistle bush an' sing like dat mockin' bird, dat would be a phenomenon."

ALECK C. STABLER, June, '33.

SPORTS

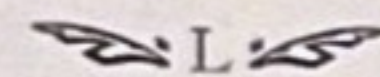
NEWCOMB

Every girl is working hard to help her section win a banner. 9A-207 beat 9A-308 with a score of 15 to 9. Then 8A-204 barely conquered in a match with 8A-102. The score was 17 to 16. 9B-200 did better when it won 18 to 9 in a game with 9B-312. 8A-202 downed by a small margin 8A-306. The score was 9 to 8. Also 8B-201 played 8B-310 and won with a score of 18 to 9.

Doris Henderson, Rhea Levy, Margaret Linkins, Sue Griffith, and Dorothy Arnold are called upon often to referee games.

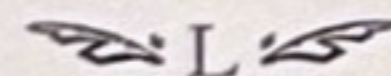
Demetra Panagas of section 9B-312 is president of the Girls' Sports Club, and Cortez Freeman, 9A-300 is vice president.

Joe Bruno, 9A-105 is president of the Boys' Sports Club, and John Pistolas, 9A-304 is treasurer.



COOPERATION

Section 8A-309 is cooperating with Mr. Holmes and his punctuality and attendance drive to the best of their ability. Mrs. Palmer urges the members of the section to obtain the books necessary for classwork and avoid lingering in the hall. In case of sickness the pupils are also requested to consider their condition and shun staying at home because of trivial illnesses. The majority of the class has decided that their particular vocation requires a good education, and all of the members have benefited by these discussions.

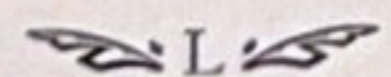


BONERS

Horrible Example—Any problem in math.
Vacuum—Nothing shut up in a box.

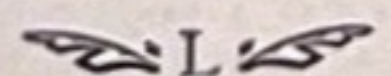
Banana Peel—A food article that brings the weight down.

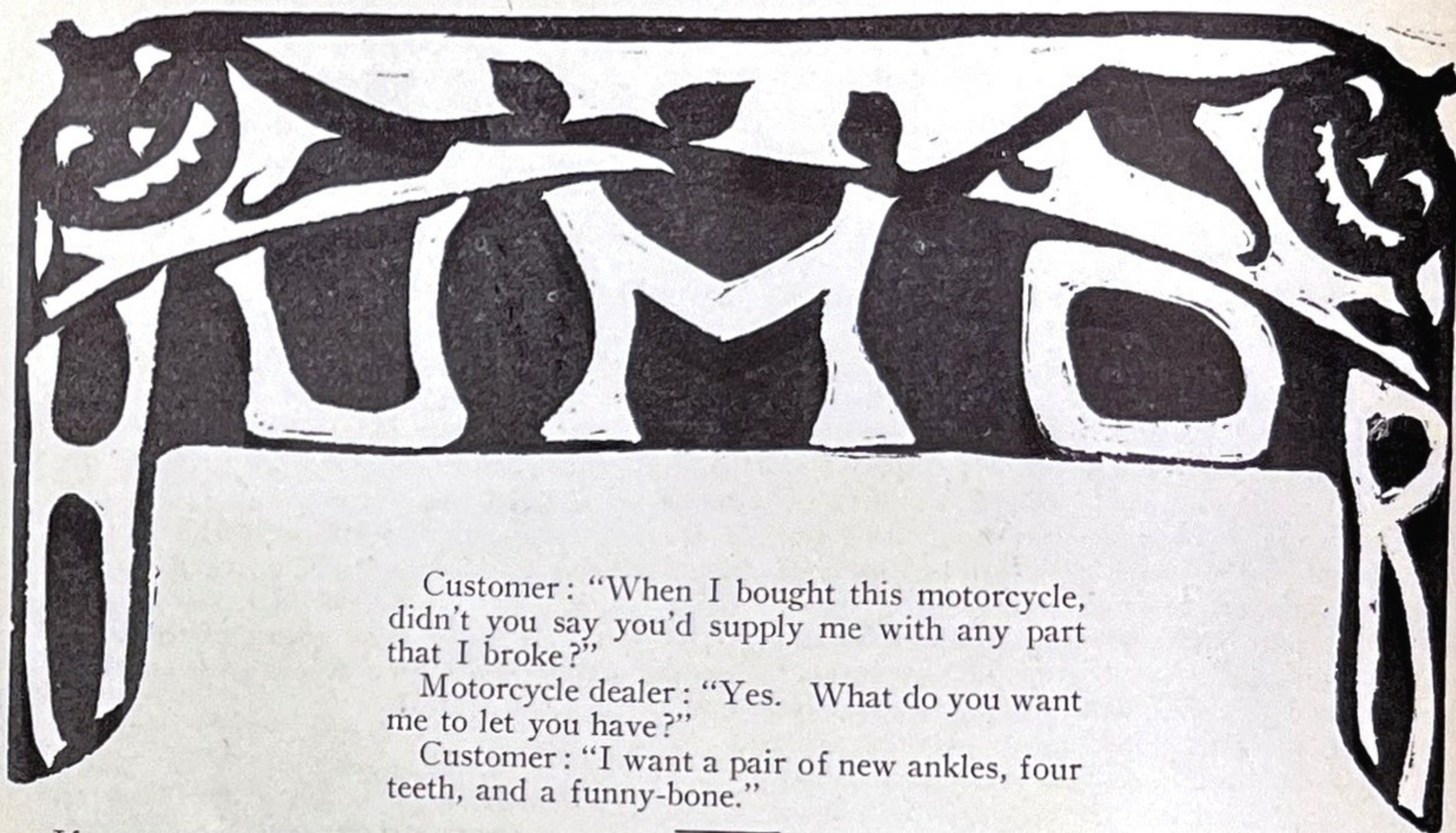
Etc.—Sign used to make others believe you know more than you do.



Teacher: "Is the North Pole really a pole, and could you hang a hat on it?"

Bright Boy: "It is an imaginary pole, sir, and you could hang an imaginary hat on it."





Customer: "When I bought this motorcycle, didn't you say you'd supply me with any part that I broke?"

Motorcycle dealer: "Yes. What do you want me to let you have?"

Customer: "I want a pair of new ankles, four teeth, and a funny-bone."

If a man smashed a clock, could he be accused of killing time?

Not if he could prove that the clock struck first.

History teacher: "Tell us about the Caucasian race."

Eddie: "I wasn't there. I went to the football game instead."

Pilot Joke Writer: "You sit down on all my jokes."

Editor: "I wouldn't if they had a point to them."

A doctor said to a man whose nerves were on edge: "The thing for you to do is to bury yourself in your work."

Man: "Oh my, and me a cement mixer."

"Fine manners ye have Cohen," said Kelly, when Cohen helped himself to the larger fish. "Now if I had reached out first, I'd have taken the smaller fish."

"Vell, replied Cohen, "You got it, didn't you?"

Servant, to absent-minded professor: "The garbage man is here, professor."

Professor: "Tell him we don't want any today."

Irritable husband (to wife driving a nail): "How ever do you expect to knock a nail in the wall with a clothes brush? For goodness sake, use your head, dear."

"Which of the parables do you like best?" said the Scottish minister to a boy in the Sunday School. "I like that one where somebody loafs and fishes," was the unexpected answer.

Little boy to stranger: "Mister, could you give me a quarter to help me to get where my family is?"

Man: "Yes, sonny; and now will you tell me where they are?"

Little boy: "Sure, they're at the show."

When were there only two vowels in the alphabet?

In the days of Noah (no a) before you and I were born.

Wise: What is a pig doing when he is eating?
Otherwise: He is making a hog of himself.

This plant belongs to the Begonia family.
Oh yes, and you are looking after it while they are away on their vacation?

John: "When do you call it beastly weather?"

Joe: "When it is raining cats and dogs, of course."

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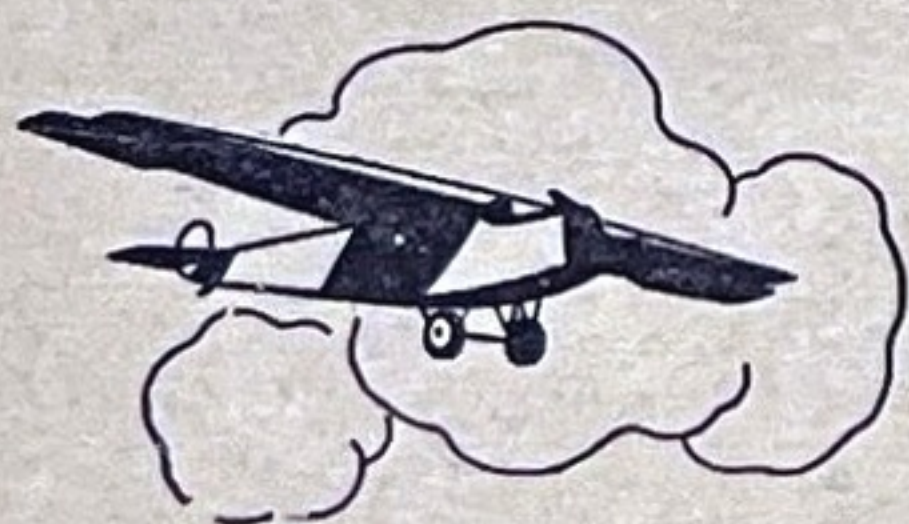
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THE LANGLEY PILOT

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VOLUME X NUMBER 4



SPRING, 1934



FIRST SEMESTER WINNERS



To win an "L" a pupil must make eight points.

Forty-five pupils won L's.

9B

Morris Gilman, Peter Margelos, Myrtle Watson, Evelyn Ingels, Irene Stroud, Charles Dove, Sadie Taggart and Caliope Malas.

9A

Justin Cook, Jerome Eisenberg, John Graziano, Sydnor Hodges, Ronald Kaufman, Frank Krogmann, Margaret Loveless, James Luttrell, Agnes McCusker, Mary Moncure, Strata Spiridopoulos and Caroline Stiles.

8B

Mildred Brown, Dorothy Bryan, Peggy Fox, Charles Lempke, Ida Mae Mastin, Robert Preston, Jack Rosey, Paul Siebeneichen and Patsy Tompkins.

8A

Betty Barringer, Doris Black, Mary Jane Coutts, Louis Figliozzi, Max Goldberg, Marian May, Don Niklason, Robert Nordby, Edward Scullen, Asa Soule, Bill Holbrook.

7B

Anthony Anzelmo and Margaret Clokey.

7A

Mina Brown, Ernestine King and Howard Gaines.

To win a star a pupil must make eight points, and have previously earned an "L".

Twenty pupils won stars the first semester.

9B

Sue Burnett, Dorothea Kopsch, Elizabeth Cissel, Virginia Kendall, Jim Puryear, and Joe Mascolo.

9A

Bert Anson, Joe Bruno, Augustus Francio, Robert Geran, Loyal Grimm, Elizabeth Imus, Eleanor Layton and Thelma McDonald.

8B

Mary L. Bernheisel and Edgar Bon Durant.

8A

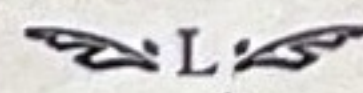
Madeline Bawell, Marie Goo On and Mary Shonk.

7B

Norman McCeney.

Bert Anson earned 12½ points, the highest number made.

Forty-eight pupils made over 8 points.



LANGLEY PILOT



Published and printed by the pupils of Langley Junior High School, Washington, D. C.

Editor-in-Chief Mary Louise Bernheisel

Assistant Editor Agnes McCusker

School Notes Jack Courtney

Eleanor Sellow

Stories Elizabeth Imus

Selma Burstein

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Dorothy Bryan

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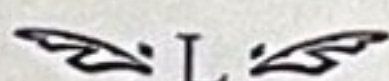
Sylvia Bernstein

Humor Ray Skelton

Dave Levitov

Art Eleanor Layton

Business Manager Julius Non



EDITORIALS

A. W. O. G. AND S. R.

(Absent Without Good and Sufficient Reason)

Now that spring has arrived a certain little insect has begun to sting. Ever since the days of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer the H. B. (Hookey Bee) has come with spring and all the beautiful things, as a little imp of Satan among fairies, and stung school boys and girls (especially boys). Now let me tell you something—the pupils that the H. B. stings don't always know what is the matter, but the victims really have S. F. (Spring Fever) and think they're sick, but just as soon as the time for starting to school is past, the sufferers improve very rapidly. Usually they go out and enjoy themselves immensely.

(Do I see some reader blushing? Ah!)

Now in the army when a soldier is A. W. O. L., a black mark is put on his record. An A. W. O. G. and S. R. on a student's record is as bad as an A. W. O. L. on a soldier's. So come every day!

ELIZABETH IMUS, 9B-300.

PRINCIPAL'S COLUMN

In the last issue of the *Pilot* I suggested that all of us ought not to be afraid of new ideas and called attention to Edgar A. Guest's poem, "If I Had Youth." My reason for citing the poem was that it ought to prove an inspiration to every young reader, that it ought to be a challenge to all—particularly young persons, but also older persons—to strive for greater service in life's hustle and bustle. Read it. Just now the emphasis is still on money-making, but the depression through which we have just passed has shown that money does not meet all of our needs. Storing the mind not only with certain necessary facts but also with the beauties of literature, art, and music helps greatly to fill in those many hours of leisure we all have whether employed or not.

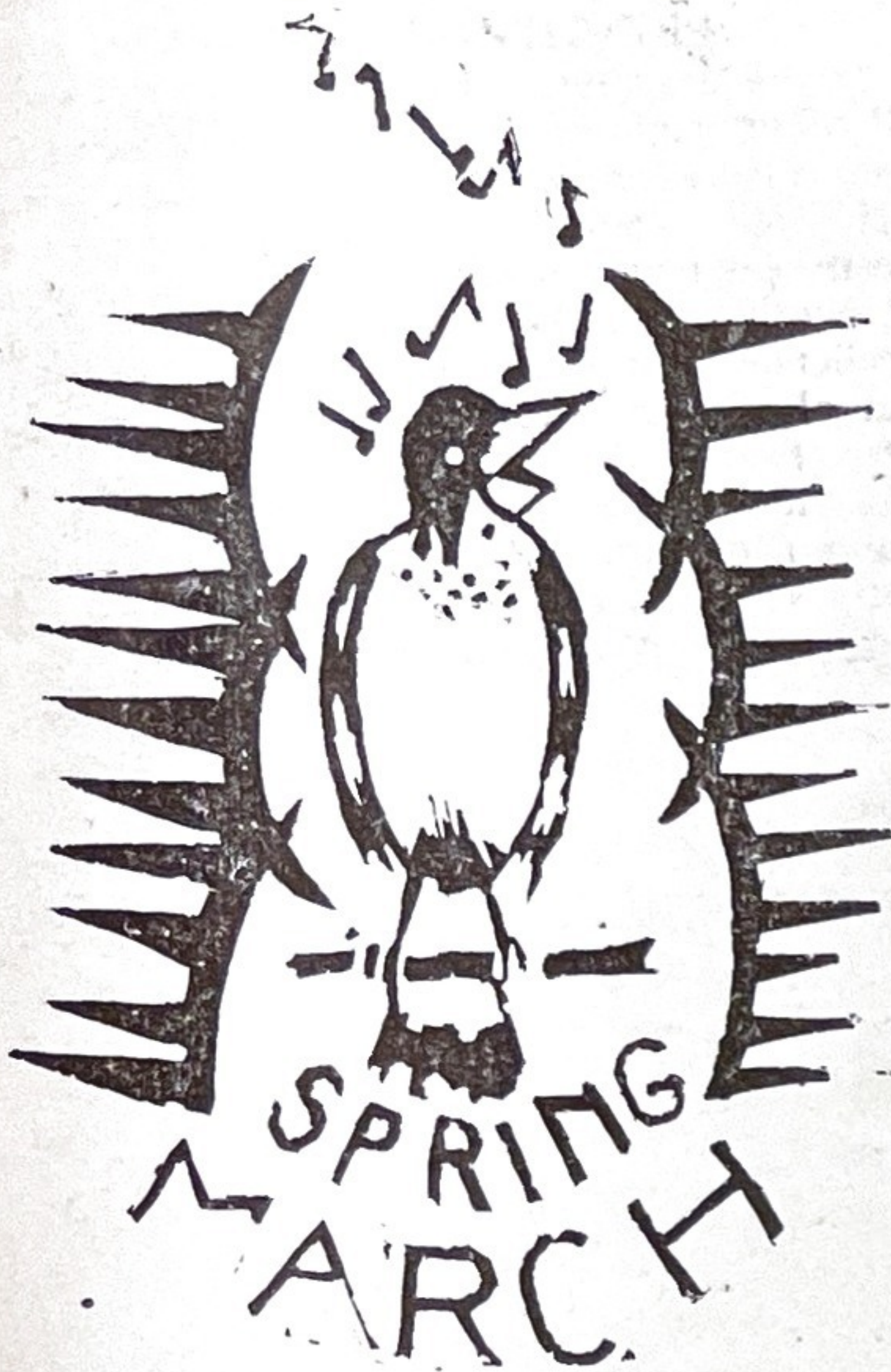
One thing is certain: we are going to have more leisure hours in the future. Why not prepare for them now while the opportunity is present? All of our subjects, our clubs, and our other extra-curricular activities are organized to appeal to your interests. Enjoy them to the utmost.

C. W. HOLMES.

If I Had Youth

By EDGAR A. GUEST

- If I had youth, I'd bid the world to try me;
I'd answer every challenge to my will;
And though the silent mountains should defy me,
I'd try to make them subject to my skill.
I'd keep my dreams and follow where they led me;
I'd glory in the hazards which abound;
I'd eat the simple fare privations fed me,
And gladly make my couch upon the ground.
- If I had youth, I'd ask no odds of distance,
Nor wish to tread the known and level ways;
I'd want to meet and master strong resistance,
And in worth-while struggle spend my days.
I'd see the task which calls for full endeavor;
I'd feel the thrill of battle in my veins,
I'd bear my burden gallantly, and never
Desert the hills to walk on common plains.
- If I had youth, no thought of failure lurking
Beyond tomorrow's dawn should fright my soul.
Let failure strike—it still would find me working
With faith that I should some day reach my goal.
I'd dice with danger—aye!—and glory in it;
I'd make high stakes the purpose of my throw.
I'd risk for much, and should I fail to win it,
I would never even whimper at the blow.
- If I had youth, no chains of fear should bind me;
I'd brave the heights which older men must shun.
I'd leave the well-worn lanes of life behind me,
And seek to do what men have never done.
Rich prizes wait for those who do not waver;
The world needs men to battle for the truth.
It calls each hour for stronger hearts and braver.
This is the age for those who still have youth!



THE COMING OF SPRING

Spring has come at last! Nature has again awakened from her long winter sleep and the world is bursting into bloom. Soft colors flood the earth, and all signs point to the changing landscape of the great outdoors. Each spring seems far lovelier than the last because it is new and fresh and beautiful.

Spring not only brings changes in our nature world but in our school life as well. We look forward to new work, new friends, and new pleasures. To some of us it is the first spring spent at Langley. To some of us it will be the last. To all it is a new semester, and we are trying to comprehend our new work. Spring is a suitable time to develop new strength and begin a more determined quest for knowledge. May we strive for real benefit to ourselves and others and not merely for high marks or praise. It would be wise to follow this old German quotation written by Goethe, "Die tat ist alles; nichts der ruhm." (The deed is everything; the praise—nothing.)

MARY LOUISE BERNHEISEL, 9A-201.

HONOR

"For the honor of the school!" How often we hear that phrase! But how seldom we see examples of it! Honor has come to mean only a victory in some athletic game.

Once I attended a thrilling football game, between two local high school teams, during which real honor and self-respect were demonstrated. Team A was in the lead near the end of the game by a margin of two points. Team B was rushing the ball down the field quite steadily, but there was so little time left to play that it was decided to try a field goal. The captain of team B dropped back, and just a second before the whistle, booted the ball over the bar, putting his team in the lead by a point, and winning the game. The fans were cheering madly and the captain was the man of the hour. But he, hailed as the one who had won the game, walked over to the referee and told him that the ball had not touched the ground before he kicked it. So the kick was a punt and counted nothing. Team A had won the game. That is a fine example of honor. If the captain had not confessed he would have been the hero of the school, but his self-respect meant more to him than fame. In my opinion he *was* the hero of the school.

Now I'd like to ask if there are any like that in this school. What Langley athlete would have sacrificed a victory for the school for his own self-respect? Perhaps I've said enough. Just remember the action of that captain and some day at a critical moment you may be able to make a hero of yourself—a real one.

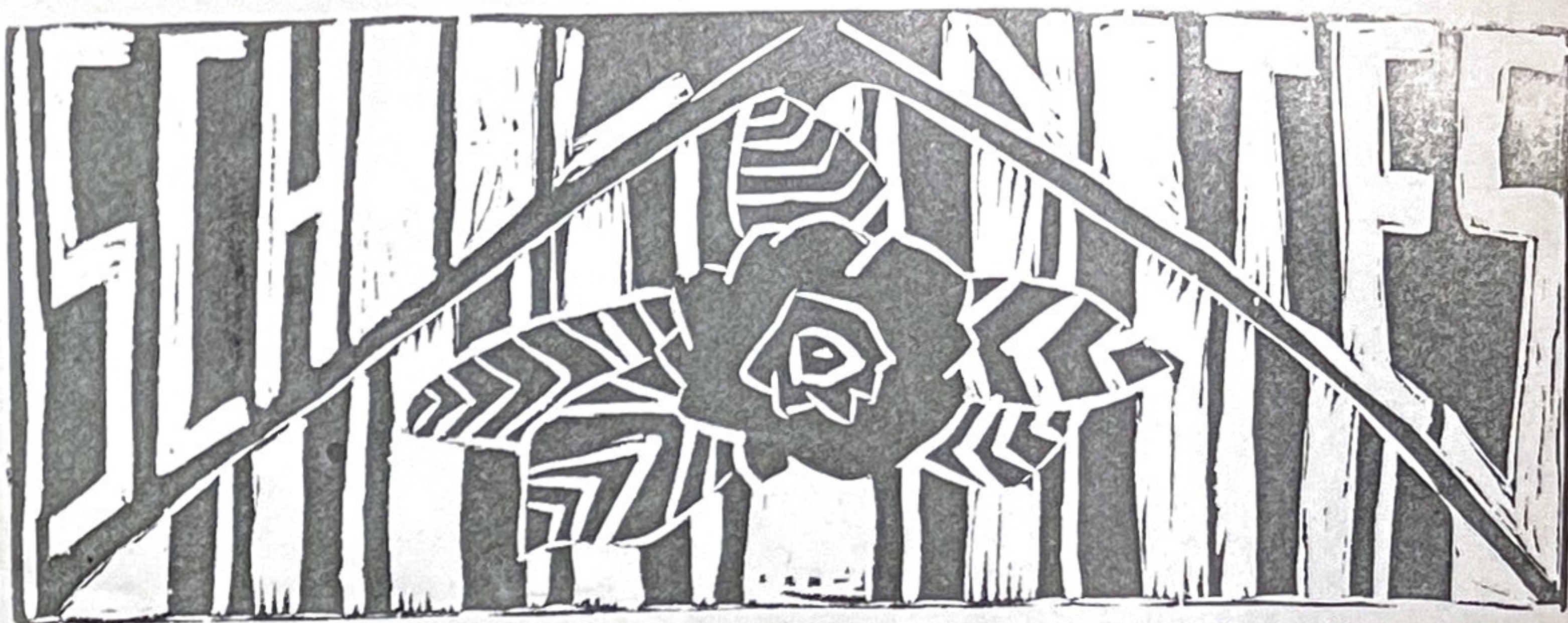
SELMA BURSTEIN, 8B-204.

TO THE 7A's

Each new semester brings to Langley many new boys and girls who are to take the places of the former semester's graduates. As this is the first issue of the *Pilot* this semester, we take the opportunity to welcome these children and to say that we are sure they will like being students of Langley.

A bit of friendly advice to them one and all is, "If you want to get along well, cultivate a fine school spirit that will distinguish you as A-1 students, obey Langley's rules, and get right down to business where study is concerned, so that when your turn to graduate comes, you won't meet with any disappointments."

AGNES MCCUSKER, 9B-300.



OUR STUDENT COUNCIL

New Student Council officers were elected not long ago. The candidates, who were recommended by their section teachers, first spoke before the members of the council then in office. They were Virginia Lee Pettey, Elsie May Turner, Julia Lawrenson, Doris Black, Edward Warren, and Bill Holbrook. Four of these were then chosen to speak before the school. Next ballots were prepared and the entire school voted for president. Edward Warren was elected. Two of the other candidates were nominated for vice president and this office was won by Holbrook. These two new officers took the oath of office from the stage in a very impressive ceremony at a morning chapel. They, with Shirley Yauchler as secretary, are now working with the room representatives for the improvement of our school. Regular meetings are held in the cafeteria the eighth period every Tuesday. Each section should send its representative to those meetings. Then it is the duty of the representatives to keep their home rooms informed of the plans of the council. Every boy and girl in Langley surely will do his and her utmost to cooperate.

BILL HOLBROOK, 8B-309.

THE SPRING OPERETTA

The spring operetta is to be given by the boys' and girls' glee clubs some time in May. The title of the operetta will be "Lelawala," and it will portray the Indian legend of the "Maid of Niagara." Mrs. Dorsey, who is directing the play, says that it will mean plenty of hard work and steady practice. Here's to the success (with everyone's cooperation) of "Lelawala"!

SENIOR OFFICERS

Some of the rookies may have been impressed awhile ago when so much was said about either Hobbs or Hamilton becoming president of the 9B class. Of course most of us know that Wade Hobbs won the election and is now at the head of the June class. Shortly after this other officers were elected. They are as follows: Thelma McDonald, first vice-president; June MacIntosh, second vice-president; Assa Inazawa, corresponding secretary; John Donohue, recording secretary; Jerome Eisenberg, treasurer. We are now 405 in number and we hope to be the largest as well as the best class ever to graduate from Langley.

RAY SKELTON.

LANGLEY'S STAGE CREW

At present the stage crew consists of five boys. William Allison and Raymond Berger are joint captains. The others are Frank Aldridge, Creighton Northrop and Ted Scullen.

Several qualifications are necessary in order to become a member of the stage crew. First, some knowledge of electricity is necessary, in order to repair broken wires if they need mending. Also a knowledge of the operation of the moving picture and slide machines is essential. It is necessary to understand the lighting system and to know something about wood shop work.

No boy with a failure in a major subject can remain on the stage crew.

For two years Mr. Cunningham has been in charge of the stage crew. He and the boys deserve much credit for their splendid assistance in taking care of the school activities which require the use of the stage.

JACK COURTNEY.

SECTION OFFICERS

9B-304—John Donahue, president; Helen Lee, vice president; Irene Zorbas, secretary; Pauline Puleo, treasurer; Julius Non, and Elbert Satterwhite, sergeants-at-arms.

9B-105—Augustus Francio, president; Edward Shreve, vice president; Strata Spiridopoulos, secretary; Loyal Grimm, treasurer.

9B-106—Georgia Taylor, president; Pauline Barton, vice president; Margaret Goode, secretary-treasurer.

9B-301—Ludwig Kroutil, president; Winifred Pickens, vice president; Calvin Drake, secretary; Arthur Hamilton, boys' treasurer; Elizabeth Chatham, girls' treasurer.

9A-108—Hattie Lee Harold, president; William Mulvey, vice president; Arthur Ward, secretary-treasurer.

9A-310—Mildred Rinadot, president; Frances Privott, vice president; Violet Wilson, sergeant-at-arms; Anna Burke, secretary.

9A-307—James Orndorff, president; Bettie Beard, vice president; Dorothy Crosson, secretary; Ignatius Geraci, treasurer; Broadus Cooke, sergeant-at-arms.

9A-215—Richard Winfield, president; Jane Webster, vice president; Harry Klotz, secretary; Paul Dean, treasurer; Jack Stover, sergeant-at-arms.

9A-201—Morton Cohen, president; Lloyd Street, vice president; Chester Lowe, secretary-treasurer; Joseph Clancy, sergeant-at-arms.

8B-213—Louis Figliozzi, president; Annie Caporaletti, vice president; Jack West, secretary-treasurer; Walter Howe, sergeant-at-arms.

8B-204—Vernon Williams, president; Grace Linkins, vice president; Jean Wilson, secretary-treasurer; Doris Black, sergeant-at-arms.

8B-309—Bill Holbrook, president; Elsie May Turner, vice president; Harriet Frankhauser, treasurer; Donald Brauner, secretary.

8A-206—Bill Rains, president; James Martz, vice president; Olga Stellabotte, secretary-treasurer.

8A-110—Billy Ball, president; Dorothea Jones, vice president; Ray Burnside, secretary-treasurer; Dorothy Borden, sergeant-at-arms.

8A-312—Hike Bagdasian, president; Thomas Diggs, vice president; George Paxton, secretary.

8A-303—Norman McCeney, president; Edward Marsonelli, vice president; Jeanne Plant, secretary; Edla Thomas, treasurer.

7B-104—Argyle Posey, president; Suey Lew, vice president; Dorothy Ely, secretary-treasurer.

7B-208—Morton Johan, president; George Stromberg, vice president; Raymond Gordon, secretary; Louise Mann, treasurer.

7B-212—Ernestine King, president; Jacqueline Mills, vice president; Thelma Jones, secretary; Richard Kittredge, treasurer; Marshall Crockett, sergeant-at-arms.

7B-210—Arlean Bauserman, president; Billy Saxton, vice president; Beverly Minor, secretary; John Crimmins, treasurer; Alfred Wooten, sergeant-at-arms.

7B-209—Howard Gaines, president; Margaret Kempton, vice president; Stanley Payne, secretary; Milton Gross, treasurer; Alece McDevitt, sergeant-at-arms.

7B-211—Carl Richman, president; Helen Freed, vice president; Dorothy Morris, secretary-treasurer; Elizabeth Daniels, sergeant-at-arms.

MR. HOLMES COMMENTS ON "THE PILOT"

Recently I had the pleasure of interviewing Mr. Holmes about our school paper. When I asked him if he really liked the *Pilot*, he said he thought we had been putting out some very fine editions this year. When questioned as to whether he would prefer the newspaper form better than the present magazine style, he replied that although the newspaper type would be cheaper, he liked the present form because it brought in more fields of work in making up the paper.

I asked him if he approved of pictures. He said, "I do, and I should like to see more of them. Of course at this time engravings are out of the question because they are so expensive, but I have seen some very fine block prints in the *Pilot*."

Mr. Holmes thinks it is a good idea to mix the poetry and prose selections when arranging the pages. He personally prefers interesting school notes to stories, but feels that the school paper should be a product of the pupils as much as possible, and please them, in as much as it is their paper.

Each time the *Pilot* comes out Mr. Holmes sends a copy to the superintendent, and to the assistant superintendent of the D. C. schools, and also to some friends of his in Massachusetts. He said these friends write to him commenting very favorably on the *Pilot*.

MARY LOUISE BERNHEISEL.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A ROOKIE

One evening my sister came home with her head in the air and a sophisticated look on her face. She had been through a whole week's program in Langley and felt as if she knew everything there was to know.

Her first remark about Langley was that she liked the lockers and changing of classes. Her week had been exciting, getting used to the new subjects, teachers and pupils, for it had been a big change, coming from the elementary school to Langley.

I asked Betty if she liked the idea of gym. Yes, she did. It gave the pupils a time in which they could refresh themselves and get some recreation inside of school time.

Although the 7A's have not had many assemblies or chapels, she was sure she would like them and the way in which they are conducted.

On the whole, she likes Langley because it is a helpful preparation for high school, college and her future life.

MARY MYERS, 9A-201.

A VARIED ASSEMBLY

An unusual assembly was given by sections 9B-300, 9B-106, and 9A-302. Most of us will probably remember, especially, from this assembly Sydnor Hodges acting as the old man in "Get Up and Bar the Door," and Sylvia Feldman as the old woman. The tumblers were also very entertaining. Their leader was Charles Fratick. It was very evident that the harmonica players were liked by all. "Lady Clare," a ballad, was dramatized by Daniel Rabenhorst, Virginia Carpenter, and Margaret Loveless. We also heard negro songs sung by members of 9B-106 in costume. Georgia Taylor sang "Oh Susanna," and it was evidently well liked.

RAY SKELTON.

TRACK

Track practice has begun. Langley should have the best team it has had for years. There are many newcomers from the Langdon school who are good runners and jumpers.

Langley also has her veterans, such as Herbert Morgan, Harry Klotz, and Bob Montgomery, who last year won the 50-yard dash. There is Joe Bruno, who is said to be the fastest runner in Langley this year. Loyal Grimm was the fastest runner last year, but he was injured and is not now able to run so well.

The unlimited relay team will likely be made up of runners from section 105. They are Gus Francio, Loyal Grimm, Strata Spirodopolis, and Joe Bruno. Success to you, boys.

FACULTY FROLIC

On March 6 the faculty of Langley enjoyed a dinner and bridge at the Kennedy-Warren. The new teachers were guests of honor. The party also provided a fitting occasion when expression could be given to the high esteem in which Miss Gibbs is held by her fellow workers. Mr. Cunningham gave voice to that sentiment in the following poem:

To be so perfectly efficient
So unassuming, modest, and kind,
That others find themselves relying
On the judgments of her mind.

To have a balanced sense of humor,
To serve freely when there is need,
To be sincere, completely, always
In every thought and word and deed.

To be wholeheartedly devoted
To her profession, and to find
Every chance it gives for guiding
Character and the childish mind.

It's human qualities such as these
On which we know we can depend,
They spell the name of one we love—
Kate Gibbs—our loyal friend.

COMING EVENTS

We are looking forward to many interesting assemblies during the remainder of this semester. Here is the assembly calendar:

"A" Assemblies

April 13	9B-308, 8B-213, 8B-313
April 27	9B-105, 9B-202, 8B-102
May 11	7B-209, 7B-208, 7A-305
May 25	8A-303, 8A-205, 7B-210
June 8	8B-214, 7B-212, 7B-211

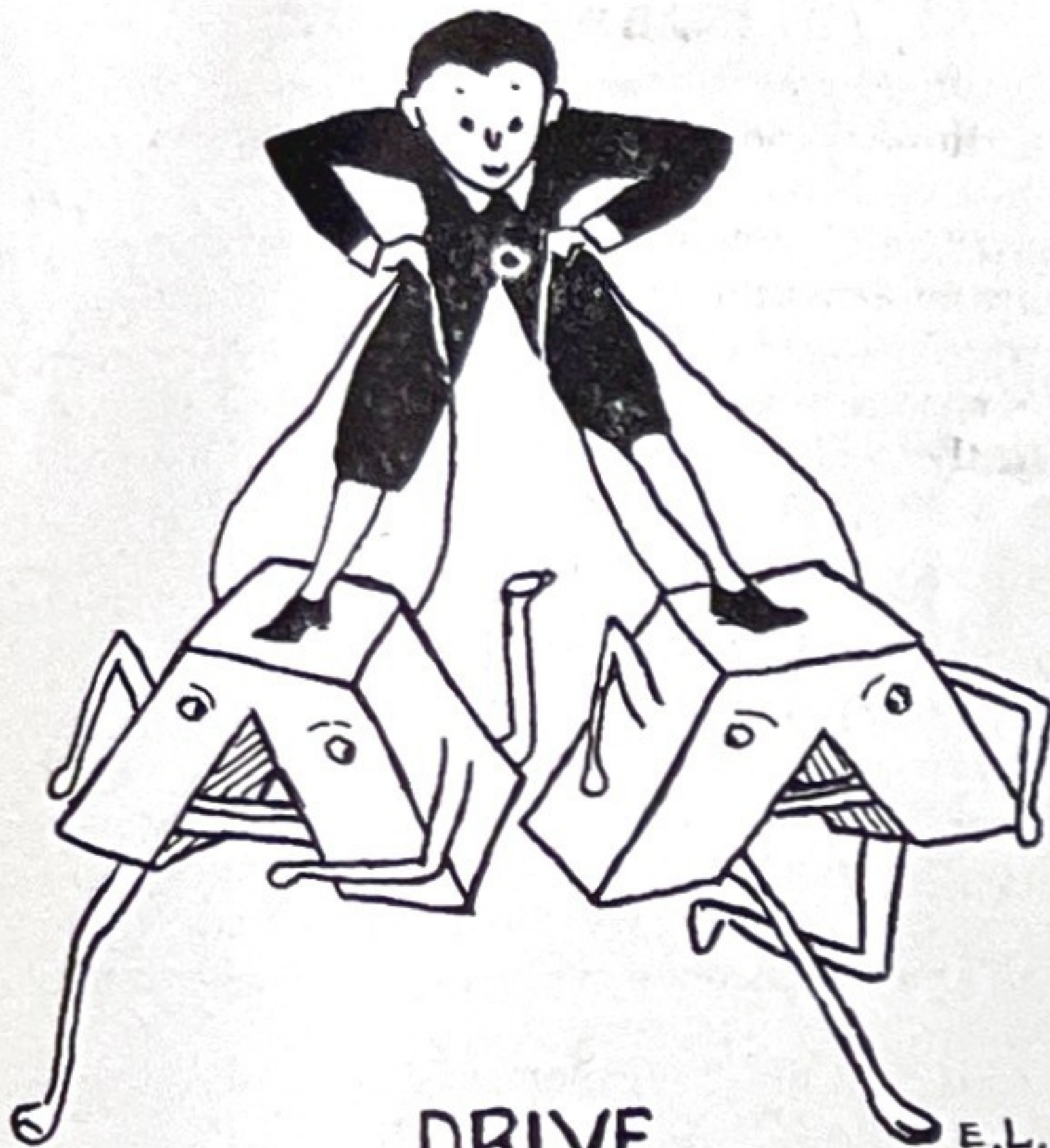
"B" Assemblies

April 19	Dr. Barnes
May 4	9B-105, 9B-202, 8B-102
May 18	7B-209, 7B-208, 7A-305
June 1	8A-303, 8A-206, 7B-210
June 15	8A-214, 7B-212, 7B-211

CAPTAIN BALL

The girls of 9A-108 played their first game of captain ball with the girls of 9A-201 on Tuesday, February 27, the last period. It was a very close game, with a score of 9 to 8 in favor of 201. Ida Mae Mastin is the captain of 108. Mildred Brown is captain of 201.

The 9B's are busily engaged in learning how to dance during the gym period in preparation for the graduation dance.



DRIVE FOR THE HONOR ROLL

THE FIRST SEMESTER HONOR ROLL

In the 9B and 9A academic and practical arts courses 65 points are required for the honor roll; in the commercial course 71 points are required. For 8B classes 72 points are necessary, and 7B and 7A require 67 points.

To be on the first honor roll a pupil must make ten or more points above the required amount.

Fifty-one pupils made the first honor roll and seventy made the second.

The highest number of points, $98\frac{1}{4}$, were made by Lois Nealy.

First Honor Roll

9B	
Dorothea Kopsch	$80\frac{1}{2}$
MacIntyre Robbins	$79\frac{1}{4}$
Sadie Taggart	$83\frac{1}{2}$
9A	
Lois Nealy	$98\frac{1}{4}$
Rita Lanahan	$90\frac{3}{4}$
Bert Anson	$86\frac{1}{2}$
Sydnor Hodges	$85\frac{3}{4}$
Agnes McCusker	84
Dorothy Brooks	$83\frac{3}{4}$
8B	
Paul Siebeneichen	$93\frac{1}{2}$
Darwin Krukoff	92
Mary L. Bernheisel	$89\frac{1}{2}$
Elizabeth Classell	76
Evelyn Ingels	$75\frac{3}{4}$
9A	
Elizabeth Panetta	$81\frac{1}{4}$
Mary Bonanno	$79\frac{1}{4}$
Miriam Childress	$78\frac{3}{4}$
Blanche Killmeyer	$78\frac{3}{4}$
Elizabeth Imus	$76\frac{1}{4}$
Jerome Eisenberg	$73\frac{3}{4}$
8B	
Chester Lowe	89
Richard Winfield	83
Edgar Bon Durant	84

8A	
Marie Goo On	96
Max Goldberg	94
Doris Cornell	$88\frac{1}{2}$
Kathleen Shanahan	$87\frac{1}{2}$
Virginie Lee Pettey	$87\frac{1}{4}$
Mary Shonk	$87\frac{1}{4}$
Mary Jane Coutts	87
Virginia Fletcher	$86\frac{1}{2}$
Doris McCaffery	$85\frac{1}{2}$
Norman Ghee	85
Marion May	83
Nancy Ramer	83
Adelaide Herman	82
Madeline Bawell	$82\frac{1}{2}$

7B	
Norman McCeney	88
Charles Kendall	$84\frac{1}{2}$
Albert Jones	81
Olga Stillahatti	80
Eli Blank	79
Dorothy Borden	77
Irene Scher	77

7A	
Arlean Bauserman	$81\frac{1}{2}$
Marion Kerley	81
Evelyn Craft	$81\frac{1}{2}$
Margaret Kempton	78
Shulamith Novick	77
Minne Brown	77
William Phelps	77

Second Honor Roll

9B	
Caliope Malas	78
James Puryear	70
Sue Burnett	$69\frac{1}{2}$
Aulden Barrett	$75\frac{1}{2}$
Virginia Kendall	$65\frac{1}{4}$
Vasha Panagos	$72\frac{1}{4}$
Anna Geiser	65

9A	
Florence Ray	$72\frac{1}{2}$
Margaret Loveless	$70\frac{1}{4}$
Jeanne Weber	$70\frac{3}{4}$
Angelina Digiacomo	$69\frac{1}{4}$
Shirley Yauchler	$69\frac{1}{4}$
Ruth Crouch	70
Thelma McDonald	66
Edith Walker	66
Sylvia Feldman	66
Evelyn Reynolds	$65\frac{1}{2}$
Annette McCarty	$65\frac{1}{2}$
Calvin Drake	$65\frac{1}{2}$
Laura Waugh	65
Caroline Stiles	65

8B	
Mary Kuntz	$81\frac{3}{4}$
Ida Mae Mastin	81
Lauretta McCusker	81
Betty Holt	$80\frac{1}{2}$
Jack Rosey	$80\frac{1}{2}$
Genelen Flynn	$80\frac{1}{4}$
Dorina Huntt	77
Ruth Neal	$76\frac{3}{4}$
Mary Ziegler	76
Mildred Brown	$76\frac{1}{4}$
Mary Myers	74
Peggy Fox	74
Mark Riffey	73
Dorothy Bryan	$72\frac{1}{2}$
Robert Preston	$72\frac{1}{2}$
Margaret Smith	$73\frac{1}{2}$
Patsy Tompkins	72

8A	
Louis Figliozzi	79
Harriet Frankhauser	79
Edward Warren	$78\frac{1}{2}$
Bill Holbrook	$78\frac{1}{2}$
Betty Barringer	78
Doris Black	$77\frac{1}{4}$
Elsie May Turner	$76\frac{1}{2}$
Annie Caporaletti	$75\frac{1}{2}$
John Rogers	$74\frac{1}{2}$
Levon Ockershausen	$72\frac{3}{4}$
Jean Wilson	$72\frac{3}{4}$
Jeanette Slan	$72\frac{1}{4}$

7B	
Annie Boccabello	74
Lillian Boczkowski	74
Lorraine Childs	$73\frac{1}{2}$
Mary Chumas	$72\frac{1}{2}$
Mary Norris	$71\frac{1}{2}$
Margaret Clokey	71
Theo Pistolas	70
Lily Bonucelli	$68\frac{1}{2}$
Edla Thomas	$67\frac{1}{2}$
Marian Musolino	67

7A	
Ernestine King	72
Stanley Payne	72
Warren Hook	$70\frac{1}{2}$
Thelma Gheen	70
Joseph Lavezzo	71
Howard Gaines	69
Louis Redmond	68
Alice Skelton	$67\frac{1}{2}$
Catherine Molloy	67
Alfred Wooten	67

It is easy to go up hill if your interest points in that direction.

SECTION NEWS

STRANGE BUT TRUE FOR 301

If Justin were a Waiter instead of a Cook, then Pauline would be Wood instead of Cole. If Hazel were a Nun instead of a Bishop, Marjorie would be a Fox instead of a Wolf. If Calvin were a Duck instead of a Drake, why Jack would be a Hammer instead of a Mallet. If Elsie were Dull instead of Bright, could not Charlotte become a Formula instead of a Graf?

A BUSY SECTION

The members of 8A-303 have written compositions about Easter. Four of these were outstanding. They belonged to Jeanne Plant, Edla Thomas, Albert Jones, and Norman McCeney. These four compositions were turned over to a committee of three from the *Pilot* staff, who selected Jeanne Plant's as the best. It is published in this *Pilot*.

Edith Bernstein recently wrote a poem about the N. R. A. and sent it to President Roosevelt. She received a very nice reply from one of the President's secretaries.

8A-303 has formed an English Radio Club which broadcasts a program from 201 every other Friday. The chairman is Edward Marsonelli. He appoints a different committee each time to help prepare a program. It is hoped that this club will help us to enunciate and to speak more correctly. Tune in on our programs.

ALBERT JONES.

CHARACTER TESTS

The members of 8B-309 have been conducting character tests during guidance periods. These tests help point out the weaknesses in a pupil's character. They also assist the pupil to choose a business which will be the most suitable to him. In these tests the pupils mark themselves on punctuality, willingness to cooperate, accuracy, neatness, and other similar traits. The class hopes to improve greatly with the help of these tests.

JACK COURTNEY.

"Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date," said the youthful agricultural college graduate to the old farmer, "Why, I'd be astonished if you even got ten pounds of apples from that tree."

"So would I," replied the farmer, "It's a pear tree."

A TALENTED MEMBER

We of 9A-108 are very proud of our talented member, Helen Large. At a concert sponsored by the National Federation of Music Clubs, she was chosen by the judges as the best piano player among the twenty boys and girls who participated. The concert was held Saturday, February 24, at the Washington College of Music. She has recently played for the school at one of our assemblies this year.

ANN SMITH.

BROADCAST!

8B-204 talking! Did you ever see our section room without those pretty pictures on the blackboards? No, I guess you didn't, for Marie Goo On and Jean Wilson are always finding new ways to brighten them up. Now, a string of Dutch maidens make a fine border for the back board and no doubt there are more to come. Why don't you drop in and see them? Everyone is welcome!

A NEW DEAL

Can you imagine the great consternation there would be in 9A-201 if Lloyd suddenly became a Road instead of a Street, and Chester were High instead of Lowe, and Jean would Walk instead of March?

Surely affairs would be different if Kenneth would Hustle instead of Russell, and Leslie would be Wrong instead of Wright, and Marvin should become an Iceberg instead of a Goldberg.

Wouldn't it be funny if Jack could be some other kind of a Posey instead of a Rosey, and Mildred were Red instead of Brown, and Dorothy would have Offices instead of Mills, and Innis should change to a Cutter instead of a Skinner?

OUR PETS

Since our home room is a science room, it furnishes us, the pupils of 7B-208, much amusement. That is because of its many pets. There are four snakes, seven gold fish, five snails, five small turtles, one large turtle, and one lizard. Marjorie Gipson has been assigned to look after the aquarium, and Jean Daugherty gives the larger turtles a daily bath.

JOSEPH LAVEZZO.

We regret that we were unable to publish all the splendid material handed in. Watch for it in the June *Pilot*.

EXCHANGE

Hoover Herald, Herbert Hoover Junior High, Oakland, California: We like the school news in your paper. The picture of the student council is an excellent way to introduce the members to the pupils.

Powell Echo, Powell Junior High, Washington: The editorial, "To the Graduates—Only the Beginning" expresses some fine ideas. We also like the articles about the graduates.

The Broadcaster, West Junior High, Watertown, Massachusetts: An excellent paper; We look forward to its arrival. The illustrations are interesting.

Paul Pry, Paul Junior High, Washington: We thought the "Initials and Secret Ambitions" idea very clever. A good graduation number.

The Reflector, Central Junior High, Saginaw, Michigan: You must be very proud of your newly decorated auditorium. Your pictures are outstanding, and your paper is the reflection of a fine school spirit.

The Maroon and White, Macfarland Junior High, Washington: You must be proud to have two serials in one issue. Your stories are very entertaining. Poems would add to your paper.

THE LATIN CORNER

To gain success in Latin work
 These rules obey, and never shirk:
 Study ev'ry day at a given hour.
 The place? From people and radio afar.
 Sit straight; then attack with perseverance and
 vim,
 Your only companion the assignment book slim.

Work alone; keep your thoughts on the lessons
 assigned;
 This will train both your character, spirit, and
 mind.
 New words and rules will occur ev'ry day;
 Link the *new* with the *old*; in your mind then
 they'll stay.
 The greatest success in your work you may
 attain,
 If you *read* it, and *say* it, and *write* it again.
 Over and over drill your tongue and your hand.
 Decline nouns in the morning, when before the
 glass you stand.
 In class be attentive to every word said
 By teacher or fellow pupil—written work or
 sentence read.
 Help your class to be the best in all our D. C.
 We *can* do it! Let's try! I'll help you and you
 help me.

(SELECTED).

ALUMNI NEWS

Many former Langley graduates were included in Tech's February Honor Roll. Among them were the following who made twenty points: Harry Anson, Julia Bon Durant, Helen Conard, Robert Downey, Gertrude Gemeny, Catherine Ingalls, Helen Redmond.

Anna Molster, Mary Ann Frazier and Margaret Holmes made nineteen points. Jean Bon Durant and Shirley Peters made eighteen points.

Others on the honor roll were Frances Etheridge, Edwin Hardy, Elizabeth Burnett, Richard Coleman, Shirley Danforth, Richard Winkelman, Frances Marans, Marylee Price, Margaret Barringer, Helen Levitov, Mariana Brumbaugh, Howard Cranford, Charles Holbrook, Margaret Scheer, Bernard Hauser, Richard Hilder, Grace Lovell, Lorraine Lowen, Raymond Wannall, Paula Wright, Marvin Balderson, Judith Greenwood, Stuart Poole, Betty Turner, Nettie Gaither, Kenneth McClure, Richard Wagner, Charlotte Belisle, Ruth Slackman, Milton Rosenfeld, Harry Miller, Elizabeth Nash.

Helen Pickens, who was a member of Miss Bundick's section while in Langley, has been elected fifth semester representative of the General Organization, Tech's student-governing body.

Ralph Frangiani, a 1932 graduate, was elected vice-president of the G. O.

Richard Wagner is a member of Tech's Glee Club.

Jane Forsythe and Emmie Harwood are members of the *Tech Life* staff.

PILOT SUBSCRIPTIONS

Sections 9B-203; 9A's 300, 301, 101, 304; 8B-201; 8A's 204, 102, 214, all subscribed 100 per cent or over for the winter *Pilot*.

Sections 9A-308, 8B-108, 8A-306, 7B-305, 7B-206, 7A-209, 7A-211 had rather high subscription lists.

Our greatest ambition is to sell 1,200 *Pilots*.

Among the number of girls and boys who received Honor Roll certificates January 31 is one who deserves much praise. She is Marie Goo On of 8B-204, who was promoted to 8B with all A's on her report.

Never admit—not even to yourself—that you are licked.

LITERATURE

EASTER THOUGHTS

What are your thoughts when Easter draws near?

Are they candy and eggs or fun and cheer?
Perhaps you think only of the long holidays
Which gives you more time for sleep and play.

Gay little girls plan costumes so sweet.
In their bright bonnets and shoes new and neat
They'll parade up and down the broad avenue,
Laughing and talking. Are they like you?

I may be different or perhaps queer
But when Easter brightens another year,
My mind paints a picture of long ago
With Mary at the tomb weeping softly and slow

An angel appears guarding the stone,
She tells of Christ's rising and going alone.
Then a light of hope gleams in Mary's eyes
And she goes to tell others how Christ did arise.

When Jesus was seen the Christians did rejoice,
And cried at the sound of his dear sweet voice,
Now we have Easter to remember that day
And give praise to the Father in our most humble way.

EDNA MARIE RAYNOR, 8B-204.

TREES

To a tree-lover Camp Tha is a paradise of beauty. The path which leads to the cabin winds along a silvery, clear little brook, and is bordered on both sides by trees, minute and majestic. The path, which had run on level ground, suddenly rises over a small hill, at the top of which stand two monarchs of the forest. On a newly-hewn slab of wood which is nailed to the two trees is painted this expression, "But only God can make a tree." Such is your introduction to the camp. Over the hewn-log cabin towers a tall and stately birch. On the hill rising sharply behind the cabin are scattered many graceful dogwoods and majestic elms. In the spring the dogwoods are a vision of feathery daintiness. A few holly trees and a carpeting blanket of ground pine complete the picture and produce the effect of a "Symphony in Green."

KATHLEEN SHANAHAN, 9B-101.

EASTER TIME

An old man was standing on the street corner in front of a table on which there were pots and clusters of Easter lilies. He loved the lilies because they were symbolic of cleanliness, purity, and sweetness. He had done a flourishing business that day because of the young girls and small children. They loved lilies, too, and bought many of them. Easter was near.

Even though he liked selling the lilies, he was wishing the day would draw to a close so he could go to his warm little house. All at once he noticed a frail child coming toward him. She was shivering with the cold. His heart contracted with pity for her, and he forgot his own discomfort for the moment. How he wished he could help her, but what could he do? Then he suddenly leaned over his plants and picked the largest, loveliest lily he had and gave it to her. How her pinched face lighted up as she saw the exquisite beauty of the flower! Then she murmured her thanks to the old man all the time clutching the lily to her as if it were a precious jewel. He watched her with a curious mistiness in his eyes as she went away anxious to show it to her invalid mother.

When it was time to close shop, he gathered up his remaining lilies and turned his feet homeward. He had gone only a short distance when his eyes encountered a small figure huddled in a doorway. It was the little girl, still holding her lily. Her pitiable rags were drawn about her, and with a smile on her face she was sleeping, never to awaken again. After giving what assistance he could, the old man walked on with a lighter heart, because he knew when it came his turn to die, he would be blessed as he had helped an innocent child find peace and happiness before she died.

JEANNE PLANT, 8A-303.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

A mother's love will always keep.
It hurts us too, to see her weep.
A mother's love is the dearest and best
So we should thank her till she's at rest.
She guides us through this changing world,
We should obey her and be good boys and girls.

LILLIAN PRIVOTT, 7B-208.

IMAGINATION

In the clear blue sky
There are things that never die.
In imagination I seem to see
A golden gate with a golden key.
I see God on a throne of gold
In his arms loved ones he ho'ds.
In this clear blue sky I see
A chariot of angels riding o'er the sea.
They carry news of good cheer
That our dear Lord loves to hear.
They tell of us at school and at home
Of what we do and where we roam.
I see flowers of gold and silver
These flowers never can wither.
I see birds and little animals at rest
Everything appears as happiness.
Some day there we will roam
And make that place our own dear home.

DELOR BIERLIEN, 8A-312.

A TEA PARTY

I had a little tea party this afternoon at three,
'Twas very small, three guests were all
Just I, myself, and me.
Myself ate up the sandwiches, while I drank
up the tea,
'Twas also I who ate the pie
And passed the cake to me.

EVELYN LEVINSON, 7B-209.

THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS

Early one morning we awakened and remembered that a great event was to happen that day. We were going to climb a mountain. Soon we were ready with our strong ropes, hob-nailed shoes, climbing staffs, and also plenty to eat. Starting on our adventure, we climbed up, up until we had passed the last signs of civilization. The cold air of the mountains was blowing in our faces, and our bodies were lagging. Then we came to rocks that were always covered with slippery ice. That is where our hob-nailed shoes saved us from death. But suddenly my foot slipped. I grabbed a slippery black rock just as the others hurried to me and put me back on solid ground again. On up we went with Vaskey, the brave guide, picking a trail for us to follow. After a long time we reached the top of the peak. There we found a small pile of stones, and also a tin can. In the can was a piece of paper yellowed with age which said, "I, John Henry, can go no farther. I will have perished in yonder crevice before you find this." In the bottom of the can was an old locket and a hundred dollar bill in American money.

DE ARMOND BROWN, 8B-313.



THE SECOND ALADDIN

In Salem, in the days of witchcraft, when the people were forever in terror of being conjured or being hanged for witchcraft, many harmless were killed. Among the rest Faith Brownley was hanged. Her husband was dead; she had one son, who adored her. When they took Faith away, some of the town-folk said, "That boy might be a witch; we'd better hang him too"! But when they came for Tom, he was gone, they knew not where.

In the same city the frenzied people condemned the burgomaster's son, but he, hearing of Tom's escape, ran away likewise.

The two boys met each other in the wood not far away. They traveled until dark when they climbed a tree in which to sleep. About midnight they were frightened by some animal. After stumbling over rocks and logs until breathless, they stopped to rest.

"Look, Denys!" exclaimed Tom, "a cave!"

"Let's go there for the night," rejoined Denys.

"Maybe it's some animal's home," offered Tom.

"Oh, come on, I'm cold," whined Denys, so they entered.

The boys slept unperturbed. In the morning, instead of going on, they desired to explore the cave. On they went—over rocks, down hills and cliffs, across streamlets in and out among the stalactites and stalagmites till they came to an exceptionally lovely grotto. There they stopped for a while. They were wondering if the sheriff would follow them, when suddenly there was a crash of thunder and the bottom of the cave began to sink. Down, down they went, and stopped with a sudden jolt. There before them gleaming and glistening was a—

ELIZABETH IMUS, 9B-300.

(To be continued)

AUTOMOBILIA

Unbeknown to us, automobiles have different characters, and the numbers of noises, such as squeaks, creakings, rumblings, gratings, grindings, wheezings, and shriekings could be interpreted as a language if we were to be versed in automobilia. They also can honk as ducks or wild geese. Some cars, like people, are practical skidders. Automobiles have a great deal of nationalism and their motto, as we see widely advertised, is "Buy Autos." "They auto get their own slogan," says we.

We'll get into our cars and listen to the conversation. Before some cars come, I shall give you some important and interesting facts about cars. First, a parked car cannot talk or listen. It is practically dead when the motor is not running. But wait, here come some cars and we shall press on the starter to follow them. The two cars incidentally are a chevrolet and a whippet. A great cadillac is following them. I shall translate.

"Move over some. Give me axle grease, I say. With the whole road between us I should think there would be room enough. Oh, excuse me! I didn't know you had a woman driver."

"How's your pick-up? Watch mine. I'm a general motor car. Eh fellow! You look as if you lead a dog's life. I'm almost dry."

Just at this moment the stately cadillac drives up.

"Get out of my way before I knock you out, lesser lights."

"Cad, I lack two of your cylinders, but that doesn't mean a thing. Come on, let's wreck him," from the chevrolet to the whippet. And they did. When the smoke had cleared, I found myself sitting on the ground listening to the starlings twittering.

DAVID LEVITOV, 8B-102.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY GREETINGS

Greetings to the Irish

On good old St. Pat's Day,

Just the same old story

Told in the same old way.

It's on the lips of everyone

On March seventeen,

"The top o' the morning to you—

Be sure you wear your green."

AGNES McCUSKER, 9B-300.

Any old fool can talk without thinking, but it takes a wise man to think without talking.

OUR FLAG

We have a flag of colors bright
To look at this flag is a beautiful sight.
Its gleaming stars are in a space of blue
And all it stands for we will follow too.

Its gallant stripes of white and red
On to victory America led.
It gave the soldiers the strength to go
Up to the enemy and on them so—

That Freedom was the winner of all
And on the field did the enemy fall.
Let us rejoice in this flag every day,
And learn the American creed to say.

For this great flag gave us liberty and joy
Pledge to the flag each girl and boy.
Let us hope for a land of freedom and ease
With each and every country at peace.

HELEN DRAZIN, 7B-210.

LANGLEY

Upon the sloping hilltop
Where there are no trees
We see the dear old schoolhouse.
By it floating in the breeze
Are the stars and stripes
To which we will all be true.
We'll be true to Langley, dear old
Langley,
And the Red, White and Blue.

LOUISE BISSETT, 9B-101.

OUR HERO—A TRUE STORY

One day when my little sister Marianne was in the back yard, she spied a stick. Marianne was delighted, and took the stick upstairs to the back roof which was over the kitchen. She put the stick over the edge and luckily it reached all the way to the ground. As soon as this was done she leaned on it and looked over. Crack! The stick had broken and Marianne was falling. She screamed and our big police dog heard her. He ran to where she was and caught her by the dress before she reached the ground. Then he laid her gently down and began licking her cheek. Every now and then he would bark until finally my father came out to see what was the matter. He carried Marianne into the house and soon she was as good as new. Our dog usually slept in his kennel, but that night he slept in our house. This is just another case of a dog's turning hero.

SYLVIA BERNSTEIN 9A 310.



THE WIND SPEAKS

Said the wind to the flowers, one day said he,
 "Why don't you travel around like me?
 I wouldn't stay in the same old place
 Seeing the same sights and the same old faces.
 I travel around and see the world,
 I push all the ships with their sails unfurled.
 I rush over valleys and hills and dales,
 I snap over tall trees and start all the gales.
 I can't see why you don't want to be free,
 Come on and travel around with me.

VIRGINIA LEE PETTY, 8B-309.

SPRING

Many sleepy eyes were opened
 Upon a breaking dawn,
 The winter months were over
 For spring had just begun.

The brilliance of a cardinal's coat
 Was seen on a cherry tree's bough,
 While a saucy robin redbreast
 Was darting here and there.

Spring in the swaying tree tops
 Spring on the soft dark ground,
 Spring as a song from the babbling
 brooks

Spring again, all around.

MILDRED BROWN, 9A-201.

BESIDE THE BROOK

I love to wander
 Beside the babbling brook,
 To sit and ponder
 In its shady nook.
 To hear the music of the birds
 And put their music into words.
 To sit all day and dream and dream
 To sit all day and dream and dream

EDITH MOEHRING, 9A-108.

THE SPRING MIGRATION

Swinging in graceful wedges and crescents,
 Cutting the air like the blades of a knife,
 The wild birds come back from the warmth of
 the Southland,
 And softly beneath Earth throbs with new
 life.

Hear through the atmosphere crystal with sun-
 shine,
 Hear the wild calls of the birds who draw
 near,
 Trumpet of wild goose and twitter of robin
 Announcing alike, "Spring migration is
 here!"

ELEANOR LAYTON, 9B-300.

AN EASTER LILY

I was only one of the thousands of brown
 bulbs in the nursery. One of the gardeners
 picked me up and put me into a pot filled with
 rich earth. I was placed in a sunny room with
 hundreds of other pots. Day after day I was
 watered and by and by a green shoot burst
 through my brown coat. I grew taller and taller
 and soon I had many green leaves. One by
 one the buds appeared and before long my first
 beautiful pearl white blossom opened wide. In
 a few days my blossoms had increased to six.
 I was one among ten taken to the church to dec-
 orate the altar. I heard the choir render a beau-
 tiful Easter anthem, and the minister deliver a
 wonderful sermon on the Resurrection of
 Christ. After the service I was placed in a car
 and taken to the Home of the Incurables. My
 final resting place was on a stand by the bedside
 of an old lady who was overjoyed at my beauty.

ALBERT JONES, 8A-303.

Politeness is to do and say
 The kindest thing in the kindest way.

THE HISTORY BOOK AND THE FOUNTAIN PEN

"Isn't David a queer person?" remarked the history book to the fountain pen from where they had been left on the top of the locker.

"David doesn't even bother to give me fresh ink or even give me any at all," replied the fountain pen.

"He slams me down on the desk, turns my pages up, and even marks me with a pencil," whimpered the history book.

"Look," cried the fountain pen. "Here comes David. I wonder if he will pick us up."

"Gee, I didn't expect to land in the locker," said the fountain pen to the history book later. "This will be the first night this week that we haven't spent the night in the matron's room. Maybe David is beginning to learn, after all."

DOROTHY BITTING, 8B-102.

ROOKIE

I am just a rookie
In Langley the new,
To me it's all queer
And of teachers I have the opposite of
few.

I just can't get used to the bustle
In this new world of fun;
It makes all things feel to me
As if I had fallen off the sun.

I often go down the wrong side
Or up the wrong flights;
Then the kids all call me "Rookie"
And I blush till it hinders my sight.

But just you wait till I'm an educated
rookie,
I'll say, "Hi ya, Rookie,
You go down that way," or I'll call,
"Watch your step there, don't fall."
DOROTHY WRIGHT, 7A-200.

CAKE BAKE

Of course this poem is funny
You can laugh till both sides ache,
When I go on to tell you
How Hilda made a cake.
A cup of pure white sugar,
One-fourth a cup of butter;
As these things she does combine
Her mind is all a flutter.
A cup of milk and cream mixed,
A cup and a half of flour;
Then she put it in an oven
And baked it half an hour.
When done, our heroine cut it
And tasted just one piece,
I thought the sad expression
On her face would never cease.
Perhaps the milk was sour
Or the sugar had turned to salt,
But I know whatever happened
It wasn't Hilda's fault.

HARRIETT HUGHES, 9B-301.

PRECIS OF THE STORY "THE SNAKE"

One day a young man and his dog
Were passing through a thicket
When all at once they heard a voice
Which sounded like that of a cricket.
They were not sure just what it was
But when they looked to see,
They saw an awful looking snake
As ugly as could be.
And when at last the snake and man
Came upon each other,
They had hatred and fear in their eyes
Which was easy to discover.
At first the man didn't know
Just what he was to do,
But very soon he found a stick
And then the snake he slew.
And when the snake was dead
And laid upon the ground,
The man and dog left the forest
With victory, homeward bound.

RUTH CROUCH, 9B-300.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

Commander Settle and Major Fordney broadcast from the stratosphere—ten miles up in the sky.

There were something like 400,000 individual appearances before the N. B. C. broadcasting microphones in 1933.

At the Boys' Club of Washington the average daily attendance for the month of January was 256.

The man who invented the roller skate realized more than \$1,000,000.

There are 680,000 coin-device telephone pay stations in the United States.

So far as is known the first Christmas greeting cards were printed in London in 1846.

The British and Foreign Society issues Bibles in 669 languages.

Sharks lay square eggs.

Station KFZ is in Little America 10,000 miles away.

REVELATIONS

Name	Initials	Secret Ambition
Joseph Lavezzo	Jolly Leader	To comb his hair right.
Dave Levitov	Dande-Lion	To climb a flag-pole.
Agnes McCusker	A Money Carrier	To be a princess.
Mary Myers	Master Mind	To be six feet-two.
Julius Non	Just Nervy	To eat more nuts.
Marian Russell	Modest Rogue	To be an author.
Eleanor Sellow	Every Sunday	To be a movie actress.
Ray Skelton	Right Smart	To get all A's.
Ann Smith	Apple Seller	To eat apples.
Kathleen Shanahan	Kute Silhouette	To sing a solo for assembly.
Edith Moehring	Eat More	To teach penmanship.
Hyman Sandler	Healthy Skipper	To be a second Ed Wynn.
Mary Louise Bernheisel	Mother's Little Baby	To get the posture band.
Sylvia Bernstein	Soft Bed	To fly a kite.
Mishel Bernstein	Merry Bug	To be on the <i>Pilot</i> staff.
Edgar Bon Durant	Every Body's Defense	To run a freight train.
Dorothy Bryan	Deaf Baker	To learn algebra.
Jack Courtney	Jovial Cook	To pilot an airplane.
Ruth Crouch	Red Cushion	To ride a horse.
Bill Holbrook	Blue Hat	To be president of the S. C.
Betty Holt	Bashful Honey	To play the jew's-harp.
Harriet Hughes	Happy Heart	To be a poetess.
Elizabeth Imus	Effervescent Idea	To draw cartoons.
Selma Burstein	Scientific Bird	To live in a skyscraper.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF STAGE, SCREEN AND RADIO STARS

Guess Who?

1. Iss dat so?
2. Aye tank aye go home.
3. Hello ,everybody.
4. Everything's going to be different tonight.
5. It's only the beginning, folks.
6. Come up sometime.
7. Oh, I didn't know that.

ANSWERS

1. Baron Munchausen.
2. Greta Garbo.
3. Kate Smith.
4. Ed Wynn.
5. Captain Henry.
6. Mae West.
7. Joe Penner.

THINGS I'LL NEVER LIVE TO SEE

- Wade Hobbs win the posture band.
Howard Valentine get A in deportment.
Elizabeth and Alden Imus walking sweetly together.
Thelma MacDonald not in the company of the opposite sex.
William Downey win a masculine beauty contest.
Margaret Donohue weigh two hundred pounds.

HOW MANY CAN YOU ANSWER?

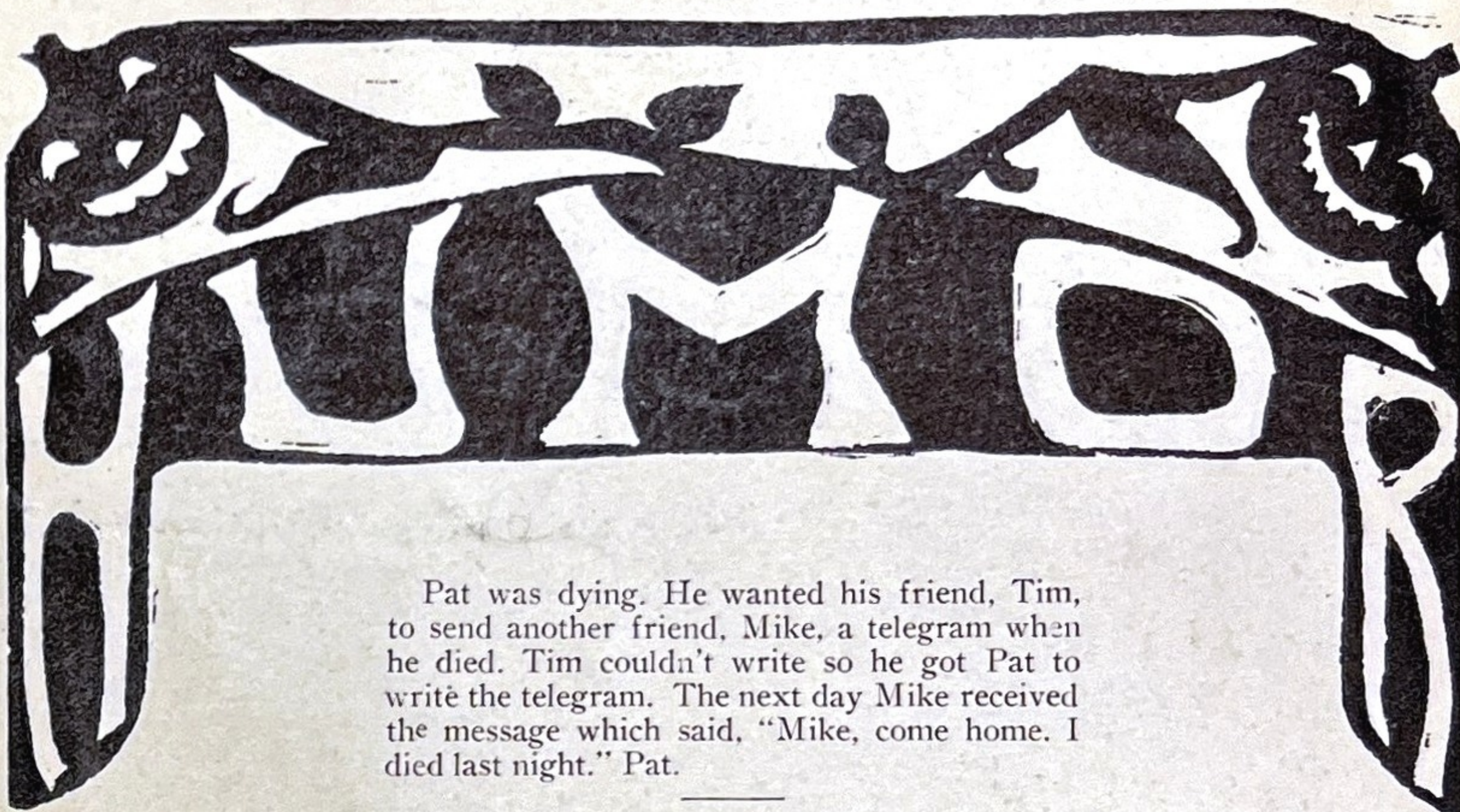
1. What is the S. S. Jacob Ruppert?
2. Where and what is Radio City?
3. Where is Admiral Byrd now?
4. What has Commander Settle done?
5. Who is King of Belgium?
6. When is the Chinese New Year?
7. Who is father of the Boy Scout movement?

ANSWERS

1. The ship that took Admiral Byrd's expedition to the far South.
2. In New York City. The world's largest and finest radio studios.
3. In Little America.
4. Explored the stratosphere.
5. King Leopold III.
6. February 14.
7. Lord Baden-Powell of England.

Edward Warern not singing the latest song hit.

Myself with a male not related to me.
Frank Krogman not whistling.
Hugh Niklason without his knapsack.
Daniel Rabenhorst not grinning.
Ludwig Kroutil not living up to his nickname (Babe).
Sydnor Hodges not looking angelic (but acting just the opposite).
Robert Geran not chewing his neck tie.
ELEANOR LAYTON.



Pat was dying. He wanted his friend, Tim, to send another friend, Mike, a telegram when he died. Tim couldn't write so he got Pat to write the telegram. The next day Mike received the message which said, "Mike, come home. I died last night." Pat.

"This is a fine time to study music," said father, after a fall on the slippery, icy sidewalk.

"How do you mean, dad?" inquired the youthful daughter.

"If you don't see sharp, you'll be flat," was the answer.

The first time a Scotchman used free air in a gas station he blew out four tires.

Sam: "Hasn't Harvey ever married?"

Bill: "No, and I don't think he intends to because he is studying for a bachelor's degree."

A visitor was being shown over a country church by the sexton. "This," said the sexton, "is the skull of Julius Caesar," as he held up a very small skull. "But it's rather small, isn't it?" queried the visitor. "Yes, sir," was the answer, "but this was his skull when he was a boy."

There was a boy who wouldn't go to the country because they have "thrashing" machines there.

The timid old lady was going to cross the Atlantic for the first time in her life. Before booking her passage she decided to make a few inquiries. "Is the boat that sails on Saturday perfectly safe?" she asked the steamship company's agent. The agent nodded gravely. "Madam," he said, "I assure you that in all the time this ship has been with us, and that covers a number of years, not once has she gone to the bottom. The old lady sighed with relief, "In that case it must be all right," she replied. "Let me have a cabin, please."

"What are you doing now, Sam?" inquired his friend Roscoe.

"I'se an exporter, yassuh, an exporter. I just got fired by the Pullman Company."

Son: "Dad, can you write with your eyes closed?"

Father: "Certainly, son."

Son: "Well, sign my report card."

Passenger: "Why are we so late?"

Porter: "Well sah de train in front is behind, and we were behind before besides."

Daughter: "Father, I must get some shoes for gym."

Father: (sternly) "Why doesn't Jim buy his own shoes?"

Mother: "How did you like your first day at school, darling?"

Child: "I didn't like it. The teacher put me in a chair and told me to sit there for the present. I sat and sat but never did receive any present."

Negro: "Thanks boss, for dem two rides."

Pilot: "Two rides! Why, you had only one!"

Negro: "No sah, I had two, mah fust and mah last."

Teacher: Define suffrage.

Franklin Miller: It means the hardships of men and women.

Dumb Daniel thinks that groundhog is sausage meat.

A. G. VIGNAU

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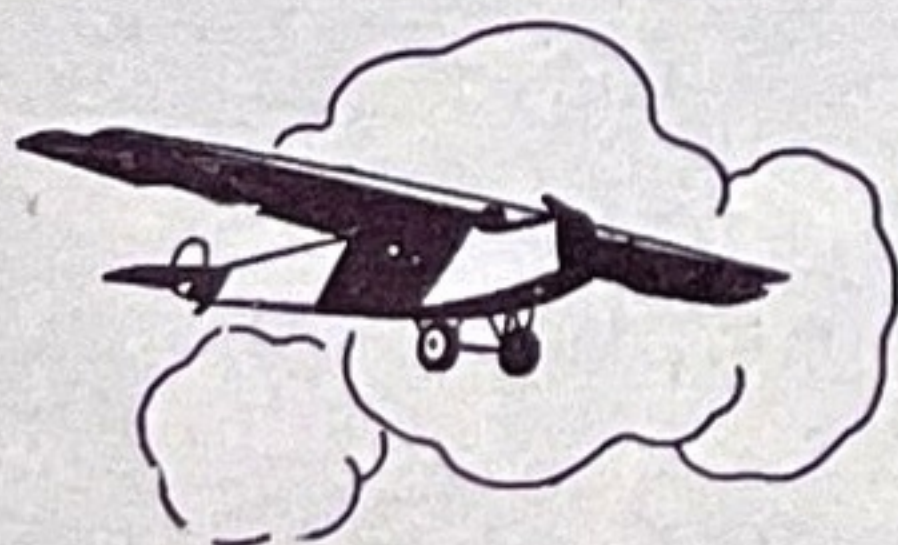
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